POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JULY 25-AUGUST 1 · 1964 25c

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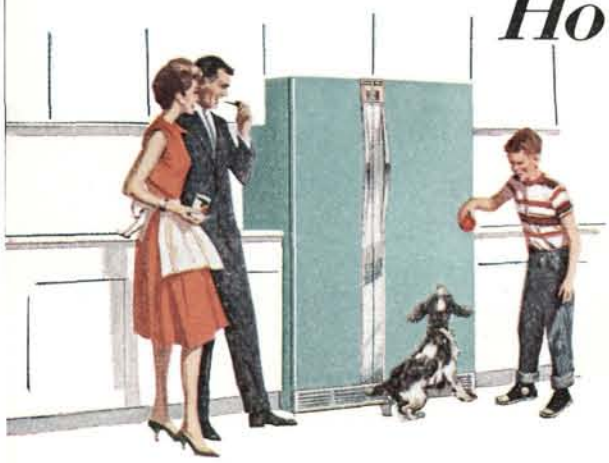

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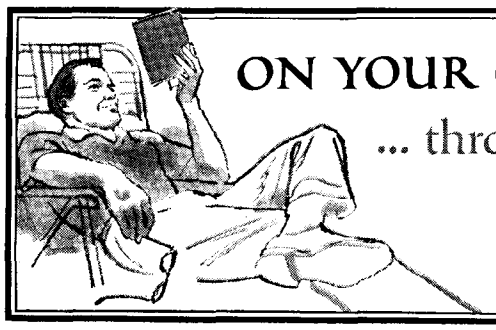

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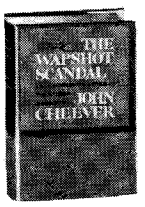

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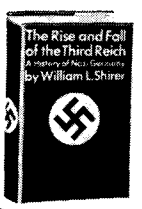

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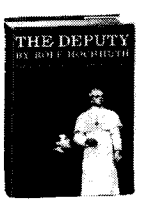

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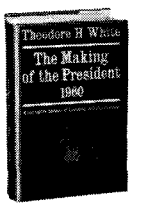

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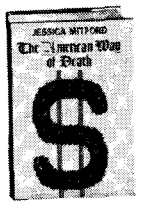

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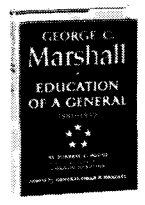

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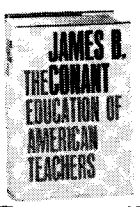

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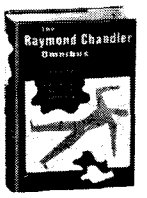

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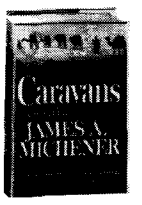

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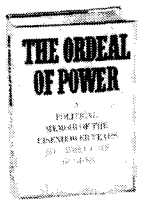

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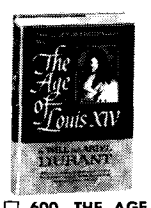

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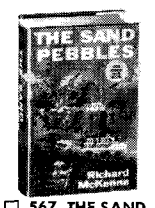

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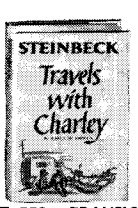

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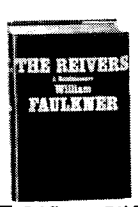

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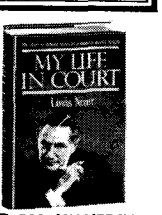

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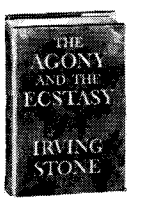

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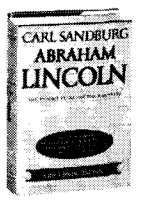

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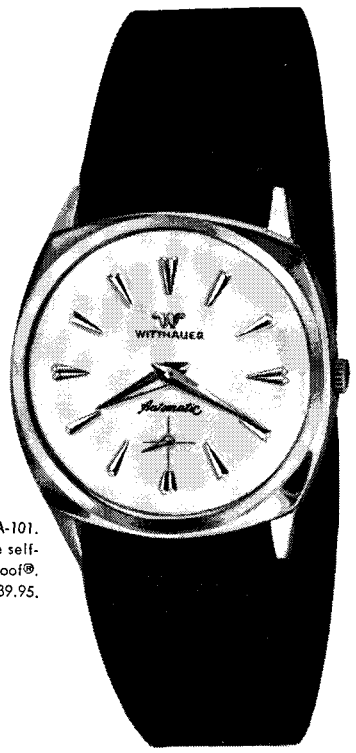

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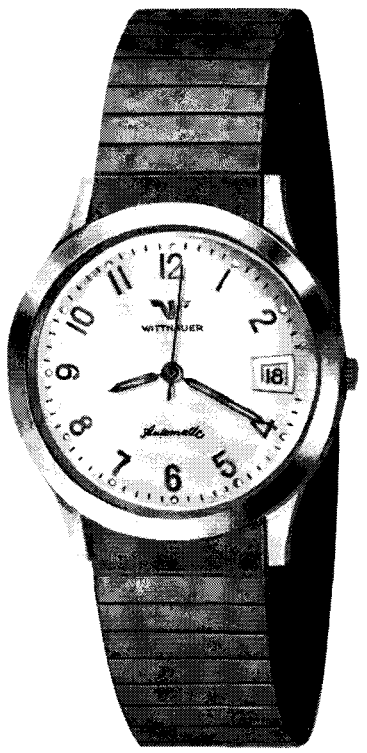

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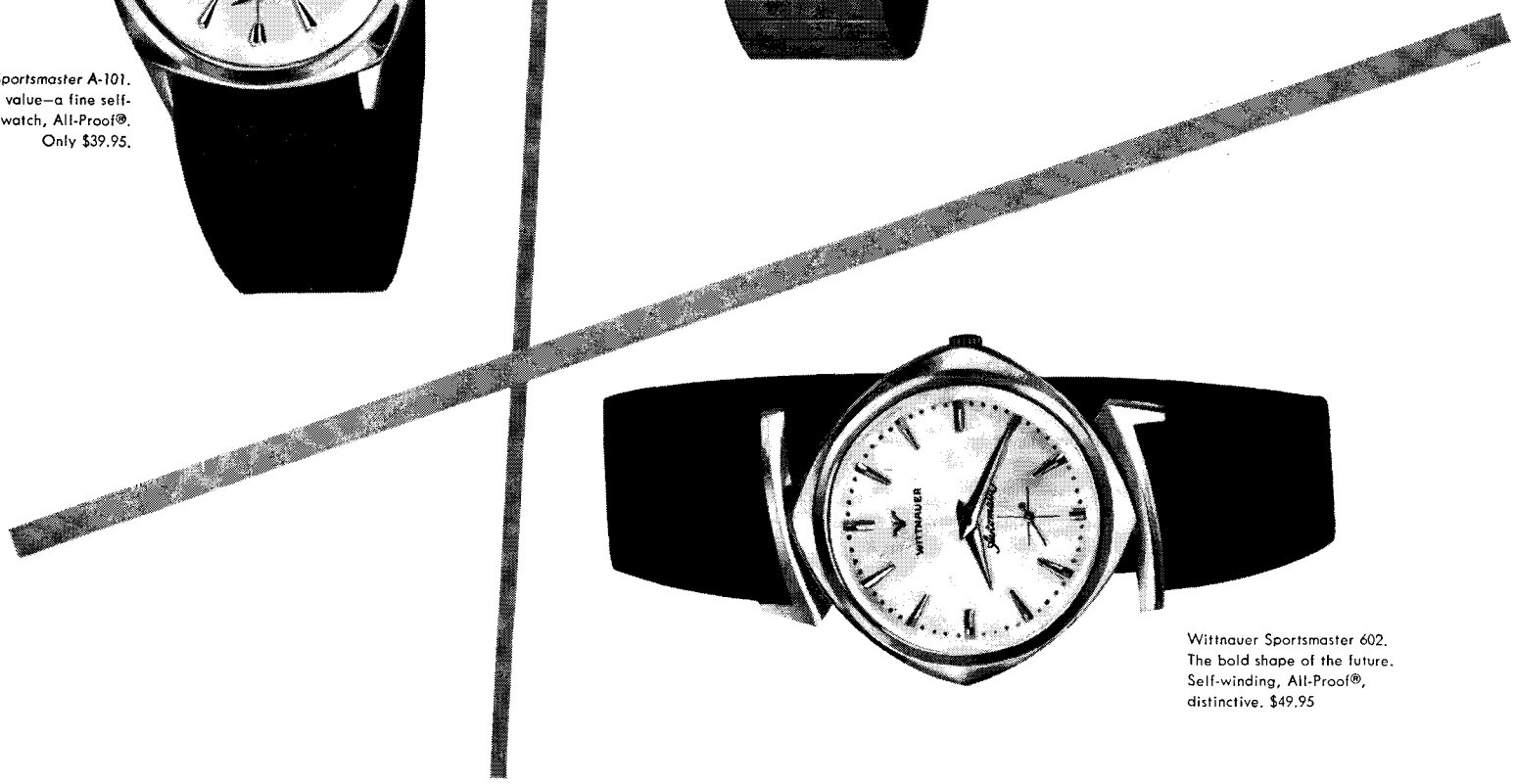

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POST

JULY 25-AUGUST 1, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 27

Articles

Our way of life makes us miserable (*Speaking Out*) . . . . *Erich Fromm* 8

"If we can crack Mississippi . . ." . . . . . *James Atwater* 15

Three of their members disappeared, probably were killed. But the rest of the 450 young volunteers of the Mississippi Summer Project have not let fear deter them. With courage and zeal that surprises their elders, the students have invaded the stronghold of segregation to help Negroes gain their right to vote. The greatest danger lies ahead, however. As summer's heat increases, tempers flare, threatening to make this the "bloodiest summer of them all."

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The authors. Although **James Atwater** drove nearly 1,600 miles throughout Mississippi to follow the civil-rights workers, he ran into trouble only once. After spending the night at a motel near Philadelphia, Miss., he was ordered to leave when the motel owner discovered who he was. The owner complained that journalists were down there just to harass the local citizens. . . . Contributing writer **Edward Linn** accompanied Jack Ruby's lawyer, Mel Belli, to lunch one day during the trial in Dallas, but they inadvertently walked into the restaurant where the jury was eating. Since Belli was not permitted to be in the presence of jurors away from the courtroom, he and Linn were forced to eat at a stand-up lunch counter around the corner. . . . Artist **John Groth** first became well-known for sketches made while he was a war correspondent in World War II and the Korean War. . . . Editor-at-large **Bill Davidson,** while gathering material for the DMSO article, was given a dose of the drug for his bursitis. He said it seemed to help. . . . After spending several days with the man who eats weeds, Manhattan free-lance writer **David L. Goodrich** says even New York's Central Park now looks like one big salad.

The cover photograph of swimming champions Donna de Varona and Don Schollander was taken in Santa Clara by **Jack Fields.** Both swimmers were double winners in the 1963 National A.A.U. outdoor championships, Miss de Varona in the women's 200- and 400-meter individual medley, and Schollander in the men's 200- and 400-meter freestyle races.

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LETTERS

Negro revolution

I was somewhat surprised by your editorial comments on the "senseless Negro violence" and the harm it is doing to the civil-rights cause [EXTREMISM AND THE NEGRO REVOLUTION, June 20]. Are Negroes supposed to be so morally superior that they must never ultimately react in kind? I think it is greatly to their credit that they have followed the nonviolent program of Martin Luther King and others to the extent they have.

REV. CARTER PARTEE, O.F.M.
Bloomfield, N. Mex.

• For the first time in weeks, a first-rate publication has put this runaway civil-rights subject back into focus. I hope you'll keep printing the facts regardless of who the culprits are. We must not subject the rights of anyone—white or black—to terror tactics. Senseless beatings and muggings, rape, assault, robbery and even murder are no way to prove that black men are equal to white men or that whites are superior to blacks.

JOHN J. FITZPATRICK
Willingboro, N.J.

• I do not of course approve of the incidents of Negro violence and lawbreaking that you describe, but the actions of an irresponsible few must not be used as an excuse to deny Constitutional rights to millions. Any thinking person will realize that these incidents do not reflect the feelings or actions of the majority of Negroes, yet you say that the majority of Negroes will suffer for the actions of a few. We are not asking for a favor when we demand civil rights; we feel that civil rights should be ours by virtue of our being born Americans, rather than because we have proved that we are good little girls and boys.

MRS. HELEN GREEN TALLEY
Los Angeles, Calif.

• I believe the only way to stop all this violence and trouble in the South is to pass a law against demonstrations! I cannot understand why the government allows these trouble-makers to deliberately form large groups and swarm into a city for the sole purpose of causing trouble. The whole business is ridiculous, and I'm sick and tired of hearing and reading about it.

MRS. R. SCHAEFF
Cleveland, Ohio

• Your editorial bewailing the violence by Negro mobs is rather late, since you and we are reaping the harvest from the seed you have sown in encouraging the Negroes to believe they are being oppressed.

W. E. THOMPSON
Houston, Tex.

• I write in protest to your taking two single statements of mine from a speech ["You don't have to have any specific objectives. This is a protest against being a Negro in this country."] and using them to support a particular point of view. . . . Since my first involvement in the nonviolent movement in 1956 and continuing up to the present moment, I have never, under any circumstances, advocated violence as an instrument for or means of achieving equality. The statements you quoted grew out of an attempt to explain to white and Negro communities why specific demonstrations had taken place. . . .

Later on, you say that the Negro is leaderless and that responsible Negro leaders have lost control of the revolution. Negro leaders have never claimed control of the revolution, but where they have been able to exert their influence they have done a pretty good job of giving it direction—never of containing it. . . .

While I appreciate your statement that you have always believed the Negro must be granted full citizenship, I do not detect any understanding on your part of the terrible urgency on the part of Negroes for freedom, NOW! It is not for us to define each and every goal; it is simply for us to know that we do wish to be free of anything that humiliates or dehumanizes us. This is what I meant when I said there is no need for specific objectives, it is enough for us to protest against whatever robs us of our humanity.

J. METZ ROLLINS JR., *Assoc. Exec. Dir.*
Commission on Religion and Race
The United Presbyterian Church
New York, N.Y.

• I want to thank you for the fine editorial. There are, of course, many little incidents that never appear in print. Just recently the driver of a bus I was on stopped some distance from the curb, making descent a bit difficult for an older person. As I hesitated in stepping down, a pleasant, manly-looking Negro youth who was boarding the bus held out his hand and said, "Can you make it?" I took the proffered help and thanked him. He was not officious and he was about 16 or 17—the age of hoodlums. He should help his race in later years, I hope.

MRS. HELEN H. HOWARD
Cincinnati, Ohio

The houseworkers

Three cheers for Caroline Bird [MORE PEOPLE SHOULD BE SERVANTS, June 20]. I think if the mothers on my street could find a reliable, efficient woman to do nothing but iron, we could give her employment for the rest of her life!

MRS. J. T. KENNEDY JR.
Hamden, Conn.

• I am a day worker and love housework. I take pride in my work. I hate wrinkles in men's collars and detest dirty corners in hospitals—when I visit a hospital, I look for them. But when wondering why there aren't more people willing to take service jobs, here is something to think about: A housewife will pay $50 or $100 for her dresses, but "can't afford" to pay $2 an hour for a good worker.

MRS. J. A. WALDMAN
Leesport, Pa.

• When I went into war work in December, 1942, I worked with the first wave of women who had escaped domestic servitude and I shall never forget their relief. These days, I often see an acquaintance whose average workday as a live-in maid is 14 hours. She has no Blue Cross or other benefits. I heartily recommend a fling at domestic service to anyone who thinks more people should be servants.

MARGE BARTLEY
Verona, N.J.

• Thanks to Mrs. Bird for speaking out. I have much experience on this subject, being an expert by the time I was 12. I was the oldest of ten children and cut short my own schooling to care for my mother's brood (she was a country schoolteacher). Later, I was able to put four of my own children through college. I am now 88 years of age and have had my present housekeeping job for two years. This family says I am doing fine. The father and mother both work and the son has just finished high school. I do all the housework and most of the yard work. I love the work and, although I do not make much money, I am sure of a good place to live. More people should get off their high horses and try this.

W. L. FLANERY
Corbin, Ky.

• Mrs. Bird doesn't really want a servant—she wants an "honorary aunt," as she said. I worked for years as a servant in big houses and I really miss the parties my employers gave and the fun and confusion we enjoyed in the "back of the house." I believe the front and back of the house should be kept quite separate, except for services to be performed, no matter how large or small the house. If this rule is broken, patronage and intimacy creep in—followed by jealousy and confusion.

MRS. L. W. READING
Washington, D.C.

Cracking the code

As a teacher, I think the Initial Teaching Alphabet [CRACKING THE GROWN-UPS' CODE, by Max Gunther, June 20] is wonderful! But why must the child make the later switch at all? There is so much to learn in today's expanding world that it seems criminal to slow the process of education unnecessarily. Couldn't this generation of adults be generous enough to undergo the inconvenience of change to the new alphabet and present future generations with a truly phonetic method of spelling?

ANITA CARPENTER
Covington, Ky.

• What next? Because of the overcrowded condition of the schools, parents are encouraged to help their children at home. So they show a child how to read and write, then the child goes to school and is shown something that looks like Greek. I disapprove entirely.

MRS. HELEN CARLTON
Delaware City, Del.

Vanishing knave

In regard to Bil Gilbert's THE VANISHING KNAVE OF CLUBS [June 20], the David Harum philosophy still seems to be considered funny two generations later. Very unfunny, it seems to me. Disgraceful that we have such a feeble sense of ethics.

MRS. MILDRED K. HARGIS
Salinas, Calif.

• I'm steamed at that Bil Gilbert. Many American men were caddies in the '20's and '30's, and I'm damn sure they are not going to be called cheats. We are the last of the boys that were brought up to believe in good sportsmanship and fair play.

CEDRIC WHITENACH
Philadelphia, Pa.

COMING SOON... in The Post

A dynamic new leader for the G.O.P.:
How he'll campaign against L.B.J.

THE BEATLES ARE BACK!

And look out for
The Undertakers, The Rolling Stones,
and The Mersey Monsters

MYSTERY IN THE BAHAMAS:
A shopping spree that cost $3 million

MAJOR NEW WORK OF FICTION
BY SAUL BELLOW

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It figures

Want to get rid of perspiration odor? OK, you have to get rid of the skin bacteria that cause it. And that's a job for Dial. Dial removes those trouble-makers so effectively it's America's leading deodorant soap.

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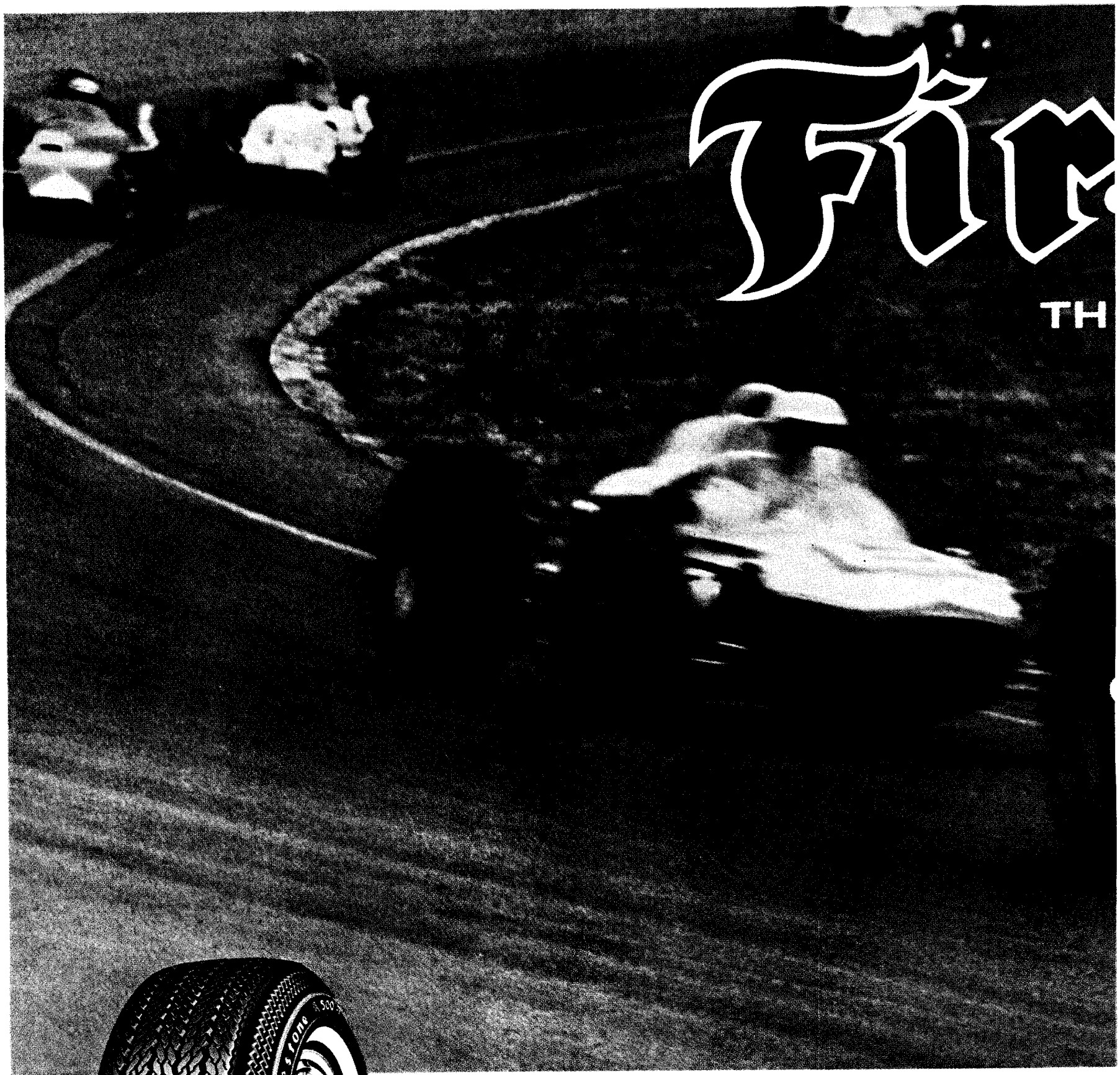

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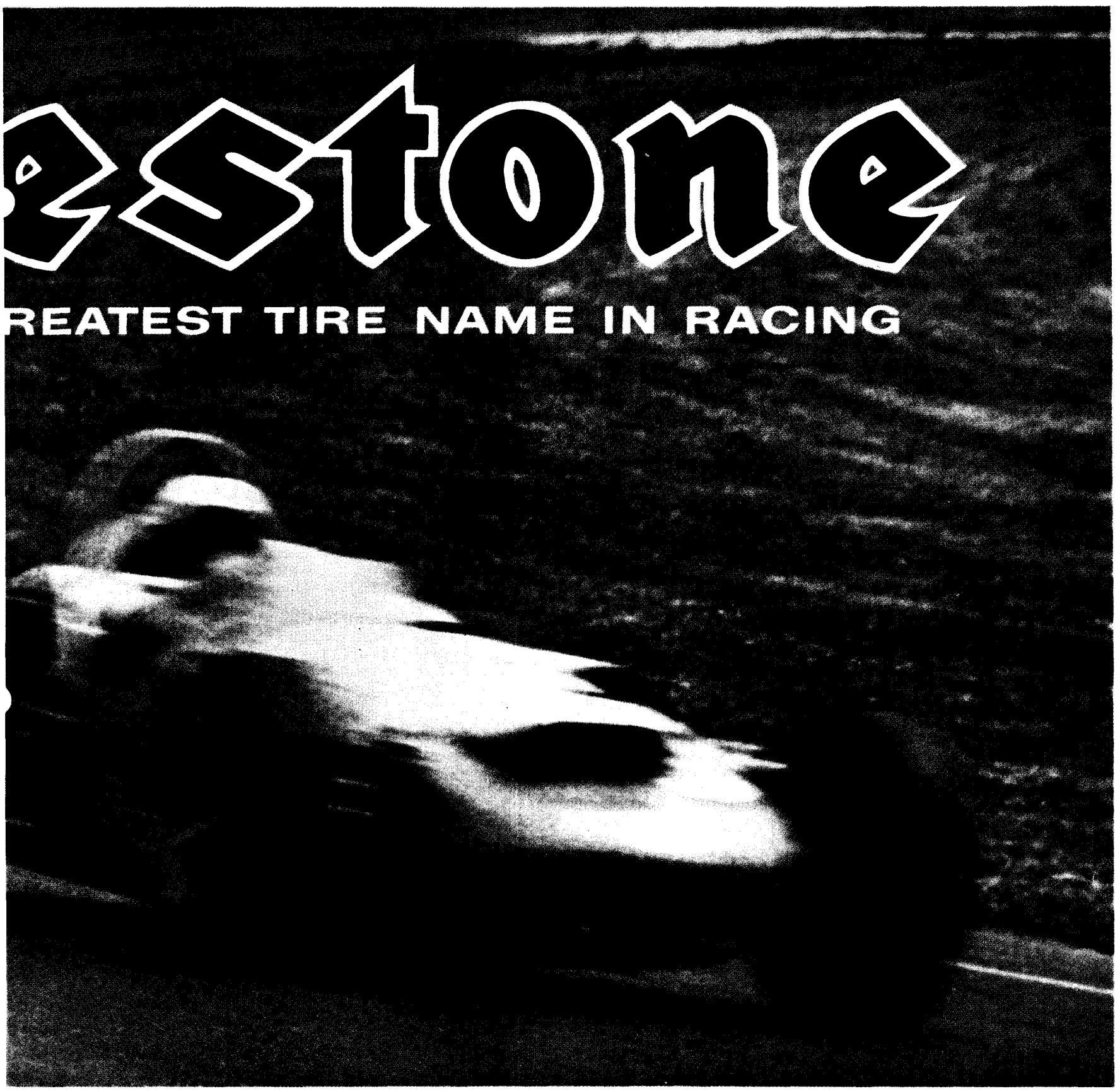

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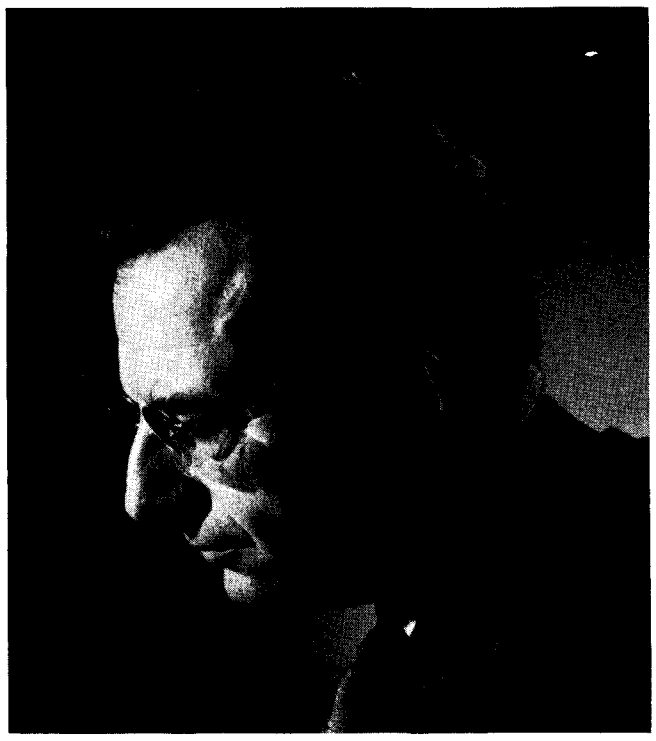
OUR WAY OF LIFE MAKES US MISERABLE.

A famous psychologist charges that modern living turns men into anxious, loveless shadows.



One of America's most outspoken social scientists, Erich Fromm is professor of psychology at New York University and the National University of Mexico. Of his many books, The Sane Society offers the fullest expression of the ideas presented in this article.

By Erich Fromm

Most Americans believe that our society of consumption-happy, fun-loving, jet-traveling people creates the greatest happiness for the greatest number. Contrary to this view, I believe that our present way of life leads to increasing anxiety, helplessness and, eventually, to the disintegration of our culture. I refuse to identify fun with pleasure, excitement with joy, busyness with happiness, or the faceless, buck-passing "organization man" with an independent individual.

From this critical view our rates of alcoholism, suicide and divorce, as well as juvenile delinquency, gang rule, acts of violence and indifference to life, are characteristic symptoms of our "pathology of normalcy." It may be argued that all these pathological phenomena exist because we have not yet reached our aim, that of an affluent society. It is true, we are still far from being an affluent society. (In 1962, almost one third of the population earned less than $4,000 per household.) But the material progress made in the last decades allows us to hope that our system might eventually produce a materially affluent society. Yet will we be happier then? The example of Sweden, one of the most prosperous, democratic and peaceful European countries, is not very encouraging: Sweden, as is often pointed out, in spite of all its material security has among the highest alcoholism and suicide rates in Europe, while a much poorer country like Ireland ranks among the lowest in these respects. Could it be that our dream that material welfare *per se* leads to happiness is just a pipe dream?

Certainly the humanist thinkers of the 18th and 19th centuries, who are our ideological ancestors, thought that the goal of life was the full unfolding of a person's potentialities; what mattered to them was the person who *is* much, not the one who *has* much or *uses* much. For them economic production was a means to the unfolding of man, not an end. It seems that today the means have become ends, that not only "God is dead," as Nietzsche said in the 19th century, but also man is dead; that what is alive are the organizations, the machines; and that man has become their slave rather than being their master.

Each society creates its own type of personality by its way of bringing up children in the family, by its system of education, by its effective values (that is, those values that are rewarded rather than only preached). Every society creates the type of "social character" which is needed for its proper functioning. It forms men who *want* to do what they *have* to do. What kind of men does our large-scale, bureaucratized industrialism need?

It needs men who cooperate smoothly in large groups, who want to consume more and more, and whose tastes are standardized and can be easily influenced and anticipated. It needs men who feel free and independent, yet who are willing to be commanded, to do what is expected, to fit into the social machine without friction; men who can be guided without force, led without leaders, prompted without an aim except the aim to be on the move, to function, to go ahead.

Modern industrialism has succeeded in producing this kind of man. He is the "alienated" man. He is alienated in the sense that his actions and his own forces have become estranged from him; they stand above him and against him, and rule him rather than being ruled by him. His life forces have been transformed into things and institutions, and these things and institutions have become idols. They are something apart from him, which he worships and to which he submits. Alienated man bows down before the works of his own hands. He experiences himself not as the active bearer of his own forces and riches but as an impoverished "thing," dependent on other things outside of himself. He is the prisoner of the very economic and political circumstances which he has created.

Since our economic organization is based on continuous and ever-increasing consumption (think of the threat to our economy if people did not buy a new car until their old one was really obsolete), contemporary industrial man is encouraged to be consumption-crazy. Without any real enjoyment, he "takes in" drink, food, cigarettes, sights, lectures, books, movies, television, any new kind of gadget. The world has become one great maternal breast, and man has become the eternal suckling, forever expectant, forever disappointed.

Sex, in fact, has become one of the main objects of consumption. Our newsstands are full of "girlie" magazines; the percentages of girls having premarital sexual relations and of unwed mothers are on a steep incline. It can be argued that all this represents a welcome emancipation from Victorian morality, that it is a wholesome affirmation of independence, that it reflects the Freudian principle that repression may produce neurosis. But while all these arguments are true to some extent, they omit the main point. Neither independence nor Freudian principle is the main cause of our present-day sexual freedom. Our sexual mores are part and parcel of our *cult of consumption*, whose main principle was so succinctly expressed by Aldous Huxley in *Brave New World:* "Never put off till tomorrow the fun you can have today." Nature has provided men and women with the capacity for sexual excitement; but excitement in consumption, whether it is of sex or any other commodity, is not the same as aliveness and richness of experience.

In general, our society is becoming one of giant enterprises directed by a bureaucracy in which man becomes a small, well-oiled cog in the machinery. The oiling is done with higher wages, fringe benefits, well-ventilated factories and piped music, and by psychologists and "human-relations" experts; yet all this oiling does not alter the fact that man has become powerless, that he does not wholeheartedly participate in his work and that he is

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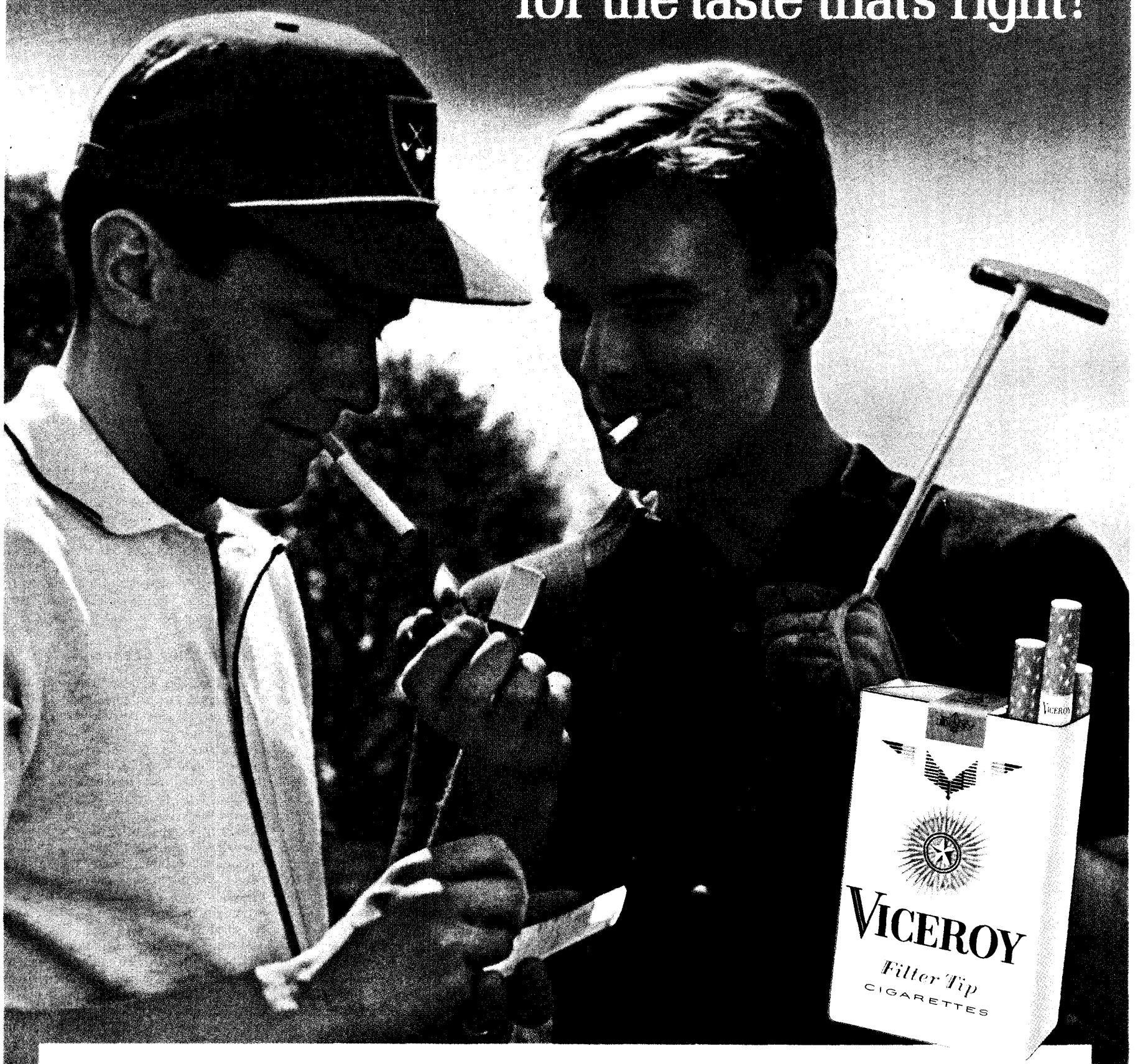

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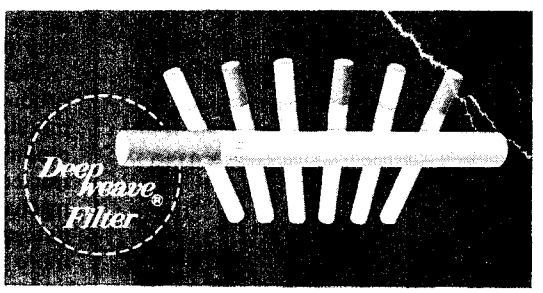

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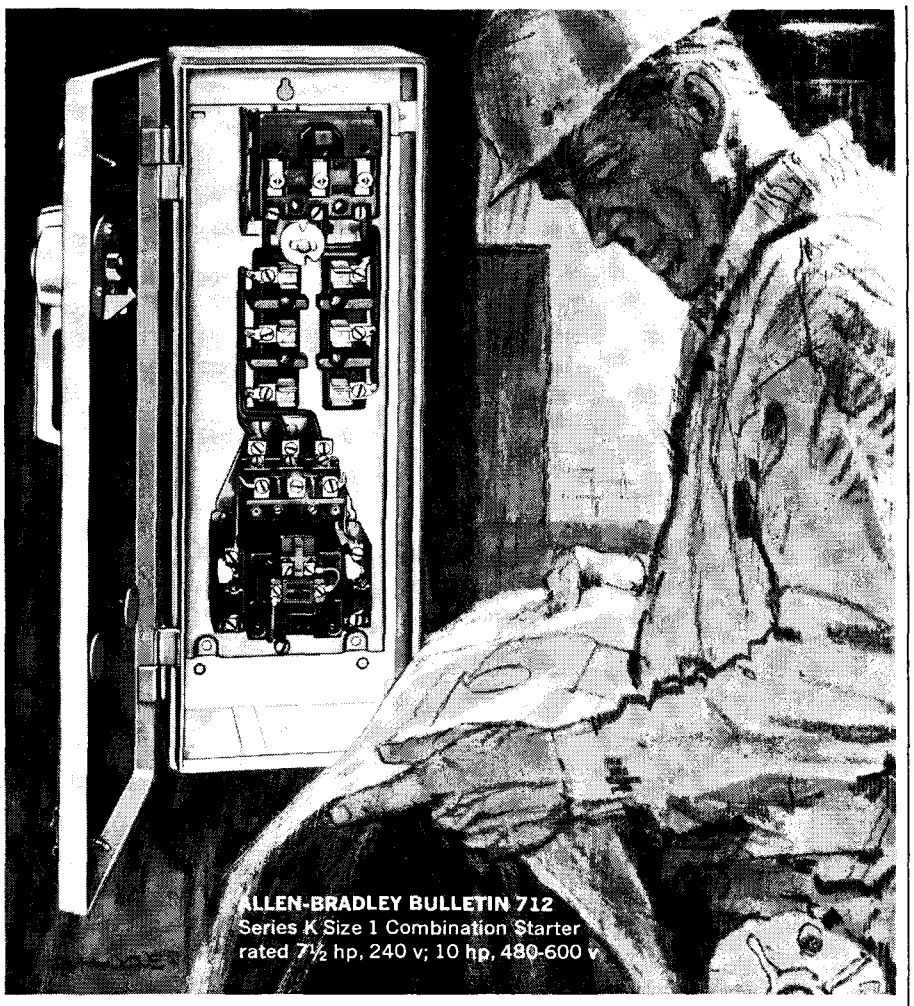

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■ What is the "cost" of a motor starter breakdown? There's the cost of locating the trouble and the cost of repairing the same, including the necessary repair parts. But the "downtime" is usually a multiple of all other costs. These are "losses" that can usually be avoided.

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bored with it. In fact, the blue- and the white-collar workers have become economic puppets who dance to the tune of automated machines and bureaucratic management.

The worker and employee are anxious, not only because they might find themselves out of a job (and with installment payments due); they are anxious also because they are unable to acquire any real satisfaction or interest in life. They live and die without ever having confronted the fundamental realities of human existence as emotionally and intellectually productive, authentic and independent human beings.

Those higher up on the social ladder are no less anxious. Their lives are no less empty than those of their subordinates. They are even more insecure in some respects. They are in a highly competitive race. To be promoted or to fall behind is not only a matter of salary but even more a matter of self-esteem. When they apply for their first job, they are tested for intelligence as well as for the right mixture of submissiveness and independence. From that moment on they are tested again and again—by the psychologists, for whom testing is a big business, and by their superiors, who judge their behavior, sociability, capacity to get along, etc., their own and that of their wives. This constant need to *prove* that one is as good as or better than one's fellow-competitor creates constant anxiety and stress, the very causes of unhappiness and psychosomatic illness.

The "organization man" may be well fed, well amused and well oiled, yet he lacks a sense of identity because none of his feelings or his thoughts originates within himself; none is authentic. He has no convictions, either in politics, religion, philosophy or in love. He is attracted by the "latest model" in thought, art and style, and lives under the illusion that the thoughts and feelings which he has acquired by listening to the media of mass communication are his own.

He has a nostalgic longing for a life of individualism, initiative and justice, a longing that he satisfies by looking at Westerns. But these values have disappeared from real life in the world of giant corporations, giant state and military bureaucracies and giant labor unions. He, the individual, feels so small before these giants that he sees only one way to escape the sense of utter insignificance: He identifies himself with the giants and idolizes them as the true representatives of his own human powers, those of which he has dispossessed himself. His effort to escape his anxiety takes other forms as well. His pleasure in a well-filled freezer may be one unconscious way of reassuring himself. His passion for consumption—from television to sex—is still another symptom, a mechanism which psychiatrists often find in anxious patients who go on an eating or buying spree to evade their problems.

The man whose life is centered around producing, selling and consuming commodities transforms himself into a commodity. He becomes increasingly attracted to that which is man-made and mechanical, rather than to that which is natural and organic. Many men today are more interested in sports cars than in women; or they experience women as a car which one can cause to race by pushing the right button. Altogether they expect happiness is a matter of finding the right button, not the result of a productive, rich life, a life which requires making an effort and taking risks. In their search for the button, some go to the psychoanalyst, some go to church and some read "self-help" books. But while it is impossible to find the button for happiness, the majority are satisfied with pushing the buttons of cameras, radios, television sets, and watching science fiction becoming reality.

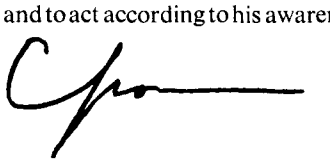
One of the strangest aspects of this mechanical approach to life is the widespread lack of concern about the danger of total destruction by nuclear weapons, a possibility people are consciously aware of. The explanation, I believe, is that they are more proud of than frightened by the gadgets of mass destruction. Also, they are so frightened of the possibility of their personal failure and humiliation that their anxiety about personal matters prevents them from feeling anxiety about the possibility that everybody and everything may be destroyed. Perhaps total destruction is even more attractive than total insecurity and never-ending personal anxiety.

Am I suggesting that modern man is doomed and that we should return to the preindustrial mode of production or to 19th-century "free enterprise" capitalism? Certainly not. Problems are never solved by returning to a stage which one has already outgrown. I suggest transforming our social system from a bureaucratically managed industrialism in which maximal production and consumption are ends in themselves (in the Soviet Union as well as in the capitalist countries) into a humanist industrialism in which man and the full development of his potentialities—those of love and of reason—are the aims of all social arrangements. Production and consumption should serve only as means to this end, and should be prevented from ruling man.

A new kind of man

To attain this goal we need to create a Renaissance of Enlightenment and of Humanism. It must be an Enlightenment, however, more radically realistic and critical than that of the 17th and 18th centuries. It must be a Humanism that aims at the full development of the total man, not the gadget man, not the consumer man, not the organization man. The aim of a humanist society is the man who loves life, who has faith in life, who is productive and independent. Such a transformation is possible if we recognize that our present way of life makes us sterile and eventually destroys the vitality necessary for survival.

Whether such transformation is likely is another matter. But we will not be able to succeed unless we see the alternatives clearly and realize that the choice is still ours. Dissatisfaction with our way of life is the first step toward changing it. As to these changes, one thing is certain: They must take place in all spheres simultaneously—in the economic, the social, the political and the spiritual. Change in only one sphere will lead into blind alleys, as did the purely political French Revolution and the purely economic Russian Revolution. Man is a product of circumstances—but the circumstances are also his product. He has a unique capacity that differentiates him from all other living beings: the capacity to be aware of himself and of his circumstances, and hence to plan and to act according to his awareness.



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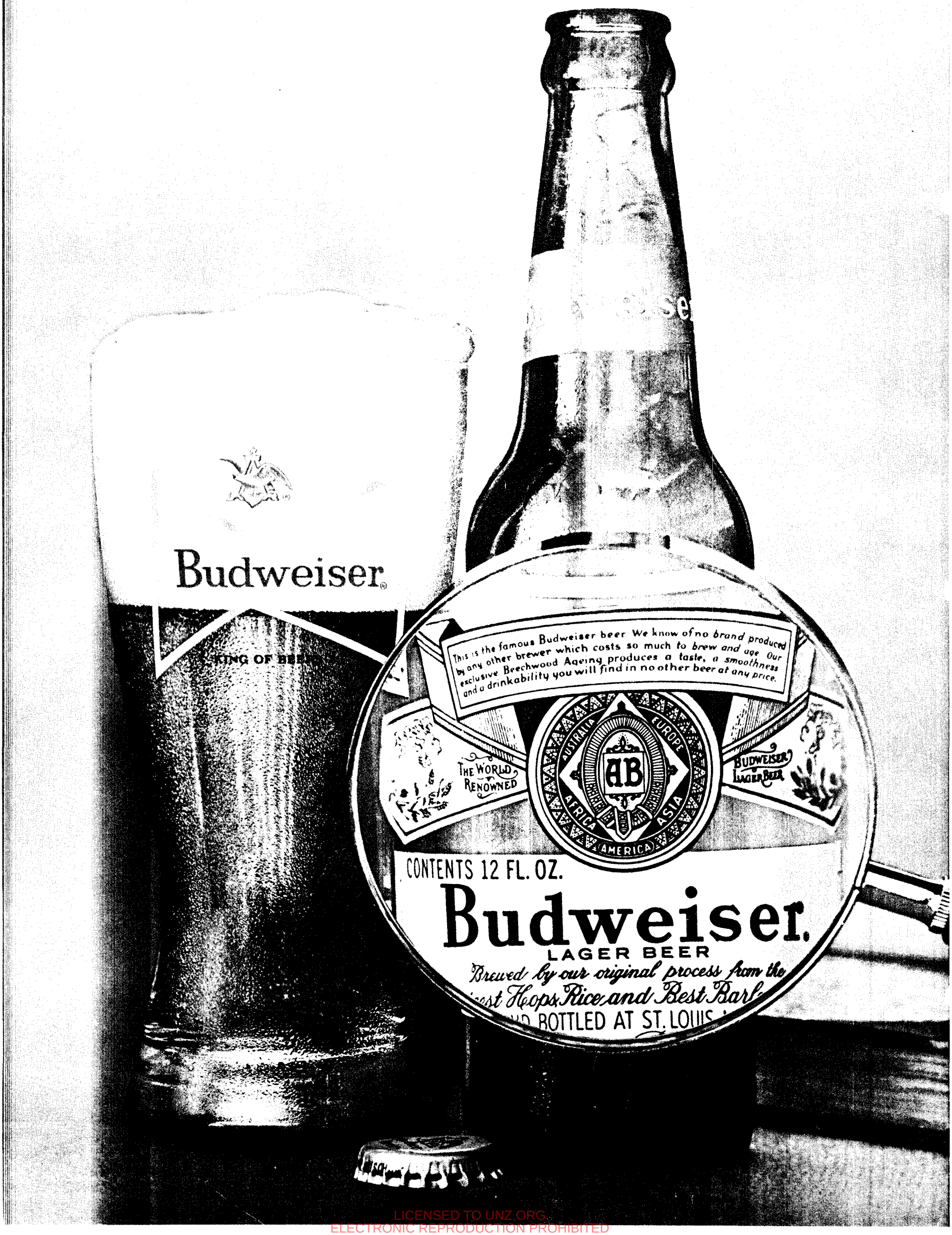
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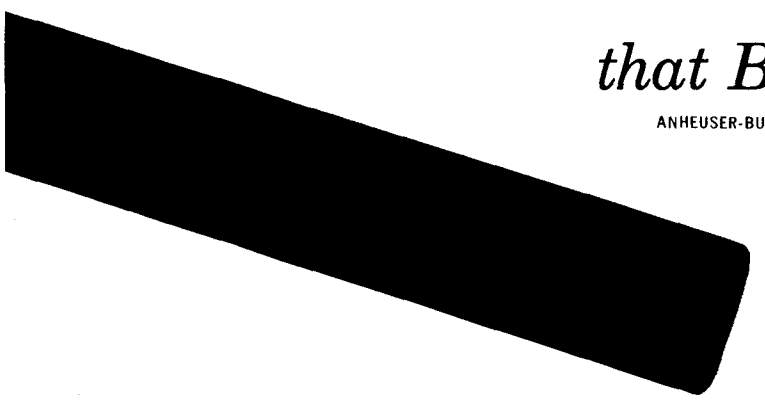

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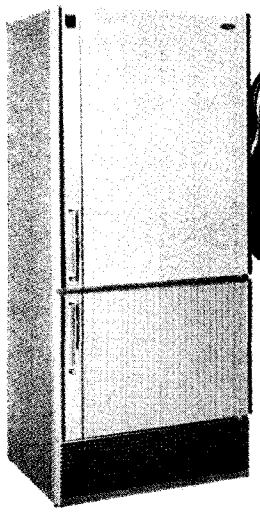

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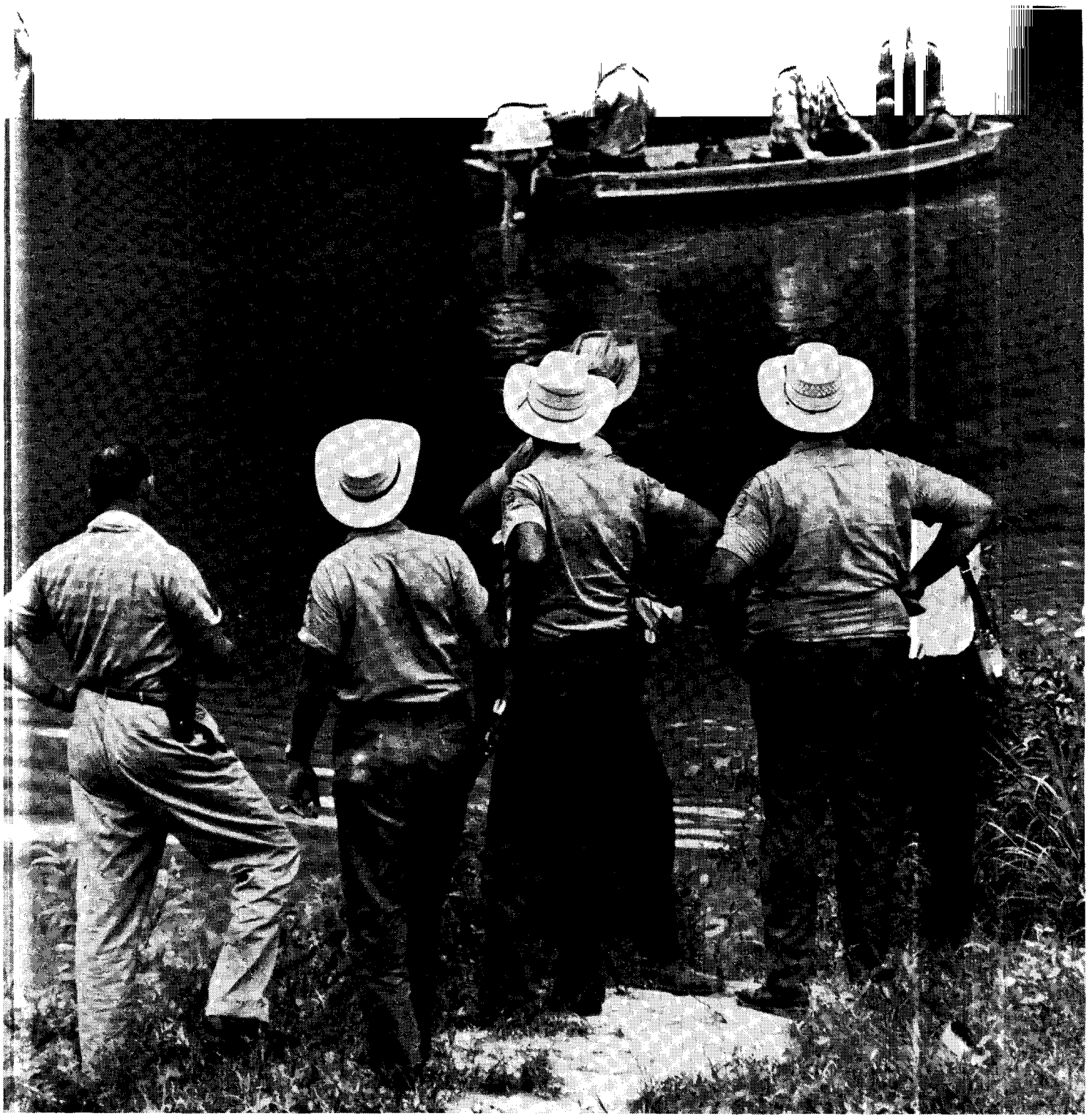

Men in skiff prepare to drag the Pearl River for bodies of three missing civil-rights workers while search party on the bank stops to watch.

"IF WE CAN CRACK MISSISSIPPI..."

AT THE RISK OF THEIR LIVES, HUNDREDS OF NORTHERN STUDENTS ARE CHALLENGING THE HEART OF THE DEEP SOUTH.

By James Atwater

The hunt for the three missing civil-rights workers began in a swamp known as the Bogue Chitto. The searchers—Mississippi state patrolmen and FBI agents—pushed warily into the brown muck, watching for water moccasins in the stagnant pools. As the days passed, and sailors from the Naval Air Station at nearby Meridian joined the search, the men fanned out from the Bogue Chitto. They formed into long lines and poked through the stands of scrub pine. They tramped across the small farms in the area while dogs came howling over the fields of cotton and corn to sniff suspiciously at their heels.

Teams of men climbed into 12-foot flat-bottomed skiffs and began to drag the Pearl River, which oozes out of the swamp. From time to time the teams would check with each other by walkie-talkie, and briefly an electric crackle of voices would drown out the screech of the katydids. Then, having learned that no one else had found anything either, the men would go back to work. Dark patches of sweat soaked through their shirts. Hour after hour they cast their grappling hooks like patient fishermen. The men were conscientious and methodical, but as the days slipped by, an air of futility gradually settled over the search.

The crowds that clustered around the courthouse in Philadelphia, where the three had been arrested for speeding on June 21, told the gathering swarm of reporters that it was all a publicity stunt. That nigger and those two nigger-lovers were safe up in New York, or maybe Chicago, drinking beer and reading the headlines. Deputy Sheriff Cecil Price said he had sent them on their way that night, and the courthouse crowd figured they must have hightailed it right on north.

But the FBI agents working on the case soon began to believe that Mickey Schwerner, 24, James Chaney, 21, and Andy Goodman, 20, would not be found for months, if ever. There were too many good hiding places for bodies in the swamps and deserted countryside of Mississippi's Neshoba County.

So began what threatens to be the longest and hottest, and quite possibly the bloodiest, summer of them all. Schwerner, Chaney and Goodman were taking part in the most ambitious attack on segregation ever to hit the state, a program known as the Mississippi Summer Project. The program is bringing some 450 college-student volunteers into the state to help the professional civil-rights workers register Negroes to vote and teach them such basic skills as

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Lawmen massed in Philadelphia, Miss., to keep order after the trio disappeared.

"MISSISSIPPI IS THE STRONGHOLD OF THE WHOLE VICIOUS SYSTEM OF SEGREGATION."

reading and writing. Schwerner, a white social worker from New York City, and Chaney, a Negro from Meridian, in the eastern part of Mississippi, were full-time staff members of a community center in Meridian operated by CORE—the Congress of Racial Equality. Goodman, a student at Queens College in New York City, was one of the volunteers.

Like the other volunteers, Andy Goodman had been warned about the dangers in Mississippi. James Forman, burly executive secretary of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (Snick), and one of the project's leaders, had told them, "I may be killed, you may be killed. The whole staff may go." But only a handful of volunteers quit before Goodman disappeared, and only a handful has since then.

The Mississippi Project is hitting the state at a time when the nationwide battle for civil rights has brought racial tension there to its highest peak in years. One of the most volatile areas is the Delta, the great, flat sweep of rich black land that stretches between the Mississippi River and the Yazoo, in the northwestern part of the state. There the fields of the big cotton plantations run along the straight, narrow concrete highways for as far as a mile and a half without a break. The Delta has the highest concentration of Negroes in the state—Sunflower County, Sen. James Eastland's home area, is 74 percent Negro. Many of the Negroes work on the plantations as sharecroppers and seldom leave plantation property. The only way the Snick staffers can reach these Negroes—to talk to them about registering to vote, for example—is by sneaking onto the plantations at night like guerrillas and eluding the patrols of men equipped with high-powered rifles and walkie-talkies. You can spot firearms all through the Delta these days. Often you see the silhouettes of rifles with telescopic sights hanging upside down in gun racks across the rear windows of dusty pickup trucks.

The Negroes also have guns. When Medgar Evers was assassinated last year, Charles Evers, his older brother, succeeded him as field secretary of the state chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Negro armed guards now protect Charles Evers's house in Jackson, the state capital.

Ugly incidents have been increasing in recent months. For years gangs of white teen-agers have smashed the windows of Negro civil-rights leaders in Jackson; this spring Negro gangs started smashing the windows of whites. For years white drivers have crowded Negroes off the roads at night; today some Negroes are crowding back.

"My greatest job now is trying to keep my people nonviolent," says Evers. "The only way I've been doing it is to use the death of Medgar, by telling them he would not want it. But how long will they remember a dead man? Pretty soon some may say to hell with that."

The project that is sending hundreds of collegiate volunteers to a state already in this explosive mood is the kind of program that could have been organized only by the young and for the young. Technically the project's sponsoring agency is the Council of Federated Organizations (COFO), a loose alliance of all the major civil-rights groups in the state. Actually it is run almost entirely by Snick.

The Snick leader who did most of the planning for the project seems at first glance to be about the most unlikely man in the organization to lead a revolution among Mississippi's illiterate Negroes. Robert P. Moses, 29, is an intellectual who, after growing up on the streets of Harlem, went on to earn a master's degree in philosophy from Harvard—his special field is mathematical logic.

Yet Moses manages to look so natural in the bib overalls he almost always wears these days that he blends in perfectly with any group of field hands. In fact, with his solemn manner and quiet monotone, Moses manages to be so inconspicuous that he remains one of the least-known civil-rights leaders in the country, although he is fast becoming one of the most important. Moses's quiet manner is partly the result of natural modesty, but it also reflects a conscious effort to avoid overselling either himself or his program. "I've felt that one of the things wrong with this country is that everyone is saying too much," he explains. "It's wrong to promise more than you can give. To accomplish something very real, you have to do something very limited."

In 1961 Moses became the first Snick staff worker to go into the state, and many of the group's tough-minded young professionals accord him something close to hero worship for having had the courage to work by himself in the stronghold of segregation. Starting in rural Amite County, in the southwestern part of the state, he led tiny groups of terrified Negroes to register to vote in the county courthouse at Liberty. Later he shifted his efforts to Greenwood, a city of 21,000 in the central part of the state, where he established a Negro community center that serves as Snick's headquarters for the summer campaign.

When he tells the student volunteers about the dangers of civil-rights work in Mississippi, his words carry the weight of first-hand experience. In Amite County, for example, a white man beat him with brass knuckles as he led a Negro to register. Two years ago a car pulled up alongside the one in which Moses was riding, and a man opened fire with a submachine gun. He wounded the driver but missed the Snick leader.

Moses got the idea for the Mississippi Project from a successful small-scale program that Snick helped organize in the state last fall. The program was designed to give Negroes a kind of civics lesson by having them take part in a simulated election—"registering" to vote on Snick forms and then casting a ballot for a mock slate of candidates. Much of the registration was done by 70 students from Yale and Stanford. When these students came to Mississippi, they were followed by flocks of FBI and Justice Department agents, whose mere presence helped keep down violence. And right behind the agents came the national press.

With that experience as a guide, Moses planned this summer's influx of college volunteers partly because of the effect it would have outside the state. "It's not just the publicity," says Moses. "These students bring the rest of the country with them. They're from good schools, and their parents are influential. The interest of the country is awakened, and when that happens, the Government responds to that interest." Moses clearly hoped that the Government's response would include action by federal agents to protect civil-rights workers.

The college students for the Mississippi Project come from all over the country, with the boys far outnumbering the girls. Almost all are white. They were told that they would have to pay all their expenses and should have at least $500 bail-bond money available, and they were warned that the job would be dirty and dangerous. Students under 21 needed their parents' written permission. Wherever possible, panels were set up to screen out applicants who were looking for thrills, who were out to spite their parents, or who could not stand up to confinement in a dank jail. For example, the panel at Connecticut's Wesleyan University, organized by Prof. John Maguire, a former Freedom Rider himself, eliminated 10 of 19 candidates it interviewed.

But not all applicants could be screened, and a few obvious misfits showed up in June at the Western College for Women in Oxford, Ohio, where the National Council of Churches sponsored six-day orientation courses for the program. There were pudgy girls who had no real idea why they had come, and ineffectual boys who were forever standing anxiously on the outer edges of groups. And there were some types in sandals and long hair who seemed to have come blinking up into the light, straight from some Greenwich Village coffeehouse. "But the surprising thing is the fact that there aren't more beatniks," said Dr. Joseph Brenner, an M.I.T. staff psychiatrist who was helping out the program. "They're an extraordinarily healthy bunch of kids, mentally and physically. There aren't a lot of starry-eyed idealists here."

In fact, far from seeing themselves as the saviors of Mississippi, most of the volunteers at Oxford seemed embarrassed that they were going to be doing so little. "The movement is really one of chastened idealism," said Barney Frank, who is studying for his doctorate in political science at Harvard. "We're not really

In Oxford, Ohio, volunteers were taught how to protect themselves from beatings.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LYNN PELHAM

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making a one hundred percent commitment to what is a very tough fight that lasts the year around."

Some of the volunteers had found they were considered somewhat oddball by their friends for taking part in the program. "The people I went to school with just don't understand what I'm doing," said Sam Walker, a tall, intense senior at the University of Michigan. "As to why we're going down, if anyone gave a simple answer, I'd be suspicious." He smiled a little self-consciously. "Part of 't is the American dream, you know, and part is shame. I feel a very real sense of guilt. But I hope I'm not going down there to get my little red badge of liberalism, to be able to go back home and tell everyone how I spent two days in the Jackson jail."

Early one Sunday morning, standing in the shade of a maple tree on the pleasant, green campus, a seasoned Snick pro named Willie Peacock began to talk about a beating he said he had received in Mississippi. He and some other Snick members had been driving to a meeting when a cop, who obviously knew who they were, stopped them on a traffic violation charge. Willie talked softly, with a faint, tight grin on his face.

"When you go down those cold stairs at the police station," he said, "you don't know if you're going to come back or not. You don't know if you can take those licks without fighting back, because you might decide to fight back. It all depends on how you want to die.

"'Nigger,' the man told me, 'do you believe I'd just as soon kill you as look at you?' I says yes, but not fast enough. Whack!—up comes his left hand. 'I'm going to erase every data of doubt from your mind,' he says. 'You the nigger agitators who are going to change our way of life?' he says. 'Ain't the white people been good to you—ain't they taken good care of you?' He wanted me to crawl and all that bull jazz. I'd of killed him, the things he was calling me, but I never could have gotten away."

In special seminars some of the Snick professionals gave the volunteers tips on how to avoid trouble: Never drive anywhere at night with a Negro in your car—you're likely to be stopped by a cop for questioning. Take a jacket with you when you go into a sullen crowd—you can wrap it around your head if you are attacked. If you are struck down, lie in a kind of prenatal crouch, knees up to protect the belly and genitals, and arms wrapped around the head. If a police dog comes at you, try to stun it with a chop across the nose delivered with the side of your hand. Always keep some dice or cards in your pockets—the monotony of jail is overwhelming.

Although the Snick staffers took part in the training sessions willingly enough, the volunteers soon discovered that many of the Negro professionals stayed completely away from them the rest of the time. With characteristic frankness, Bob Moses explained why: The staffers were prejudiced against whites. Snick's 130 full-time workers form a tight little society; all of them have taken too much punishment from whites to forget their hatred overnight. They have been beaten in Montgomery, gassed in Cambridge and jailed in Mississippi, and they are proud of it.

This reverse racial prejudice, Moses said, could not be explained away, but it had to be recognized so that everyone could adjust to it. In turn, Doctor Brenner, the psychiatrist, pointed out that the white volunteers who were going down to Mississippi really had some prejudice against Negroes, whether they knew it or not. "It's impossible to be white in this country and not have some hostility toward the Negro," he said. "The problem is to cope with it."

The first group of about 175 volunteers left for Mississippi on June 20 to work on voter registration. The second group—about 275 assigned to community centers and "freedom schools"—followed a week later. The centers are establishing small libraries and offering adult instruction. The schools are primarily for children. Although they give such courses as remedial reading, the volunteers feel that the main purpose of the schools is to find ways of making the children understand that there can be more to their lives than hoeing cotton for $2.50 a day.

In Mississippi the volunteers live with Negro families, the girls as well as the boys. Mississippians are outraged at the idea of white girls being put into Negro homes, which are usually overcrowded already and short on privacy, and many state leaders feel that if massive violence should break out, it will be as a result of this offense to white Southern sensibilities. "It's just plain stupid," says a civic leader in Jackson, who counts himself a moderate. "That is the very worst thing they could do."

James Forman of Snick and the other leaders of the Mississippi Project insist that they are not out to cause any trouble, or stage any demonstrations, or organize any marches. But for months Mississippians have claimed that the "invasion," as they call it, was a plot to provoke enough violence to give President Johnson an excuse to send in federal troops. The state has accordingly prepared for the volunteers as though Sherman were headed South again. In the spring session the legislature whooped through a series of bills to curb civil-rights demonstrations. It is now, for example, illegal in Mississippi to picket public buildings or to hand out leaflets urging economic boycotts. Gov. Paul Johnson called for and got the power to increase the size of the highway safety patrol—the state police—from 275 men to 450.

State officials are not too worried that violence will break out in the big cities, and their confidence was reinforced by the peace with which two hotels and a motel in Jackson were desegregated early this month. In these major cities the police forces are both large and well trained. Jackson, for example, can mobilize about 150 policemen within five minutes, and the entire force of over 400 in half an hour. If necessary, they can roll into action in a 10-man $15,000 custom-built armored car.

But while they are not too worried about trouble in the cities, the state's leaders are deeply concerned about the possibility of violence in rural areas such as Ruleville, over in Sunflower County. Two of the project volunteers assigned to voter registration in Ruleville are Len Edwards and Joe Smith, who became good friends in Oxford. Joe is a gangling, solemn-faced sophomore at Wesleyan. Len, son of Congressman Donald Edwards of California, a liberal Democrat, is a second-year law student at the University of Chicago. Len and Joe are both terribly serious about their summer's work. When they left Oxford to drive to Mississippi, they were convinced that the program had already changed their lives.

"Those first two days shook me to my roots," said Len. "The determination of those Snick people, and the dangers, the fact that it was all so important and vital—well, it was all so fantastic in every way that I almost couldn't handle it. This pales everything I've ever done."

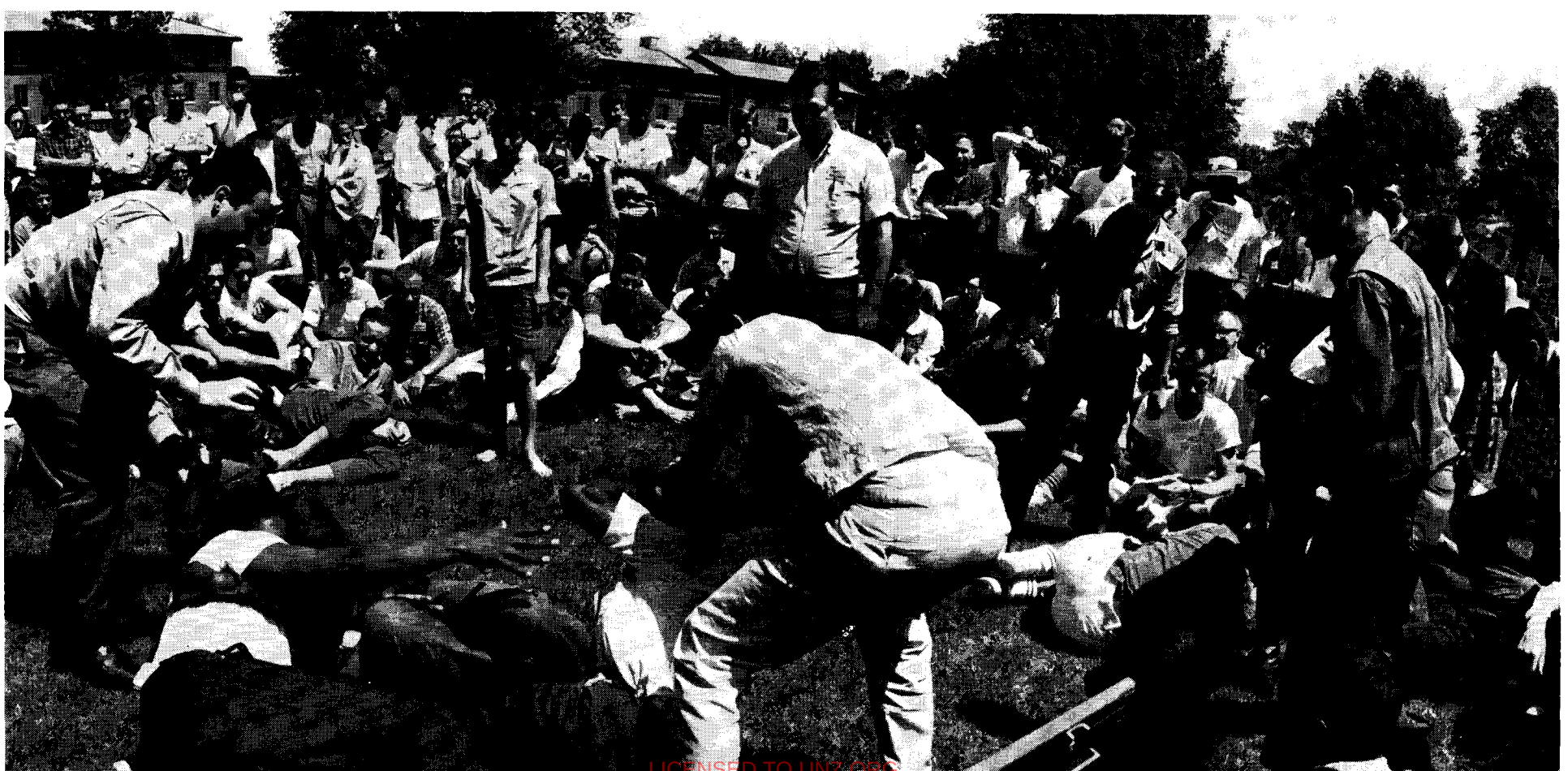
Joe interrupted. "This was a kind of mystical revelation, trying to orient your life toward something worthwhile," he said. "I feel I would be willing to give up my life for this movement."

"I feel the same way," Len said, "a willingness to give yourself to a cause that is really great, maybe the only great cause in America. Maybe it's the only cause I can take part in."

The two young volunteers still had their enthusiasm after a couple of days in Ruleville, a sun-parched Delta town of 2,400. Their quarters were simple but adequate, and they soon got used to having young punks pull up in front of the house and stare at them menacingly before driving away. One night someone threw a pop bottle at Len's Corvair from a passing car. That same night someone threw a crude Molotov cocktail at the nearby church they had been using as a center. Neither missile caused much damage. Len's car escaped with a dent, the church with a scorched front entrance.

Len and Joe were encouraged by the warm reception they got from the Negroes in their neighborhood. But Snick staffers had been working in the area for some time; the ground was well-prepared. Then late in the afternoon of June 24 the two boys went with their group to the nearby town of Drew. No one had ever worked on Drew before.

Five minutes after they arrived, a white police car began prowling through the neighborhood they were working. Len stepped up onto one porch and



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"I CAN'T PROTECT YOU, BUDDY, IF YOU COME DOWN TO STIR UP TROUBLE."

Mississippi

politely said, "How do you do. I'm Len Edwards, and I'm from California." The men on the porch were just in from the fields. Some of the women were wearing maids' uniforms. No one stood up to shake hands with Len. No one said hello. No one even looked directly at him.

"We're on a voter-registration drive, and we'd like to have you join us," said Len. Still no one looked at him, but it was not wise to ignore a white man. "Well," someone finally said, "I don't know about that." That was the end of the conversation.

There, and farther down the street, Len tried to prod the Negroes into helping themselves. "Don't you want to register?" he would ask flatly. The answer often was "No," the speaker's eyes shifting to the yard. And even when it was "Yes," the conversation usually went no further. "Don't you want a better life for your children?" Len finally began to ask in desperation. "No, suh," came the answer, the eyes flicking at the white police car as it moved past. "No, suh."

Everywhere in town the answers were the same. "It's hard to believe that people could so knuckle under to the system," Joe said later. "I still don't understand it. You can take pressure from the whites, but when the Negroes just don't want to help themselves, it hurts you. In fact, if the whites weren't harassing us, it would be a lot tougher for us. If I leave, it will be because of the apathy of the Negroes, not because I go to jail."

"I was shaken up myself," said Len. "It's going to be a rough summer. It's going to be a matter of plugging along day by day."

Bob Moses had warned the volunteers about the frustrations of the job, about the dangers of expecting too much. "We want to establish some very limited things," he had said. "We want the Negro to have the right to have white people in his house, because the Negro community must be open if there is to be any progress in the state. If nothing else happens, we'll have established a breakthrough. We'll be doing something if we go in there and survive and come out in the fall."

There are signs that the project may already have accomplished something far more significant than that, for Moses's campaign to pressure the Federal Government into protecting the volunteers is beginning to show results. In the past FBI agents have confined their civil-rights work in Mississippi to investigating incidents and, as in the case of the mock election last fall, trying to deter violence by making their presence known. Recently, however, FBI agents broke precedent by arresting three white men in the small town of Itta Bena for threatening two volunteers and a Snick staffer while they were canvassing for voter registrations. More important, Attorney General Robert Kennedy has quietly sent to Jackson the crack seven-man team of Justice Department lawyers, headed by Walter Sheridan, that nailed Teamsters President Jimmy Hoffa last March on a charge of tampering with a federal jury. Sheridan and his men have been house-hunting in Jackson and preparing to settle in for the long haul. They plan to use all available federal statutes, including the law against conspiracy, to halt intimidation of civil-rights workers either by white terrorists or by local law-enforcement officers.

There is little doubt that this "little Justice Department" will be kept busy. Even while the search for Schwerner, Chaney and Goodman was still in its early days, Snick was already making plans to send some staffers—and perhaps some volunteers—back to Neshoba County, although it is now common knowledge that the Klan is rising there again. Moses argues that unless his civil-rights people go back, racists elsewhere in the state will assume that they can be driven away by violence.

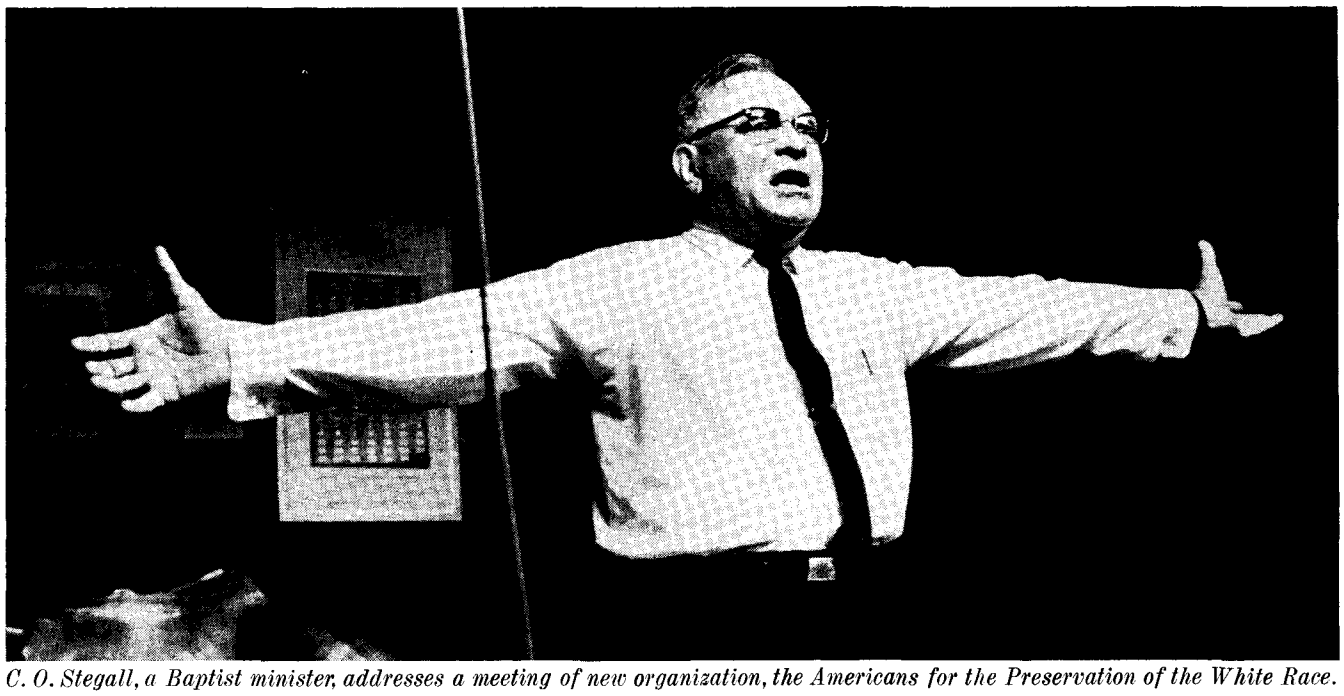
Snick also plans to challenge the Klan's main stronghold in the southwestern part of the state, where so far this year the FBI has investigated 40 acts of violence against Negroes, including five murders.

Southwestern Mississippi is also the center of a new segregationist organization known as the Americans for the Preservation of the White Race—which insists that it is nonviolent. At a recent meeting in the courthouse in Brookhaven a Baptist minister named C. O. Stegall spoke to a perspiring audience of about 150 small-business men, farmers and mechanics and their wives.

The preacher built up momentum slowly, hissing and gasping in the sweltering heat, arms waving until the sweat covered his glasses and face. He continually punctuated his exhortations with the phrase, "God bless your soul." In a hoarse voice he declared that he was proud to be a white man, that he had never had any trouble with niggers but would never let one in his church.

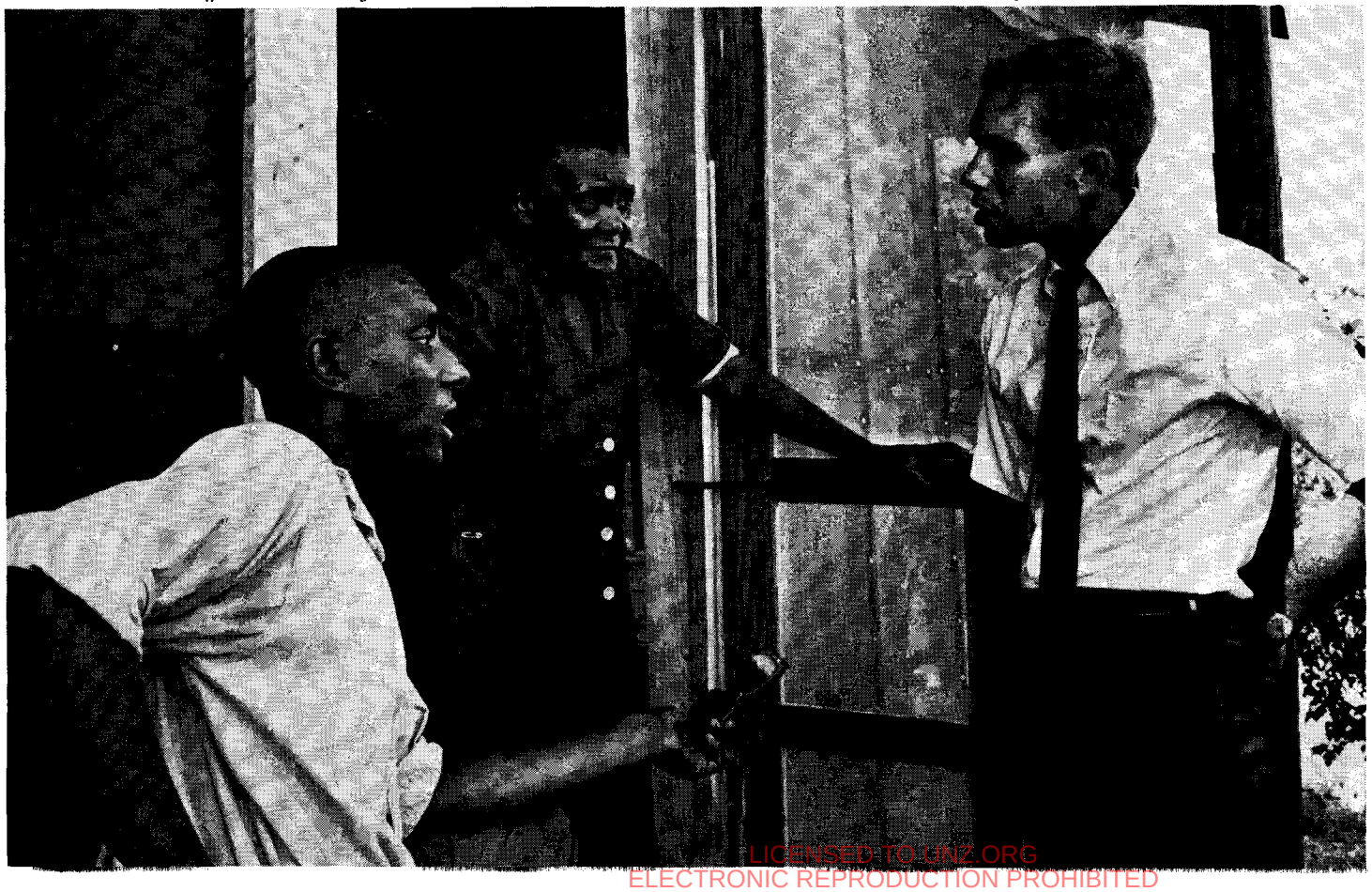
"Don't do no violence," he pleaded. "If they come into your store, close your doors and go home, God bless your soul. you can go fishing for a day, can't you? If the nigger can allow ketchup and raw eggs to be rubbed into his head, why can't we do the same? The day we kill three or four, they'd be martial law in Mississippi. My friends, we have to make up our minds that we're not going to run off at the head."

In May, reporter Ken Tolliver wrote a story in the Greenville *Delta Democrat Times*, the most influential voice of moderation in the state, accusing the A.P.W.R. of conducting economic boycotts to keep business in line in southern Mississippi. In June, Tolliver got a telephone call at the home of Hodding Carter III, who now runs the paper for his father, Hodding Carter, winner of a Pulitzer Prize in 1946 for his editorials urging racial tolerance. Tolliver report



C. O. Stegall, a Baptist minister, addresses a meeting of new organization, the Americans for the Preservation of the White Race.

Snick staff worker Stokely Carmichael and student volunteer Len Edwards call on an old Negro woman at her home in Itta Bena.



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that a voice said, "We have read your article on the Americans for the Preservation of the White Race, and we understand you plan to do a series. We want you to know that we know how to take care of you if you do." About 45 minutes later the man called again, Tolliver says, and declared, "We forgot to tell you we've killed other people. You wouldn't be the first."

Until recently the White Citizens Council, organized ten years ago, served as a strong force for nonviolent resistance to segregation in Mississippi. But lately many of its members are thought to have deserted it in favor of the Klan or the A.P.W.R. "The Citizens Council is fighting for survival," says one state official. "Their justification has always been that they could fight this thing legally, with no violence. They said their way would work, but the battles are being lost one by one. Those old boys at the forks of the creek are beginning to think those white-collar boys around the square in town don't know how to handle the situation. That's why the Klan and the A.P.W.R. attract a lot of new people."

Many of the state's moderates feel that the Mississippi Project has encouraged the shift to violence. As men who are against integration but who abhor violence, these moderates make up the only real force acting as a brake on the racists. And they insist that the Mississippi Project will make their job harder. "If we get enough agitation in here," says one, "the people we've been preaching moderation to will say, 'Look at all this. This is what you get,' and we lose whatever force we had to persuade."

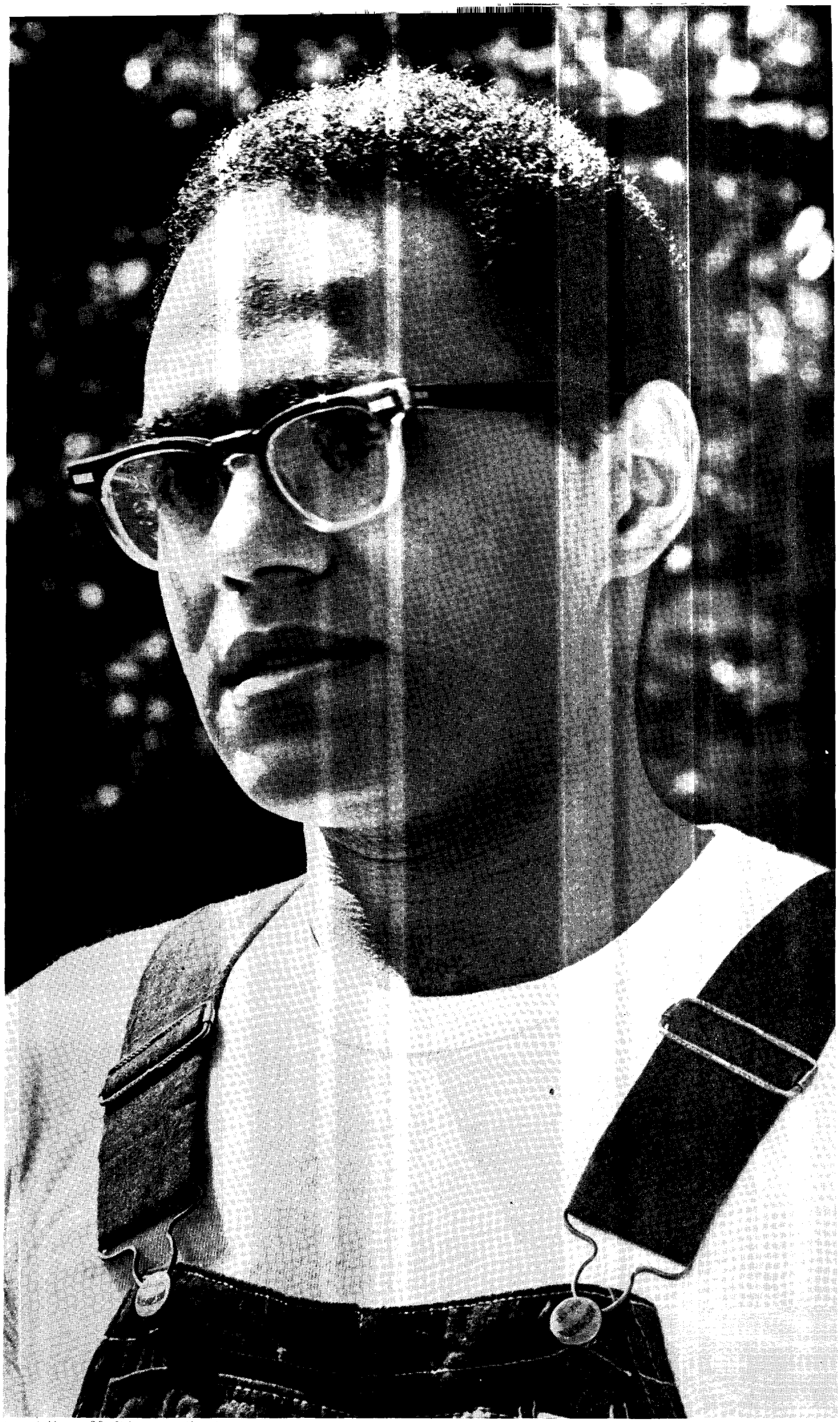
"We know we have a grievous problem," says one of the most influential lawyers in the state, "and we don't need the people up north to tell us about it. It's damn childish to say they're going to come down here and make a dent in our problem. They're just compounding the problem and giving us a lot of anguish, without doing any good."

But Snick's eager young leaders scoff at the idea that they would ever get any real help from the state's moderates anyway. They feel that the Mississippi Project is well worth the risk of alienating them. "Mississippi is the stronghold of the whole vicious system of segregation," says Snick Chairman John Lewis. "If we can crack Mississippi, we will likely be able to crack the system in the rest of the country."

The next few weeks will probably be decisive. In August the Mississippi heat can stay above 100 degrees for days at a stretch until tempers fray to the breaking point. One Mississippi lawyer flatly refuses to try an important case in August; he has seen too many judges and juries do irrational things in the heat.

In McComb, a small town in southern Mississippi, the violence has already come—a bombing on July 8 ripped a house occupied by 10 civil-rights workers. Earlier Mayor Gordon Burt had said his police would try to keep order, but he had also indicated he had little patience with the project's student volunteers.

"I don't care what the devil happens to those people who come in here to stir up trouble," he said, shaking a stubby forefinger across his desk. "They come to cause trouble—well, what the devil do you expect? If the monkey is on anyone's back, it is not on ours—it's on the people's who come down here. I can't protect you, buddy, if you come down to stir up trouble." THE END



Robert Moses, 29, did most of the planning for this summer's project. Raised in Harlem, he has a master's degree from Harvard.

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DOMINIC TUCCI SLEPT HERE

For 11 days, a 12-year-old runaway dodged police, private guards and his parents to live the lif

Dominic Tucci wanted to become a veterinarian. He liked animals. But the trouble was you had to go to school to become a veterinarian, and Dominic was having trouble in school. There were other reasons why he did what he did. Dominic, who is 12 years old, had five younger sisters and one younger brother, and they all could scream louder for what they wanted than he could. A few weeks ago, when Dominic asked his mother and father to go to the New York World's Fair, they gently brushed him off. "We'll wait until the fall," they said. "Then the crowds will be thinner." That meant no to Dominic.

A couple of days later, after Dominic had finished delivering the afternoon papers on his bicycle, he pedaled to his local railroad depot. He abandoned his bike, after pinning a note to the seat, and took a 25-minute train ride from his home in Port Washington, L.I., to Flushing Meadow Park, site of the World's Fair. He then ducked under a turnstile that led into the fair. He already had made up his mind that he was going to stay there until October when the fair closes for the year.

As things turned out, Dominic didn't take along enough luggage. All he was wearing when he left the railroad station was his parochial-school uniform from St. Peter of Alcantara—black shoes, black pants, and a white shirt. He didn't realize that, as the days wore on and the clothes wore out, they would become the uniform of a fugitive.

In the beginning, however, Dominic had no worries. His first stop after sneaking into the fair was the Long Island Railroad exhibit. After that he walked over to the New Mexico Pavilion to shake hands with some Indians who were covered with war paint. And after that he made his way to the Festival of Gas Pavilion, where there are down escalators that boys like to walk up on, and up escalators they like to walk down on. Dominic spent his first night at the fair sleeping beneath the block-wide canopy of the Festival of Gas Pavilion, hungrily sniffing the odors that wafted from the pavilion restaurant, where dinners start at $9.50 per person.

When Dominic didn't come home for supper the night of May 6, his mother and father began to worry. "I mean," Dominic's mother explained afterward, "there's no such thing as missing a meal in our house." Dominic's father, a bricklayer, immediately began looking around the neighborhood for the boy. By nightfall he was at the Port Washington police station. From the beginning Dominic's parents suspected that Dominic had run off to the World's Fair. When they finally found the note he had left on his bicycle, their suspicions were confirmed. "I'm the worrying kind," Dominic's father said later. "I take things to heart." Mrs. Tucci, however, counseled patience. "Let him have his fun," she said. "He'll be back when he gets good and hungry." Dominic disappeared on a Wednesday. When he hadn't returned by the weekend, his parents decided to go to the fair to look for him. The Tuccis, who are Catholic, were especially angry that he had missed Sunday mass.

Dominic's parents hoped that he would go to mass at the Vatican Pavilion, and the cops had staked out two plainclothesmen to wait for him there. But Dominic lost track of the days. And of the nights too. He had to spend his nights trying to get enough sleep, which usually lasted for only an hour or so at a time, because it was chilly and sometimes it rained. Some of his best naps took place during the day on the green World's Fair benches in the warm sunlight. Otherwise his temporary accommodations included the Johnson's Wax Pavilion, a giant gold disc that seems to float 24 feet above the ground; the Continental Insurance Companies' building, a structure that shows continuous movies on its front wall, and the African Pavilion, a make-believe village of round huts built on stilts over water. "There were so many places to hide out," Dominic recalled afterward. "I found a trapdoor behind the Johnson's Wax Pavilion, a real big hole and safe as anything. Boy, you could hide there five years." He also could have shined his shoes free on a shoe-shining machine at the Johnson's Wax Pavilion, but he didn't bother. By his third day at the fair they had become the color of mudcakes.

At the African Pavilion Dominic slept beneath a striped rug that was part of an exhibit of baskets, mugs, ladles and other artifacts used in African homes. For a pillow he had an African neck rest that was part of the display. At the Continental Insurance Companies' building his bed was the crushed stone in a two-foot-high space beneath the entrance ramp of the pavilion. Dominic stayed four nights there. "But my best night," he said afterward, "was at the Coca-Cola building." He spent his eighth night there.

The Coca-Cola building has on exhibit a street from Hong Kong with a fruit stall, a fish stand and a gift shop. It has a place from India with a garden and the fragrance of Oriental foliage. And it has a jungle from Asia with giant mechanical bullfrogs and make-believe monkeys that look real and, right in the middle of the jungle, a jeep parked with its headlights on. Dominic crawled into the jungle and under the jeep. Behind the jeep he found what appeared to be a cave lined with sleeping snakes. Actually the snakes were electric conduits. Up ahead was daylight and, when Dominic crawled out of the cave, he found himself on the deck of an ocean liner called the *SS Brasil*. He took a red plaid blanket from a deck chair and climbed into a lifeboat covered with a tarpaulin. Dominic had heard that stowaways could live for days in a lifeboat covered with a tarpaulin. The trouble was that when Dominic crawled back through the cave into the jungle, he kicked two electric conduits together and started a fire. A Pinkerton security guard put the fire out with his hands, burning four fingers. He spotted Dominic slithering through the jungle.

"You look pretty dirty. Are you lost o something?" the guard asked Dominic "What's your name?"

The Tucci family, with Dominic (right) firmly in tow, leaves the World's Fair grounds. A woman concessionaire had recognized him and talked him into giving himself u

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By Alfred G. Aronowitz

Murphy at the World's Fair.

Dominic, who lived at fair on hamburgers and shrimp chow mein, munches peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich at end of adventure.

"Tommy Murphy," Dominic answered. Tommy is his kid brother. The name Murphy was borrowed from a classmate.

"Where are your mother and father?" the guard asked.

"Oh, they're home," Dominic answered. "I live right near here."

"Well, get out of here and don't come back," the guard said.

Dominic, however, had left two pen-sized flashlights in the lifeboat, and he came back to get them later that night. He tried to disguise himself by washing his face and scraping some of the dirt from his clothes. "He looked much better," the Pinkerton guard remembered later. But he didn't act much better. When the guard caught him a second time, he was in the Coca-Cola jungle again, climbing a tree.

"I told you not to come back," the guard said, throwing him out a second time. But several hours later Dominic was back again. He still hadn't retrieved his flashlights.

"You've been here three times already," the guard said. "Why do you keep hanging around our pavilion?"

"Because I like it here," Dominic said.

This time the guard took Dominic into the pavilion office, where he was questioned briefly and then turned loose.

Around this time the police issued a 17-state missing-person alarm for Dominic, and Dominic's father was trudging through the fairgrounds every night after work. During the day Dominic's 70-year-old grandfather carried on the search. "To think of that old man walking every day, miles and miles, in that hot sun," Dominic's father said afterward. At various times the posse also included seven members of the New York City Police Department's Youth Squad, some friends of Dominic's father, and several of Dominic's former teachers.

Despite the fact that he had arrived at the fair with no money, Dominic lost none of his 80 pounds during his lengthy holiday. In short order Dominic discovered that if he needed money, all he had to do was bend over and pick it up, although he had to stand hip-deep in water to do it. The fair was dotted with fountains, and visitors had been throwing money into them, apparently under the impression that the fountains were wishing wells. Each night, after the pavilions closed at 10, Dominic would wade into the pools and dive for loot. He removed only his shoelaces. "See, if I didn't, when I came out and the laces dried, they would tighten up on me," he explained later. At the bottom of the pools Dominic would find pennies, nickels, dimes. All in all he collected almost five dollars a night, which was enough to keep him stuffed with hamburgers. But for some reason, although he failed to remember Sundays, he did remember Fridays. On Fridays he switched to shrimp chow mein.

Despite his excursions into the fair's fountains, Dominic's clothes got dirtier and dirtier. He also could feel the cops breathing down his neck. Once, in fact, while he was standing in line for a hamburger, he heard a voice right behind him say, "Dominic?"

"I knew they meant me," he said afterward, "but I didn't even turn my head, because I knew that would give me away. But after a while I got curious, and I turned around, and there were two cops." The cops asked Dominic his name. "Tommy Murphy," he replied.

Dominic admitted later that he never really forgot about his parents and knew they hadn't forgotten about him. "I would have phoned," he said, "but we don't have a phone. So I sent a postcard." As things turned out, Dominic was delivered to his home before the postcard, which was mailed a couple of days before his capture. It was on a Sunday afternoon—11 days after his bolt from home—that a thin, blond woman named Naomi Sollod noticed him in the Gotham Arcade. Mrs. Sollod runs an arcade concession in which comfort shoes are sold.

"What's your name?" she asked.

"My name is Tommy Murphy," Dominic answered.

"Where's your mother?"

"She's out in the parking lot."

"You came in alone?"

"Yes," Dominic answered.

Mrs. Sollod took another look at the encrusted dirt on Dominic and tenderly put a hand on his arm. "Are you sure your name isn't Dominic and you ran away from home?" she asked.

Mrs. Sollod remembered afterward that Dominic sat down on a stool, and they talked for more than an hour before he admitted his identity. He learned that his picture had appeared in the newspaper, asked to see it and then said, "How do you like that? I get away from seven cops, and a woman catches me!"

"Please, Dominic," Mrs. Sollod finally pleaded. "Let me take you to someone who'll get you home. Your mother is grieving for you."

"Aw," said Dominic, "they don't really need me. They've got six other children."

"Dominic," said Mrs. Sollod, holding out her hands. "Here's my ten fingers. Which one could I cut off and not miss?"

"Gee," Dominic said. "I guess none."

At World's Fair security headquarters, where Dominic subsequently surrendered, the cops gave him a peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich and a container of milk. When his parents arrived, his mother was smiling and his father was crying. His father kissed him. Dominic didn't kiss him back. Then his mother kissed him. Dominic didn't kiss her back, either.

"They're going to clobber me," Dominic whispered to one of the assembled reporters, but Mr. and Mrs. Tucci insisted they would do no such thing. "He's not a bad boy," Dominic's mother said. "He's just an adventurous one. The trouble is, what's he going to do to top himself?" When they led him out to the Tuccis' white station wagon, Dominic's brother and sisters stuck their heads out the window and cheered. Dominic seemed much taller than his four feet, eight inches. When they got home, Dominic's mother took the clothes he had been wearing and burned them. THE END

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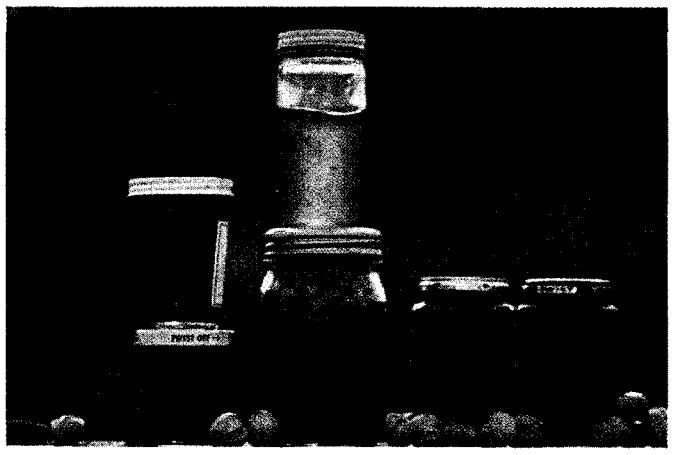
Wild fruits foraged from nature are preserved by Gibbons for winter.



Stalking the weed eater

Whererer he goes, Euell Gibbons eats free by foraging such delicacies

On a cloudy morning recently a tall, weatherbeaten man in his early 50's sloshed around in a swamp near Beavertown, Pa., yanking weeds out of the mud and eating them. As he munched, he kept up an enthusiastic running commentary. "Look at these cattails!" he cried. "Just perfect! I can smell calamus all around me! Here's my lunch! Right here!"

The speaker was not a fugitive from the local asylum, but a thoroughly sane gentleman who ranks as an authority on the neglected art of living off the land. His name is Euell Gibbons. He has made a lifelong study of wild food, foraging through many of the 50 states for a wide variety of flora and fauna, which he fearlessly pops into the pot. He is "a born cook," says Craig Claiborne, food editor of *The New York Times*, "who improvises with authority and imagination." His culinary adventuring—which he has chronicled in two unusual and instructive books, *Stalking the Wild Asparagus* and *Stalking the Blue-eyed Scallop* (published last month by David McKay)—has made him a celebrity in certain back-to-nature circles, and has caused other citizens to tap their foreheads. His notoriety amuses Gibbons—up to a point. "I don't mind being called 'the weed eater,'" he says, "because that's accurate—I *do* eat weeds, and a lot of other things people consider strange. But I object when they imply I'm some kind of freak, like the men in sideshows who eat beer glasses. I just enjoy the experience of gathering my own meals, free. It gets me back to the fundamentals."

Gibbons continued to collect handfuls of the calamus and cattails, tucked them into plastic bags, and then headed across a field toward the road, where his beat-up '53 Chevy panel truck was parked.

"Calamus is sometimes called sweet flag," he said, as he churned along in his hip boots. "It has a spicy aroma, and adds a lot to a wild salad. Cattails are the supermarket of the swamps. You can get six kinds of first-class food out of them. Americans don't eat them because of illogical food prejudice—the same nonsense that makes them shy away from good foods like milkweed, Jerusalem artichokes, pigweed. Pigweed is really delicious."

Halfway across the field Gibbons reached a spring that was thickly overgrown with small, dark green leaves. "Wild watercress," he said. He sampled the leaves, trimmed off a bagful with a penknife, then moved on, pointing out where wild strawberries, dewberries and wild grapes would show up later in the season. He indicated a cluster of slender, six-foot stalks topped by flame-shaped, dark red heads. "That's sumac," he said. "We make a drink like pink lemonade by pounding the acid out of the heads. It's hard work, but Ronald, the older of my two sons—he's twenty-seven now, and is in the Air Force—discovered a shortcut. He put the heads and water in the washing machine for ten minutes, then caught the mixture when it was pumped out."

When he reached his truck, Gibbons switched from boots to sneakers and slid behind the wheel. As he drove, he jerked a thumb at half a dozen other places where he does his marketing—patches of spiky, pale green day-lily shoots, clumps of wild onion, a black-walnut tree. "I've found," he said, "that foraging is far more productive in this country than in the South Pacific. The variety is wider here. There's decent foraging in most suburbs, and you can even find wild foods in the city. Not long ago I spotted four different kinds near Rockefeller Center in New York. The best foraging is along the seashore in summer. You get the usual inland plants, plus fish, oysters, clams, crabs, lobsters, mussels, and plants like glasswort, sea blite, goosetongue and scurvy grass. Did you know that periwinkles are marvelous eating? Except in the dead of winter, you can collect a week's supply of wild food in one afternoon almost anywhere in the U.S. But most people go to the supermarket and pay good money for tasteless stuff that's been shipped halfway across the continent. That's the way we live today—secondhand or thirdhand."

Observations of this kind crop up periodically in Gibbons's conversation. He has a deeper-than-average vein of philosophy in him—which may explain the fact that he and his wife Freda became Quakers a few years ago. He is especially concerned with what he calls the "high price we have paid for our plenty." He believes that people need to feel that they are "more than a mere mechanical part of an intricately interdependent industrial system." For him, foraging is a "creative protest against the artificiality of our daily lives." When he makes a statement like "Some of the most precious moments of my life have been spent picking wild strawberries," he means every word.

Gibbons learned his love of foraging from his mother, who often supplemented the family's larder with wild food. He was born in the Red River Valley in Texas.

Menu for Gibbons lunch includes persimmon pie, calamus salad, hickory nuts, catfish fillets, Barbarea greens, dandelion crowns, jams, ginger, wild-grape juice, cattail muffins.

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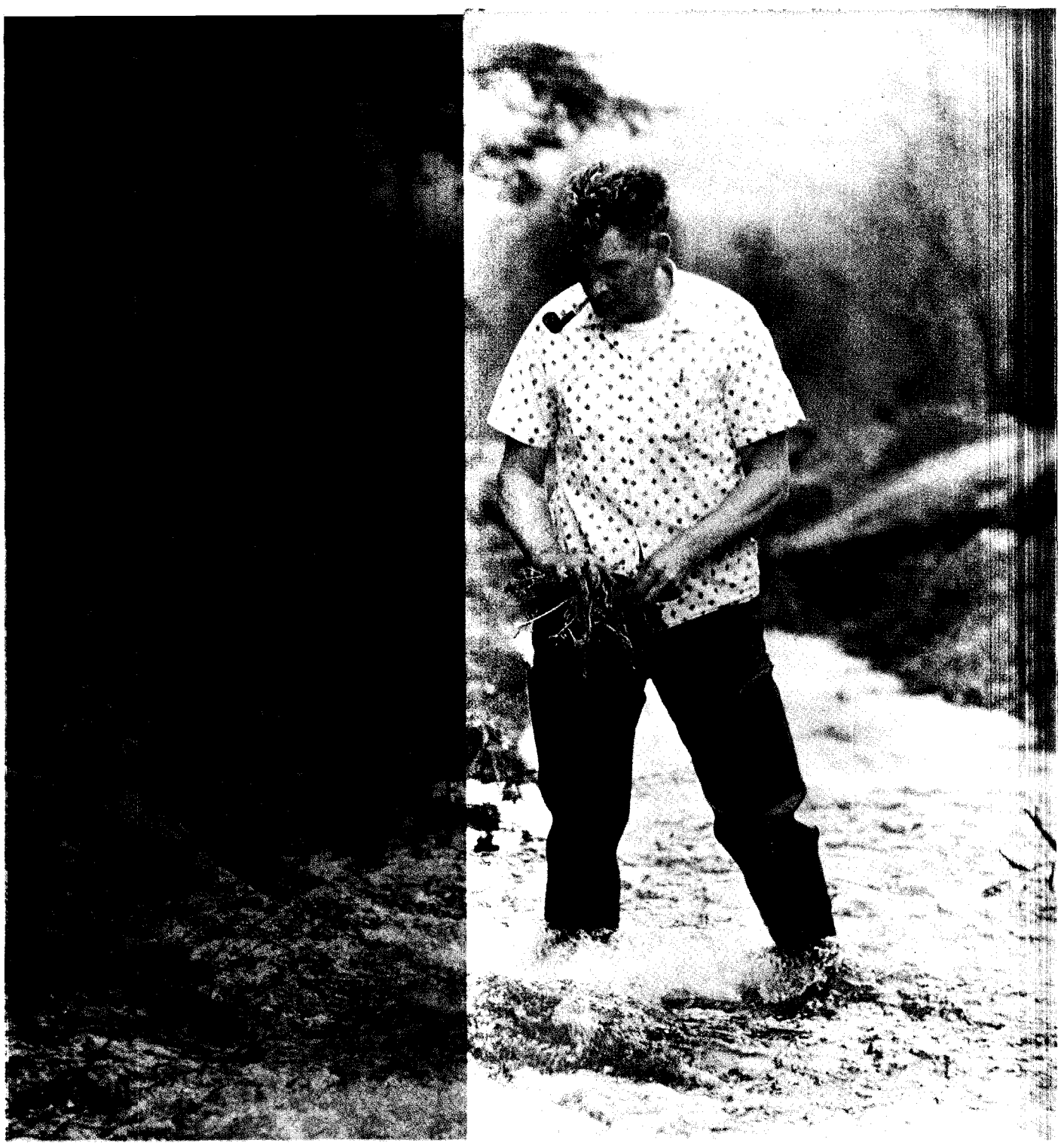
By David L. Goodrich

pigweed, sumac and sorrel.



Gibbons washes freshly picked Barbarea greens in a stream in Bald Eagle State Forest near his home in Beavertown, Pa.

and spent his boyhood on a homestead in the hill country of New Mexico. When he was 13, his family was hit by a series of calamities—drought, loss of credit, the death of their livestock—and Gibbons's father had to leave home to find work.

The family knew no neighbors they could turn to, and weren't being helped by welfare agencies. They exhausted supplies, except for a sack of pinto beans and one egg. "None of us would eat the egg," Gibbons explains, "because that would have meant depriving the others. I tried to give it to my sister, she tried to give it to my brother. That uneaten egg was the symbol of our humanity toward one another." After weeks of the all-bean diet, they began vomiting as soon as they swallowed, and Mrs. Gibbons became ill from malnutrition. In desperation, Gibbons scoured the surrounding desert for wild potatoes, puffballs, piñon nuts, prickly pear and rabbits. The family's health improved; Gibbons's father landed a job, and rescued them by wiring money. Gibbons talks about the ordeal with calm, but it obviously had a deep effect on him.

In later years Gibbons shifted around the United States and the South Pacific, working as cowboy, boatbuilder, teacher, newspaperman, carpenter, farmer and beachcomber. He is currently a full-time writer. In Hawaii he met Freda, a teacher who was born near Philadelphia. Before their marriage Gibbons didn't bother to mention his passion for foraging. "The subject just never came up," he explains. "I guess I was more interested in courting her." Later, when he began bringing home bales of plant life, Freda found the situation "pretty gruesome," but she learned to put up with it. Gibbons introduced both his sons to foraging at an early age. For the younger one—Mike, now a 25-year-old electrician—it cleared up some childhood eating problems. Mike liked very few foods, but when he went foraging with his father, the spirit of the chase took over, and he began enjoying the food.

Gibbons admits that many of his experiments are failures. "I've served up some nauseous messes," he said as he continued driving through the rolling farmland. "When that happens, I open a can of something. Freda and the boys have been very patient. I don't just run through the woods and graze, however. You have to know what you're doing when you go foraging."

Gibbons's lunch menu that day called for two wild vegetables to go with the entree—catfish, which he had caught in a nearby pond. At the foot of a hill he uprooted young dandelions, and near a shallow ditch he found *Barbarea verna*, which looks like a cross between spinach and lettuce, and is commonly called winter cress. "Most gardeners treat these like weeds—they throw them on the compost heap. A weed is just a plant growing where someone doesn't want it to grow. I used to keep a garden, but I got most of my food from between the rows."

By noon Gibbons was fixing lunch in the kitchen of his roomy, white-frame house, named "It Wonders Me." He prepared the dandelions by slicing the greens and roots away and keeping the pale green inner crowns, boiled the Barbarea, and fried the catfish fillets in tempura batter. While he worked, he talked.

"There seems to be increasing interest in wild foods," he said. "I think it's partly because we're survival-conscious. Also the population explosion has started scientists thinking about food sources. Wild foods could be a partial answer to impoverished areas of this country. In Appalachia, for example, there are dozens of fine, free foods just waiting to be harvested. People are afraid they'll be looked down on if they gather them."

Gibbons served lunch around 1:30. Before digging in, the family bowed their heads for a moment of silence—what Freda calls a "quiet time." The first few mouthfuls made it clear why Gibbons has been hailed as a gourmet. For cocktails—Gibbons is a nondrinker—there was wild-grape juice. The catfish fillets were fresh and delicate. The dandelion crowns had some of the flavor and crisp texture of artichoke hearts. Gibbons had sprinkled bacon on the Barbarea, which tasted like a countrified relative of broccoli. To make bright yellow muffins, Gibbons had used cattail pollen mixed with ordinary flour and preserved wild shadberries. There were three kinds of wild-fruit jam, including one that combined blueberries, shadberries and raspberries. The salad was a potent blend of seven wild ingredients: watercress, sheep sorrel, day-lily shoots, onions, mint, cattail sprouts and calamus stalks. Dessert was a fluffy persimmon-and-hickory-nut pie, followed by candied wild ginger.

When the last of it had been washed down with sassafras tea, Gibbons lit his pipe and revealed that he had used 20 different wild plants in all, and only a handful of store-bought items. He estimated the total cost at 50 cents.

"Economy is one of the great attractions of wild food," he said, "but it's a lot of hard work. I don't do this every day. We have one or two wild dishes with each meal. I freeze and can many wild things. We call meals which are one-hundred-percent wild our 'wild parties.'

"I think the biggest attraction of wild food," Gibbons said, "is the feeling that you're reaping from nature. A couple of years ago Freda and another couple and I spent a week in a cabin deep in the woods. We took just enough food for the first breakfast, and foraged the rest. That vacation cost less than four dollars, and it gave us a fine feeling to know we could walk into a wilderness and live well. We'll remember it all of our lives. Especially my friend's wife. She gained five pounds.

"After my first book was published," Gibbons went on, "I got letters saying how important contact with nature is. One woman said, 'If things go on the way they are, people will soon believe that on the first day of creation, a can was opened, and out came the world.' One thing I believe very strongly: We should stop talking about 'conquering nature.' The really civilized people are those who can learn to live *with* nature."

After lunch Gibbons walked his guests down the driveway and pointed to the crabgrass. "Proving it's edible would be quite something, don't you think? I'm working on it." THE END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I. C. RAPOPORT

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APPOINTMENT IN DALLAS

THE UNTOLD STORY

For five weary weeks the world focused its attention on a struggle in a Texa

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OF JACK RUBY

By Edward Linn

ourt, hoping to catch a glimpse into the minds of both a murderer and his notorious victim.

Participants in the Ruby trial included Defense Attorney Phil Burleson (1), Jack Ruby (2), Defense Attorney Melvin Belli (3), Defense Attorney Joe Tonahill (4), Judge Joe B. Brown (5), Assistant D.A.'s Frank Watts (6) and Jim Bowie (7), Little Lynn (8), Assistant D.A. Bill Alexander (9), and D.A. Henry Wade (10).

The St. Patrick's Day parade was held in Dallas on Saturday, March 14, anticipating the actual holiday date by three days in order to have the run of the relatively trafficless downtown streets. Only a few hundred people lined the sidewalks as a green-uniformed band and a thin column of paraders moved slowly up Main Street and past the courthouse. March 14 was also the day on which the fate of Jack Ruby was handed over to the jury. As Bill Alexander, the assistant D.A., came to the courthouse, he cocked an eye at the passing parade. "Dallas is sure crowding its luck," he said, pushing his Stetson to the back of his head, "holding another parade for an Irisher."

The jury had begun its deliberations at 9:15 A.M. At 11:35 a call came up to the D.A.'s office for District Attorney Henry Wade. Wade wasn't there. A minute later an excited assistant D.A. called in, "We've got ourselves a verdict. They've knocked."

The press lined up outside the courtroom, while everybody waited for Judge Joe B. Brown to drive in from his home. Bill Alexander came walking through, and when someone asked him what he thought the verdict would be, he jerked his tie up over his head and made the gargling sound of a man being hanged. By a special ruling of Judge Brown, a camera had been set up at the back of the room to record the verdict. The last circle had closed. The case would end as it had begun—on national television.

Defense Attorney Mel Belli, who is usually dressed like a show horse, walked into the courtroom wearing a black suit and a black sport shirt buttoned to the neck. He looked for all the world like a priest-hangman. "This is going to be rough," he told Ruby. "They're a bunch of no-good bastards. Whatever it is, we'll appeal. You just sit back, Jack. I'm going to take it, not you."

The jury filed into the box, looking grim. The hands of the juror in the near corner of the back row were trembling as Judge Brown read the verdict. For all the emotion in his voice, Judge Brown might have been reading the temperature-humidity index. "We the jury find the defendant guilty of murder with malice as charged in the indictment and assess his punishment as death."

Jack Ruby's eyes blinked. The blood drained out of his already white and sunken face. He bit his lip. As Belli leaped up in his hangman's suit to shout to the jury, Ruby started to rise from his seat—dazed and dutiful—as if he thought that perhaps he was supposed to be on his feet too. The hands of two guards shot out quickly to press him down.

"May I thank this jury for a victory for bigotry. . . ." Belli shouted. As Ruby was led past him, Belli yelled, "Don't worry, Jack. We'll appeal. We'll appeal to the highest court in the land."

For five weary weeks the nation's attention had been focused on that Dallas courtroom in the hope—however illogical—that a glimpse into the mind of Jack Ruby, who had performed one irrational act, might provide a faint glimpse into the mind of his victim, Lee Oswald, who had performed another.

But the trial fizzled. The defense did not show Ruby's mind; they showed only a literal recording of his brain waves. There was no psychiatric testimony that went much deeper than the pity-the-poor-boy-who-never-had-anybody-to-love-him level. The Battle of the Psychiatrists, for which we were waiting so anxiously, turned into nothing more than a mild disagreement among technicians, a quibble over some squibbles on a piece of paper. The best exhibit for insanity was Jack Ruby himself, sitting there all those weeks with a frozen, waxen look of agony on his face.

Jack Ruby entered the courtroom a stranger. He was a Northerner in the South, a Jew among Christians, a striptease-joint

Drawings by John Groth

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operator among the Baptists. He was a spectator in a game played among three contestants, the two lawyers and the judge. Ruby, like the defendant in any murder trial, became little more than a wax figure, depersonalized, dehumanized, dejuiced. Ruby, accustomed throughout his life to hitting out when he felt himself in danger, became that saddest of all things: the man of action delivered into the hands of the talkers. He had to sit there through those endless days and listen to that endless talk, that Niagara of talk on which his life depended.

Most of all he was an outcast because he was being tried, when all was said and done, for interfering with the due process of law. Jack Ruby's crime was not so much that he had killed an assassin but that he was a body snatcher. The body of a criminal belongs to the court no less than the body of a dead man belongs to the church.

The prosecution's line of attack was that Ruby had killed Oswald because he expected fame and glory, a line which they had every reason to believe. Although they were never able to bring it out at the trial, they knew that upon being transported to the county jail, Jack had told Jim Leavelle, the same officer to whom Oswald had been handcuffed, "I just wanted to be a goddamned hero, and all I done was foul things up."

Jack told his first visitors, his closest friends, the same thing. But when a man in Jack's position volunteers what seems to be the most damaging possible admission, he probably is only trying to prevent anyone, including himself, from discovering the real—and to him far more painful and shameful—reason.

Within 15 minutes of the time he killed Oswald, Jack Ruby had given an equally strong sign of premeditation by telling Sgt. Pat Dean, "I wanted to show the world that Jews do have guts."

"You know, I had the feeling that it wasn't really what he meant," Dean told me later. "It was just so ambiguous the way it came out, so out of place."

There is one big hole in the argument that Ruby did it for glory. Everybody who had seen Ruby—including the prosecution's own witnesses—agreed that he did go into a state of deep and inconsolable grief upon hearing that Kennedy was dead. During the trial itself, any mention of the assassination, or even of Jackie Kennedy and the children, would bring tears to Ruby's eyes.

In the early days, when Ruby was being interviewed before every session, he was still choking up with grief whenever he had to talk about Kennedy. It became apparent that nobody could possibly put on an act that successfully. It also became apparent that something was very wrong and even very unnatural. Something that went beyond the mere act of crying. Nobody grieves that much for a stranger, even if the stranger happens to be the President of the United States. You grieve that much for only one person. Yourself.

You don't set out to avenge a stranger either. You avenge only yourself.

In hindsight, the real tragedy of the trial may have been that the kind of defense that would have told us what we wanted to know about Ruby was also quite possibly the defense that might have saved him. To get Ruby off on an insanity plea, the defense had to show that the murder of President Kennedy set off in Jack Ruby the already emerging memories of a time in his life when he himself felt that his life had come to an end. The defense, in short, had to show that Ruby grieved for himself to the point where there developed a confusion of identity in which he drifted back and forth between Kennedy's death and his own until they became so interwoven, so inseparable, that he had lost all contact with reality. Which means that he did not know right from wrong, the only test of insanity under Texas law.

There's nothing so farfetched about that. The murder of Kennedy did, in fact, set off precisely this kind of crisis in mental hospitals all over the country. And not only in mental hospitals. The assassination practically immobilized the nation for several days, as we sat down and pondered our own mortality, our own inexcusable failings, and our own wasted lives. Because—and we all felt it to some degree or other—if the man who had everything could be wiped out in a second at the whim of some miserable little misfit, we knew how vulnerable we were. We were all brought face-to-face in broad daylight with those intimations of mortality that normally come only in the dead of night.

Ruby, left, Tonahill and Belli.

And there *was* one other thing that would invariably bring the tears to Jack Ruby's eyes. A reference to the breakup of his own family when he was 12 years old. In the by-lined series of articles he dictated from his jail cell before the trial, Ruby told how he had been shipped off to a farm. "And I died there," he said.

Ruby, in his floating, troubled state, did everything except shout out his confusion. "The poor children," he said after Kennedy was shot. "Those poor, fatherless children." When he was first told of the murder on Friday afternoon, November 22, in the advertising office of the Dallas *News*, his first words were, "My life is over." Not Kennedy's life; *my* life. To his sister he said, "I am dead."

To complete the picture, the defense had to show that there was something about Oswald himself, about his physical presence, that would provide the final spark to set Ruby off. In talking to the defense psychiatrist or the police, Ruby used pretty much the same terms about Oswald: "a smirking, arrogant Communist . . . cunning and vicious. . . . I felt like I was looking at a rat."

There was a curious thing that happened during the trial. As Ruby shriveled before our eyes, growing thinner and thinner by the day, he began to look more and more like Oswald. Not only in the contours of his features but in the way he held his head and pursed his lips, in the expression around his eyes and mouth. Melvin Belli himself noticed it from the beginning. One day during noon recess, he held the pictures of the two men side by side, shook his head in wonder and disbelief, and said, "The resemblance between these two guys is just incredible."

From beginning to end, Ruby was his own best exhibit. Nobody claimed that he was not unstable. He was a man who surrounded himself with dogs and insisted that they be treated with respect. "Don't call them 'dogs,'" he'd tell his friends angrily. "These are my children, and children should be treated with respect." His favorite dog, Sheba, he called "my wife."

Ruby's rabbi, Hillel Silverman, recalls a conversation. "We were standing on my front lawn talking. The dogs were running all around. I said something about them, and he broke down in sobs. He cried and moaned and said something about these were his only children, the only real family he had."

Ruby, in his meandering way, had told Dr. Manfred Guttmacher, a defense psychiatrist, "If only I had been held at the Western Union office a few minutes longer, this never would've happened. . . . If only I'd been able to get married, this never would've happened."

On the stand, Doctor Guttmacher related this as an example of the disconnected thought processes that indicated brain damage. "The first part of it made sense," Doctor Guttmacher said, "but the second. . . ." Then he paused and said, "I did have the feeling that there was something more in there. . . ."

There was, of course. In order to kill Oswald, Ruby obviously had to be where Oswald was, not in the Western Union office. In order to get married, he would have had to be a man capable of marrying a woman and raising children. In other words, he was telling the psychiatrist that if he had not "died" before he had a chance to become a man, there would have been no need to avenge himself.

For weeks Ruby remained in that sort of floating state, in which almost everything he said seemed to have this double meaning—once you made the assumption that he was involved, subconsciously, with his own lost life. Everything he said fitted into the pattern. Even the slight amount of information about his life and his talks with psychiatrists that came out of the trial screamed for interpretation.

Mel Belli hired Dr. Roy Schafer of Yale University to give Ruby a battery of psychological tests to find out whether Ruby was suffering from any physical or mental disorders. In one test Ruby was told to assemble 33 different objects in logical groups. Schafer concluded that Ruby showed a "concreteness" rather than an "abstract" turn of mind, because he had "perseverated" on a single idea to explain all the groupings. What was the single idea? "He perseverated on the idea that all the groupings had something to do with grownups and children."

Ruby might have been expected to "perseverate" on that point, because there were many other signs that indicated he was completely obsessed with the way he had been treated as a child. But Doctor Schafer, a psychologist, was concerned with these "obsessions" only as they served to show a lack of flexibility of thought.

The defense's two psychiatrists could hardly have picked up much from these indications of Ruby's view of himself and his life, since they examined Ruby *before* Doctor Schafer made the tests.

The mind put on display in that courtroom in Dallas was not Jack Ruby's; it was the baffling mind of Melvin Belli, the enormously successful San Francisco personal-injury lawyer who, against all logic, became the chief attorney for the defense.

The flower of the world press came to Dallas and found Melvin Belli standing in a pool of light. In those first couple of weeks Belli could not enter the courthouse without the camera lights coming on. And once those lights are on him, Belli cannot stop talking. He is an engaging man, and part of his charm is that he is such a notable example of that good old American species, the publicity hound. Even his co-counsel, Big Joe Tonahill, who considers him a legal genius and was content to walk one step behind him, felt constrained to add, "Of course, he's been bitten bad by the publicity bug."

Belli was not the original lawyer in the case. A Dallas criminal lawyer named Tom Howard, who had once been a

Defense Attorney Mel Belli caught in three characteristic poses.

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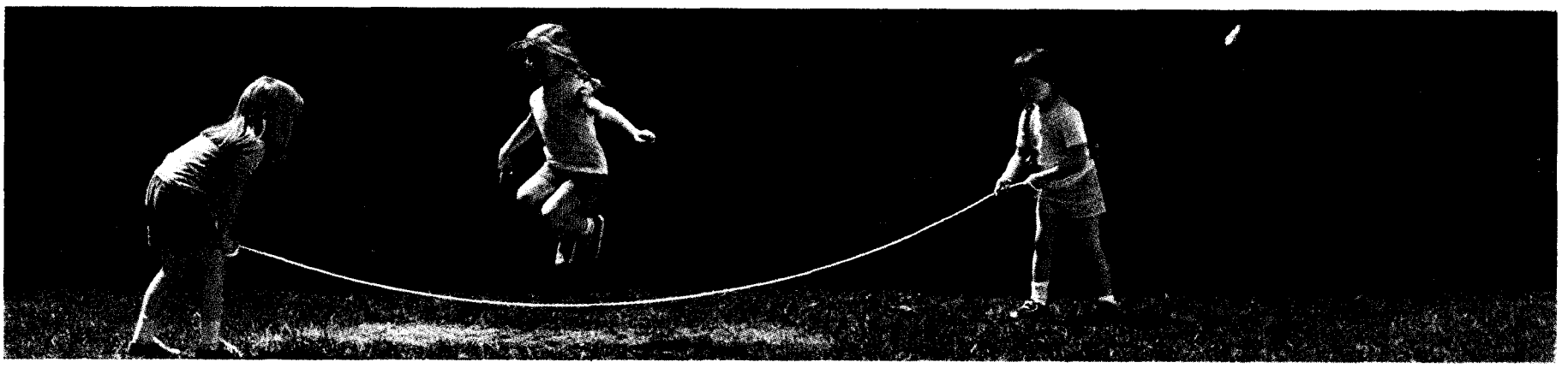

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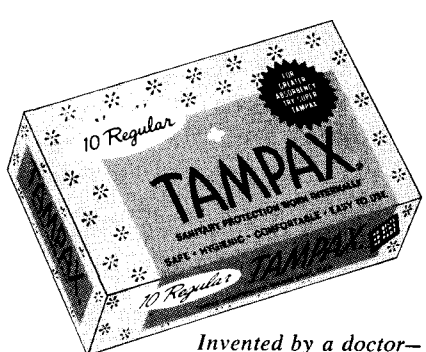

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

nightclub owner like Ruby himself, was hired by one of Ruby's partners an hour or so after the shooting. Howard, who has never lost a client to the electric chair, is a simple, direct man. He disdains the use of notes, since he feels that lawyers win cases by outthinking the opposition. When Tonahill handed him a question to ask a witness, Tom showed his displeasure by saying, "All right, I'll read this just the way Joe Tonahill wrote it."

The defense Tom Howard planned for Ruby was just as simple and direct. His plan was to push the case through as quickly as possible, stirring up as little fuss as possible. At no time did he intend to plead temporary insanity. His case was that Jack always has been insane. He was going to put about 50 witnesses on the stand to testify cheerfully that, sure, everyone knew Jack was a nut. He was then going to put one or two psychiatrists on the stand, preferably from Dallas, but certainly not from outside Texas.

At the end he was going to place Ruby himself on the stand so that he could cry a little and say, "I shot Oswald because I was so worked up about him killing the President and Officer Tippit. I know I shouldn't have done it, and I couldn't be sorrier. Do whatever you want with me, the only thing I ask is, please don't send me to the chair."

Tom would then deliver his famous "death-house speech," in which he walks the jury through death row, details every move from the time the condemned man leaves his cell until the switch is thrown—and finally spends 15 more minutes letting them smell the flesh burning. "But I will go home tonight and lay my head on the pillow with a clear conscience," Tom tells them, "because I know that the blood of Joe Smith is not on my hands. The blood of Joe Smith," he intones sepulchrally, "is, ladies and gentlemen, on *your* hands."

Tom Howard figured that with any kind of luck, Jack would be sent to an asylum, and after a decent interval of time, say two or three years, would get out. At the very worst, he figured a 10-year jail sentence—which would have meant that Jack would be out in less than five years.

But Jack Ruby, sitting in his cell, was pretty much running his own show and kept insisting that he wanted "a headliner" to help Tom Howard with the case.

Jack Ruby's sister, Eva Grant, was ready to hire Jake Ehrlich of San Francisco, the model for the TV character Sam Benedict. But the Ruby family, concerned about anti-Semitism, decided against a Jewish lawyer. They then tried to hire Charles Bellows, the most colorful criminal lawyer in Chicago. But Bellows made it clear that he expected a five-figure retaining fee, and that killed that.

While this was all going on, Earl Ruby, Jack's brother, was arranging to raise some money by publishing a book about the case. The writer he wanted was William Read Woodfield, a Hollywood photographer who had written a book about Caryl Chessman. Woodfield told Earl that he didn't think the book could sell unless they hired a colorful lawyer to give the trial some box office. When Earl asked him whom he would recommend, Woodfield suggested Belli, a friend.

Belli leaped at the opportunity to make an international reputation and took the case without fee. While the Rubys were to pay expenses, Belli presumably would get his return from a book he would write about the trial. He brought in two other lawyers—Tonahill, a personal-injury specialist from Jasper, Tex., and Sam Brody, from Belli's own firm. Howard retired before the trial.

Belli's impact was enormous. He always gives people the sense that he is thrusting himself upon their senses—the door of his hotel suite in Dallas always seemed to be open, and the sound of his voice, over the phone, on TV or in simple conversation, hit a visitor halfway down the hall. The very way he dresses is a caricature. There were, for example, the well-advertised cowboy boots with the two-inch heels and the special sidestraps, custom-made by Peal's of London and polished, reputedly, with a special brand of saddle soap. In Texas, where cowboy boots are not ornamental, they were looked upon as a joke. Assistant D.A. Bill Alexander called them "fruit boots."

Then there was the fancy coat with the Persian-lamb collar, and Belli's rather unusual red-velvet briefcase. Even the beautiful full mane of nicely peppered gray hair, thickly coiffeured at the sides and joined together neatly in the rear in perfect movie-star style, seemed to be part of a costume.

His soft, even features do give him the look of a matinee idol while he's in action. Close up, though, he has the puffy, dumpling look of a man who has indulged too freely. Or maybe it was just that he came to the trial overweight.

He is a marvelously eloquent and witty man. Once, walking back to his hotel after a particularly galling day, he started to cross the street against the DON'T WALK sign but came trotting back when a car came bearing down on him. "I'm going to wait until I can get hit by a Dallas police car," he said. "Oh, how I'd love that. I'd be manipulating three vertebrae out of joint, screaming 'internal injuries' and 'five million dollars,' and leafing to the indicated page of the medical journal before I hit the pavement."

Belli is actually a rather shy man in private, and almost everybody covering the trial liked him. Even while Belli was accusing Dallas of unspeakable crimes against justice, a woman employee in the courthouse could say, "If he'd just take off that $750 suit and those silly boots, use that beautiful, mellow voice to advantage, and just smile at everybody, he could do his client an awful lot of good."

At first brush Belli seemed to be the perfect defense lawyer for a man accused of a crime against The Establishment. Despite the record verdicts he has won in his principal field, personal-injury cases, there is not much doubt that he is one successful man who identifies with the losers. His special technique is to take people who have been terribly maimed and make the insurance companies pay them for the loss of, if not their lives, at least their livelihoods.

With it all Belli takes pains to show that he is a winner himself. "I pick them up as losers, that's true enough," he says, "but by the time I put them down again, they're winners." And he is off and running about a recent case where the insurance company had offered his client a lousy $5,000 and "it went for $100,000."

Speaking of his battle against The Establishment, Belli says, "What I am against is Big Brother, the people who know what's better for you than you do." When Belli walked into Dallas and found that it was ruled by something called "the oligarchy"—a semiofficial, semipublicized, self-perpetuating group of businessmen—he could no more have kept

Defense Attorney Joe Tonahill.

himself from attacking it than he could have grown a beard, put on dark glasses and hidden himself in a closet.

During the change-of-venue hearing, he did a particularly savage job on Sam Bloom, who handles public relations for the Citizens Council, from whose members the oligarchy is drawn. After establishing that Bloom had volunteered for public-relations work during President Kennedy's visit, Belli shouted, "After the President was shot, did you hand in a report of the warm welcome Dallas had afforded him?" And before he let Bloom go, Belli asked him whether he thought it wouldn't wash away the sins of the city if Ruby were put to death.

"I don't believe Dallas has any sins that need to be washed away," said Bloom.

"Well, if that's your belief"—dramatic pause followed by a disgusted wave of the hand—"I don't have any further questions for you."

Belli launched a frontal attack on the oligarchy during the change-of-venue hearing and continued through the selection of the jury (in which he had to attack the prospective jurors as being under the influence of the shadowy oligarchy). He even attacked the Dallas power structure, against what seemed to be his client's best interests, during the trial.

One of the oldest axioms of the legal profession is that when you are defending an acknowledged murderer, you try to put the victim on trial. With one of the most obnoxious victims of all time to work with, Belli decided to put the city of Dallas on trial. He dared that jury to find his client guilty.

The local courthouse reporters—a predominantly young, liberal and extremely

Assistant D.A. Jim Bowie.

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Dallas Judge Joe B. Brown.

capable group—had no thought at the beginning that Ruby could get the chair. By the time the change-of-venue hearing was over, they were saying humorously, "There's only one man who can kill Jack. His lawyer."

After a very few days in court it became evident that the original impression of Belli as the perfect defense lawyer was simply not true. Belli is not, at heart, a defense lawyer at all. He is a prosecutor, and the defendant is only the means through which he prosecutes society. In his personal-injury cases where he performs so brilliantly, Belli not only prosecutes society, he literally *makes society pay*. Belli's technique, whether it is conscious or unconscious, is to get the jury to pay his client what he would get normally, plus another 100 percent in conscience money. And when society pays the victim, it also pays Belli his 33⅓ percent to prove to him he's still ahead.

In the case of Jack Ruby, Belli apparently adopted the defense he was best equipped to make. His case, as it developed in court, was not really that Ruby had killed Oswald because he was insane. Not in the usual sense of insanity, anyway. His case was that Ruby was insane because of a physical damage to the brain, which had been brought about by a lifetime of brawling. Society, having vented its own murderous impulses on Jack Ruby, was obviously getting what it deserved when it was repaid in kind.

This was a defense that did something else for Belli. In coming to the most important case in his life, Belli undoubtedly felt more comfortable about running on a familiar track. Because what Melvin Belli tried in that Dallas courtroom was neither a murder case nor an insanity case. He tried a personal-injury case.

The trouble was that he based it on something called psychomotor epilepsy, which, as it turned out, was extremely difficult to prove in a court of law. And, in my view, he made it worse by giving it away in advance.

The turning point in the trial came before it began—on January 20, the first day of a two-day bond hearing. Bond hearings serve a special purpose for Texas defense lawyers, even when it is obvious they cannot get their clients out on bail. In Texas, unlike most states, the law does not require the state to turn over police records to the defense or to give the defense much of anything that might help it prepare its case before the trial starts. Being entitled to so little information, defense attorneys have come to use the bond hearings as a means of pretrial discovery.

Mel Belli did the opposite. He gave the prosecution advance information on his plans, and got little in return. He did it, he says, because he felt the "psychological climate" of Dallas was so frigid that he had to demonstrate as quickly as possible that Ruby was not a cold-blooded killer but a man with a sick mind.

Belli put Doctor Schafer of Yale and a psychiatrist, Dr. Walter Bromberg of Katonah, N.Y., on the stand and asked them detailed questions which clearly established that the defense would be based on a claim of psychomotor epilepsy caused by organic brain damage—and specifically ruled out both schizophrenia and paranoia, the conventional defenses in an insanity plea. Judge Brown had agreed to order a full battery of neurological tests on Ruby, but Belli did not wait to see how they came out. He was betting everything on an examination of Ruby's brain waves.

To District Attorney Henry Wade and his aides, the sight of a defense lawyer laying his cards one by one on the table was dumbfounding. At one point Assistant D.A. Bill Alexander actually objected that Belli's questions to Doctor Schafer were inappropriate to a bond hearing. Then, as it became clear what was happening, Wade laid a restraining hand on Alexander's elbow.

When Belli had first hit town in a burst of publicity, the D.A.'s office had come close to panicking. Morale had sunk so low that Wade called his top men into his office to remind them (and himself) that they had been taking on the best lawyers in Texas for a dozen years and had always been able to more than hold their own. But on the second day of the bond hearing Alexander whacked Wade across the knee and said, "We're gonna cut this guy's butt. All we got to do from here on is to be careful." (In lawyer language that means "make no reversible errors.")

Under the adversary system on which we operate, each lawyer has the right—in fact, the duty—of taking whatever unfair advantage he can. That's what the adversary system means. The third party in the system, the judge, is there to hold both sides within acceptable bounds, and if he cannot do it through the force of his personality, he can fine them or put them in jail. Under Judge Brown the system fell apart. To this observer, Joe Brown is a most amusing and likable character, who seemed constitutionally incapable of maintaining order—let alone respect—inside a courtroom.

We can recall Mel Belli dancing down the street in front of his hotel one evening, snapping his fingers happily and saying, "Can you think of any other court in the country where both Joe Tonahill and I wouldn't have been in jail the first day?" And then snapping his fingers toward the sidewalk, he said, "Git along there. . . . I've never had a judge tell me to 'git along' before. Git along li'l dogie. . . ."

In the early days Belli was still using the common Latin phrases taught in law school and used in most of the courts in the land. In Texas, where the lawyer and the witnesses are frequently on a first-name basis, they see no great reason why the English phrases shouldn't be used. It was common knowledge that Brown had called Belli into his chambers to tell him, "Mel, will you do me a favor and lay off that Pig Latin?"

"I enjoy my daily visits with Joe Brown," Belli said. "He keeps a little can of baking soda in the bathroom of his chambers. I look at it as soon as I walk in. When that can is almost empty I'll know he's just about ready to let the case go to another city." But only a second later Mel Belli was saying, "I love that man. I'd never do anything to hurt him."

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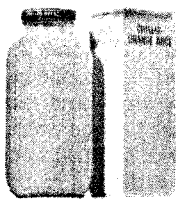

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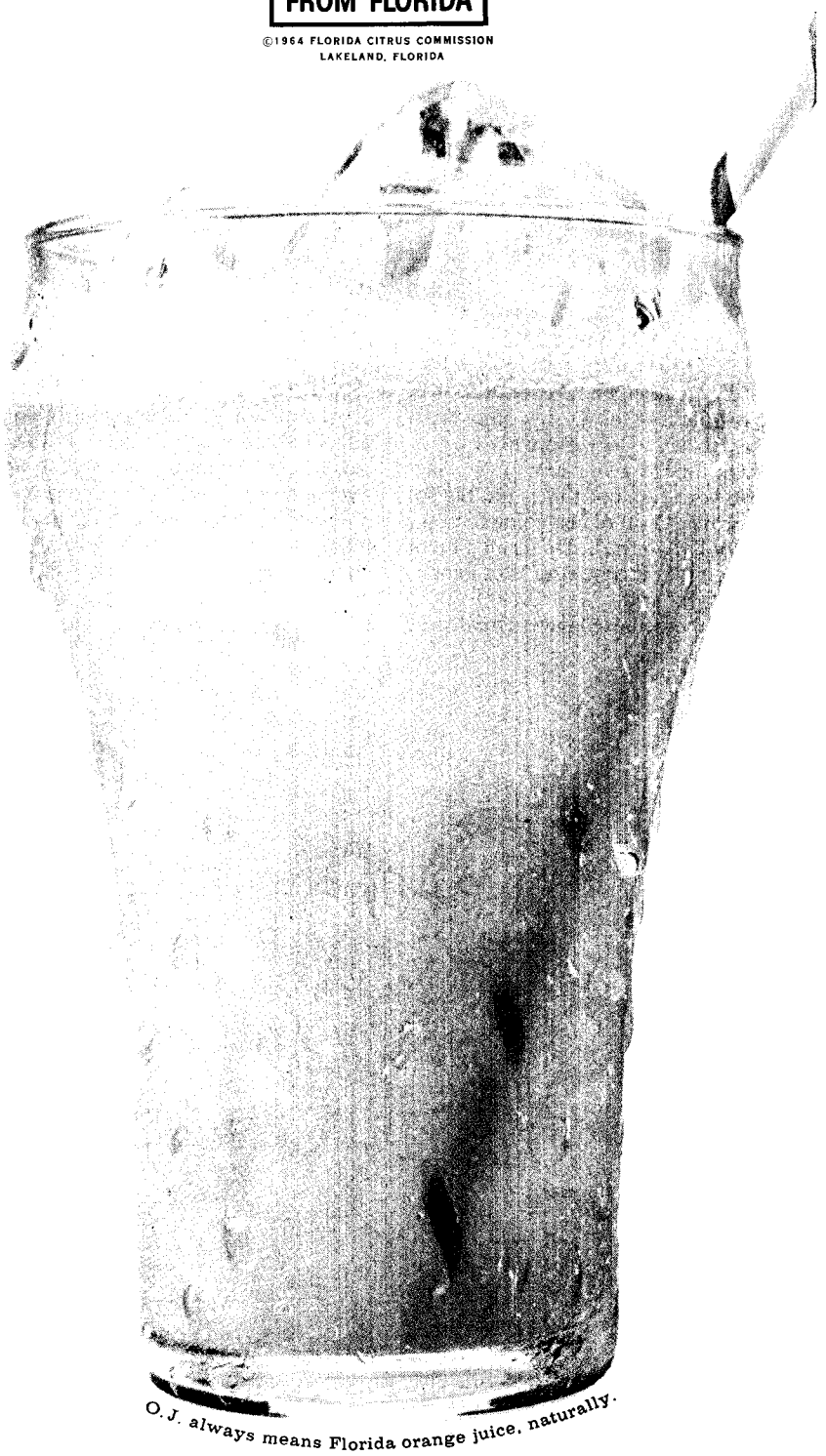

O.J. always means Florida orange juice, naturally.

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Trial of Jack Ruby

Judge Brown has many attractive qualities. There was a moment during the trial when all the lawyers were gathered at the jury-box railing to study Jack Ruby's brain tracings. Ruby himself was left alone at the table among the scattered papers, the piles of books and the multicolored briefcases. In that moment Jack Ruby's wandering eyes met the wandering eyes of Brown. Ruby offered a strained, tentative smile, uncertain whether it was proper to communicate even that indirectly. Brown's lips moved into a compassionate little smile, and he gave Ruby a little nod. It was simply the acknowledgment that they were both human beings, and that if one had somehow ended up in the dock and the other on the bench, it was just the way the ball had happened to bounce. It was perhaps the only time during the entire trial that Jack Ruby was treated as a human being, as opposed to being a defendant or a curiosity.

Joe Brown looks like a judge—nicely grayed and wondrously wrinkled. But no one has ever compared him to Oliver Wendell Holmes in anything save appearance.

Since he was elected to the Criminal District Bench in 1956, 34 of his cases have been reviewed by the Criminal Appeals Court in Austin. Seven of them were remanded, four for what may be described as elementary errors. (On two separate cases he incorrectly allowed the police record of the defendant to be admitted into testimony.)

Until a new court was added this year, there were only two other criminal district courts in Dallas County. The two other judges had 60 reviews with four reversals.

Judge Brown got the Ruby case by an accident of timing. Each of the judges presides over the county grand jury for one quarter. Brown had the last quarter in 1963, and he resisted all pressure to assign the case to any docket but his own.

One member of the D.A.'s office went so far as to visit Brown on his own to plead with him to give it up.

"I love you, Joe, but this is too big for you," he said. "You're just going to make a damn fool of yourself. Do us all a favor and assign it to someone else." But Brown, sorely hurt, refused.

None of the defense lawyers made any secret of their belief that it would be impossible for Brown to get through the trial without making a reversible error, and much of the trial became a game of unashamedly trying to trap him. The district attorney's office, in turn, had three D.A.'s tucked away in an upstairs office to check every ruling the judge made, so that they would be in a position to rescue him before it was too late.

Brown was cunning enough to know that if the defense was trying to maneuver him into making an error, and the state was doing its darndest to prevent him from making one, the smartest thing to do would be to trust the state not to lead him astray. When the state said "Objection," Brown, almost always, it seemed, would say "Sustained." It got to be so nearly automatic that at one point Belli argued against a "ruling" for 30 seconds before Judge Brown broke in to tell him, "Go ahead with your questions, Mr. Belli. The court hasn't sustained the objection."

In the end Judge Brown hurt both sides in odd and unpredictable ways. He hurt Belli by holding him in such loose rein, because Belli—whether he appreciated it or not—was a far superior lawyer when he tended to business. Brown hurt the prosecution by being so quick to uphold their objections that they finally had to pull back and refrain from conducting as tough and as harassing a battle as they usually do. There are times, after all, when the game calls for one side to make an objection with every expectation that it is going to be overruled. There were times in this trial, in fact, when the state had to fight like a tiger to get its own objections overruled.

When it came, finally, to the selection of a jury, both sides joined battle over the 162 veniremen. The prosecution was faced with the unprecedented difficulty of having to impanel a jury made up for the most part of people who had seen the murder on television. Even though the court rejected Belli's argument that anyone who had seen it was a witness, Belli still had a corollary issue that a witness who had seen it was unable to give Ruby a fair trial. The whole thing became so ludicrous that for one full afternoon Judge Brown's rulings had pretty much established the formula that if the juror had *seen* Ruby shoot Oswald, that was OK, but if, having seen it, he *knew* Ruby had shot him, he was disqualified.

The formula that was finally settled upon was based entirely upon semantics. If the juror stated that he had "an opinion" of the defendant's guilt or innocence, he was still in the game. If the defense could get him to agree that he had a "fixed opinion," however, he could not then extricate himself by claiming that he could lay that opinion aside.

Through that narrow hole, which expanded and contracted according to each side's alertness and each side's will for battle, the prosecution had to drag, squeeze and carry their jurors.

For a while the game was played almost by rote. Since the prosecution had first crack at every juror, they would immediately establish that he had no fixed opinion.

By the time the defense came to bat, the prosecution knew pretty well what kind of juror they had. If they wanted to fight for him, they would block every attempt by Belli to jockey him into a corner. "This jur-or," Assistant D.A. Jim Bowie would say, alerting both the court and the juror himself, "has already testified that he does not have any fixed opinion. The question is repetitious."

If, on the other hand, the prosecution did not want to fight for a juror, they would simply sit back and let him flounder. Tonahill's style was to get him to agree that the sight of the shooting was a horrible thing for any man of normal sensitivity. "That scene was so horrible," he would say, "that you can close your eyes and see it right now, can't you?"

And then, "It was so horrible that it will stay with you to your dying day."

From there he was only a step or two away from establishing the point that a memory so shattering could only leave a man with his opinion fixed.

For the most part the defense simply bludgeoned from one area to another, asking whatever questions suited them, no matter how irrelevant and improper the questions might be. They were forever volunteering to explore the jurors' unconscious with such scientific aids as a Rorschach test. (Belli had the whole set of ink blots hopefully at his fingertips.)

Tonahill had a remarkable talent for asking the same question six ways and for ignoring the judge's instructions to get on to something else. In one stretch 46 out of 50 questions were inadmissible.

"You were hurt the way Jack Ruby was hurt," Tonahill would say. "The way a lot of people were hurt?"

"To which we object, Your Honor," Jim Bowie would say.

"Did you even happen to wonder why this man Oswald who killed President Kennedy lived as long as he did?"

"To which we object, Your Honor."

"Would you be a member of the first jury to sentence to death an ex-G.I. who killed the Communist who killed the President? Especially here in Texas?"

"To which we object, Your Honor."

Eventually Bowie didn't even bother to sit down between objections.

After a couple of weeks of this it did seem as if the lawyers for the defense were irresponsible and contemptuous of good legal procedure. It inevitably came to seem that the district attorney's office was the only hope for order and sanity.

But, of course, it was all just a game among lawyers, and it was only the tide of battle that had cast them in their respective roles. With 10 of the jurors selected, and the defense picked clean of its peremptory challenges, two Negro women came to the stand. Wade had already made it quite clear, by his abrupt and discourteous questioning, that he was making no effort to qualify Negroes. Belli, in fact, had protested indignantly after Wade had pointedly failed to address a Negro venireman as "Mister."

The earlier Negro veniremen had disqualified themselves quickly, but it became apparent that the first of the two women was prepared to go the full route. And suddenly there was Jim Bowie—that champion of common sense—asking her, "From what you heard, did you form any opinion on whether Jack Ruby was the man who shot Oswald down at City Hall?"

No, she hadn't.

Q. "The picture *showed* the shooting, did it not?"

Well, she answered, it showed a man with a gun.

Q. "From what you saw of the picture and the gun, you formed the opinion that Jack Ruby was the one who shot Lee Harvey Oswald."

And now it was Tonahill who was objecting to the same questions he had himself been asking for two weeks. The state used a peremptory challenge to reject the woman.

The second Negro woman was middle-aged and heavy-set. She was wearing a blue cotton print dress and a fright of a dark-blue hat, topped by a huge white rose garnished with a hideous green leaf.

Frank Watts, the baldheaded No. 4 man of the D.A.'s team, took the witness.

Q. "Do you believe in the death penalty?"

A. "Yes."

Q. (Incredulously) "The Bible teaches you *that?*"

Objection!

Q. "Murder with malice is where a murderer does exactly what he intended to do. Wrongfully, intentionally, maliciously. Without justification. You might say he has a wicked heart. Would you consider giving a man as little as two years in the penitentiary for that?"

Belli objected on the same grounds that the state had always used when he asked the same question—in short, that it was necessary to explain that the law allowed such a sentence only "if the circumstances warranted it."

For all their talk, due process is to lawyers what a rag doll is to a child; they

From left, Assistant D.A. Frank Watts, Defense Attorney Joe Tonahill, defendant Jack Ruby and D.A. Henry Wade gaze impassively at proceedings.

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embrace it or they kick it around as suits their mood and their purpose.

As the defense lawyers kept interrupting, Watts barked at the woman, "They'll have a chance to talk to you later. Now you listen to *me*."

The whole social structure of the South was in that voice. Watts did what Belli had never been able to do: He stripped away the court's insulation and put us right into downtown Dallas.

But the Negro woman was not going to let this man make her say anything she didn't want to say. The prosecution used one of its peremptories on her as well.

Finally, after two weeks of ploy and counterploy, Jim Bowie walked into the D.A.'s offices three flights up from the courtroom and called out, "Well, where's Alexander? He's been hollering for a jury and I've got him one. Alex, get the script ready." It was—as Belli had predicted—a white, Protestant jury. It was made up of eight men and four women.

After the jury was sworn in, Jack Ruby was directed to stand. He looked astonishingly changed; Ruby had not only shriveled up but had almost disappeared. The change had begun when the first venireman took the stand, and Henry Wade had begun explaining the jurors' duty to assess punishment. "Since the maximum in this case is the electric chair, we will ask you and the other jurors to render that verdict," said Wade. And Ruby's head snapped as if he had been hit between the eyes. What he had known all along had finally become real, in all its enormity, when spoken aloud in an open court. *They really meant it.* Ruby's face stiffened and seemed to stiffen more through the next few weeks, as though he were building a protective sheath.

Now Henry Wade strolled across to where Ruby was standing and stationed himself directly in front of the defendant. With one hand in his pocket he read off the indictment in a voice that had very little of the snap of accusation. Their eyes never met; each seemed to be looking over the other's left shoulder.

"Mr. Ruby," said Judge Brown, "how do you plead?"

Softly and hesitantly, not quite sure apparently whether he or his lawyer was supposed to speak, Jack Ruby said, "Not guilty, Your Honor."

Somewhat hesitantly, too, Belli broke in to say that Jack was pleading not guilty by reason of being insane at the time of the act and "presently insane, as he stands here right now." As if to demonstrate that lack of mental capacity, he turned to Jack and said, "Repeat it after me, Jack, not guilty by reason ——"

Judge Brown broke in quickly to tell him, as Belli undoubtedly knew, that he could only enter a simple plea of not guilty. If Ruby were insane, as he stood there, the trial would have had to be stopped. Belli could have asked for a sanity hearing before they began to select the jury; it was now too late.

Ruby sat down without saying anything more. The four words were the only ones he spoke through the entire trial.

While Belli entered his plea, Henry Wade slouched in his seat. You could scour the whole country without finding a man better cast for the role of district attorney than Henry Menasco Wade Jr. He is an easygoing man, but he is also persistent and thorough—and if he believes one thing more than anything else in the world, it is that men should not take the law into their own hands.

Wade's father, Henry Menasco Wade Sr., had been a judge in Rockwall, Tex., about 21 miles from Dallas. Five of his seven brothers are lawyers. Before Henry was born, there had been a lynching in Rockwall that had ripped the little town in half. Judge Wade had been the leader of the faction that had opposed and condemned the lynchers. From his first conscious moment young Henry Wade knew who had taken part in that lynching, and when he went to town and saw one of them walking along the street, he hated him with the fierce hatred of boyhood.

In many ways Wade is both a reflection of and a reaction to his father. "My father wasn't a man who was close to his children," Wade says. "He was a strict disciplinarian of a school you don't see much of now." Wade, for his part, likes to take his five kids, one or two at a time, on long early-morning rides out to a lake or to his own farm, and then drop them off at school on the way back. On the first day of the change-of-venue hearing, the start of the most important case in his life, he rushed home so that he could attend a father-son night at the junior

Police Sergeant Patrick T. Dean.

high school with his 11-year-old son, Kim. He brought his two boys, Kim and Hank, to the night session, and when they got home, they all went out to the backyard, in a light rain, to shoot baskets.

So things were not exactly what they seemed. The defense attorney was a prosecutor at heart, and the district attorney was a pushover for kids.

Wade is also a rough and tough competitor. "If you go hunting," says a Dallas attorney, "Henry gets the biggest deer, and if you go fishing, he gets the most fish. If you play bridge or dominoes with him, he'll beat you. He wants to win. . . ."

In 13 years in office Wade has become widely accepted as the best district attorney Dallas has ever had. His office got convictions on 93.5 percent of its cases in 1963, the best percentage in the country. There is no organized crime in Dallas, no syndicate operation which pays the politicians and the police for grazing privileges. Dallas, once a wide-open town, is closed so tightly because the oligarchy decided after the war that the city's future lay in attracting white-collar businesses.

In Wade the oligarchy found a man who couldn't be touched. He is so honest that his wife, Yvonne, would not dare to drive down to the corner after drinking a glass of wine. "With Henry, right's right and wrong's wrong," she says.

All this, Belli later found, was a factor in the trial of Jack Ruby. With all his other difficulties, Belli was forced to go up against a jury that had great admiration for its law-enforcement agencies—a situation which boggles the mind.

The testimony of a couple of police officers became very important in establishing premeditation. Dallas jurors are predisposed to believe their police officers, because they are confident that their police force is incorruptible.

After eight jurors had been selected, I was walking down the street with Belli, when he suddenly clenched his fist and exclaimed, "Any other city in this country, dammit, and I swear I'd walk this guy out! I swear it!" It seemed an admission that he knew even then that he was not going to walk Jack Ruby out of that Dallas courthouse.

Belli had hurt himself at the bond hearing and may have thrown away the initial impact of his personality in rantings against the oligarchy at preliminary hearings. Yet he started the trial as if he were going to walk on water. The first day was the best day Belli had.

The prosecution's original plan had been to place about five witnesses on the stand to establish the basic legal case that Oswald was dead and Ruby had killed him. At the last minute, however, Wade decided to hang a sort of conspiratorial smoke screen over the trial by demonstrating that Ruby had shown "an unnatural interest" in Oswald's movements.

There was a certain indistinct pattern that could be strung together. On the evening of President Kennedy's assassination, at the very time that Oswald was in the homicide office, Ruby had phoned a homicide lieutenant to ask if he could bring up some sandwiches for the boys. Later that night he had worked his way into the police station with the press, and he was there in the office when Oswald was paraded through. And he had, according to the testimony of a policeman, been standing at the garage ramp the following afternoon at the very time that Oswald was originally supposed to have been moved.

He had also been in the Dallas *News* building writing out ads for his clubs at the moment Kennedy was shot, and it is indisputably true—if not particularly relevant—that the *News* is only two blocks from the Texas School Book Depository, where Oswald allegedly fired his rifle.

The strategy of tracking Ruby through those two days was questionable at best. Tom Howard's plan had been to march Jack's acquaintances onto the stand in job lots so they could tell how unstable he was. By putting on the people whose paths Ruby had crossed, Wade, to a degree, was doing the same thing.

The state opened with the two ad salesmen Ruby had talked to at the *News*. As soon as Belli got them, he was able to establish Jack's shock and grief at the news of the shooting, as well as Jack's general reputation for instability.

For some reason Alexander then put on yet a third employee of the advertising department, Georgia Mayer, a pretty young secretary with a Dutch hairdo. All she did for the state was to corroborate the hardly disputed point that Jack was still in the office after the assassination.

And then she fell to Belli. No, she said, Jack wasn't crying, he was just sitting there with "his eyes fixed toward the back of the office."

Belli leaned back on the rear legs of his chair. "You mean fixed like a fixed stare?" Belli asked, pouncing. He turned to the courtroom, acting out the part of a man with an indisputably fixed stare. "Like this?"

"Yes, and dazed," she said thought-

Assistant D.A. Bill Alexander.

fully. "Just like I'm staring now at the back of the room—just fixed."

For the next five minutes he put to Miss Mayer every question he could think of that would allow him to drive home those two words, "fixed stare."

With each succeeding witness, Belli set to work to draw the portrait of an eccentric but essentially harmless character. He was "a Damon Runyon character," "the village clown," "a character tolerated by the community." And even—with what seemed to be unnecessary cruelty to his client—"some kind of goof around the community."

When Belli is operating well, he rocks back and forth. When he's standing, he rocks on his heels; when he's sitting, he rocks onto the rear legs of his chair. On this first morning he looked as if he were on a rocking chair.

As Henry Wade walked into his office at the noon recess, he growled, "This afternoon let's put on some witnesses for the prosecution."

As the last witness in their tracking operation, the state called Doyle Lane, the Western Union man who had waited on Ruby and, more important, placed the time stamp—11:17—on the money order Ruby had wired to an indigent stripper just before the Oswald murder.

Since the time stamp showed that Ruby had only three to four minutes to walk the 396 feet to the police station, Lane was the defense's own star witness in knocking down the charge of premeditation. By putting him on the stand as its own witness, the state was softening the impact of his testimony just a little—although Belli was careful to let the jury know that the defense had also subpoenaed him.

When Lane's name was called, Ruby, who was apparently well aware of Lane's importance to him, watched in apparent surprise as Lane came to the stand. Throughout Lane's testimony Jack seemed to have trouble breathing, his characteristic look when he was upset—the slightly pursed lips somehow giving the impression that he was letting the air come out slowly in a low whistle.

Lane turned out to be a plump man with a slight lisp quite similar to Jack's, and a somewhat prissy way of speaking. When at the very end he answered a question by saying, "My goodness, I went over that at the other hearing," it seemed just about right.

The tune Belli played on cross-examination could have been titled "11:17."

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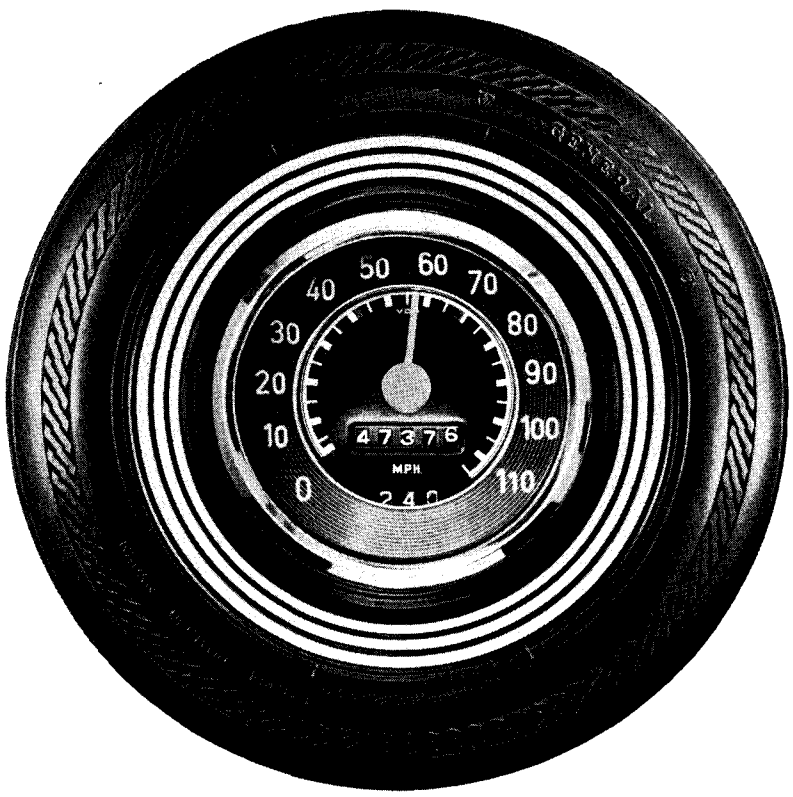

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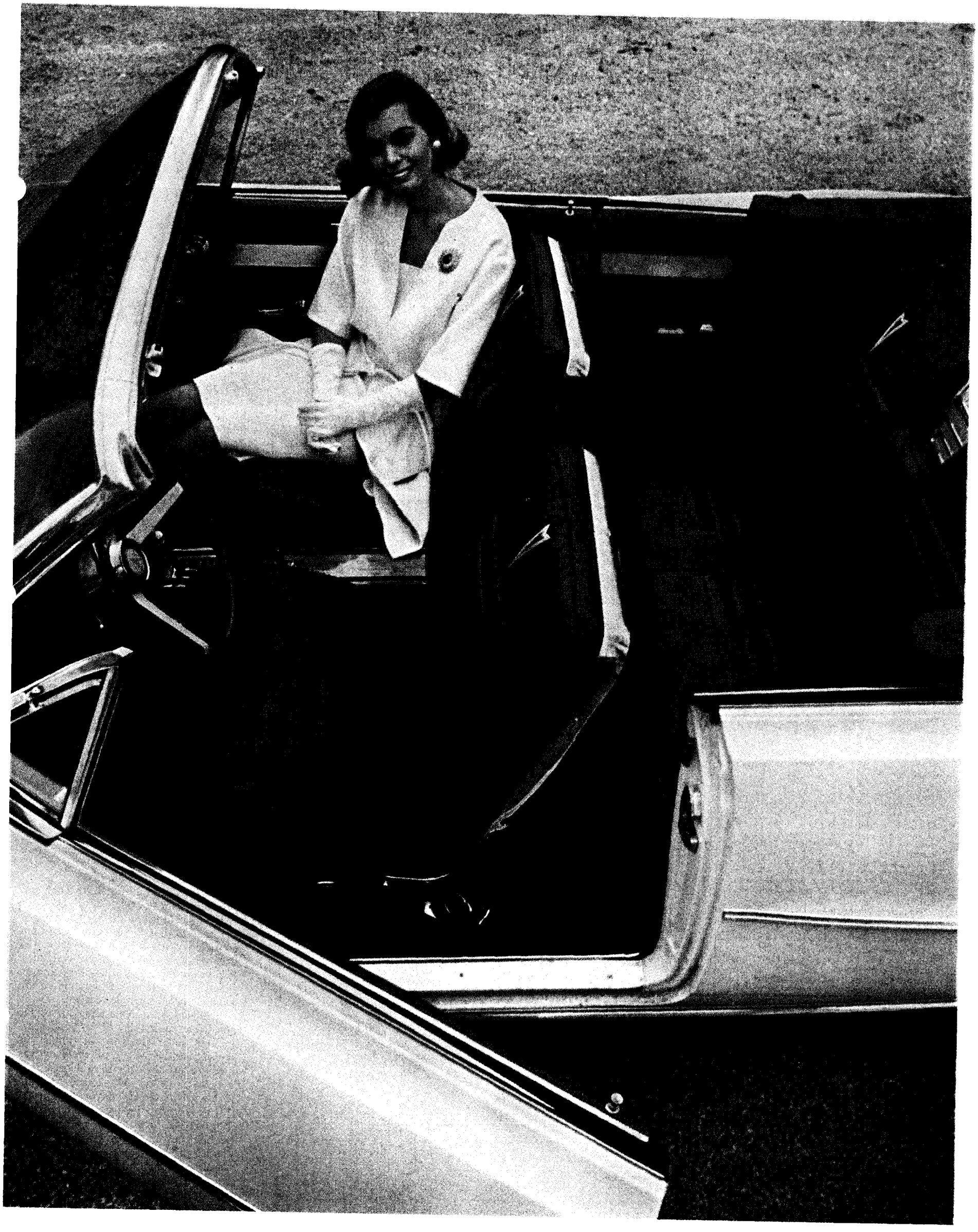

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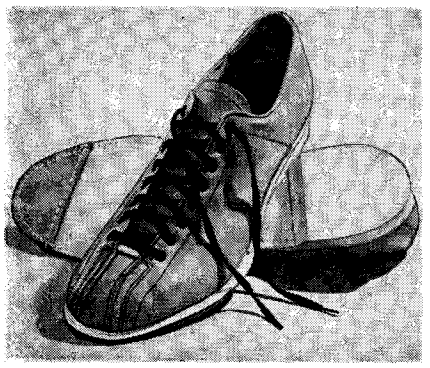

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Trial of Jack Ruby

He hit the time element from all possible directions, and he passed the money order around the jury box to let them gaze upon those magic figures. When he finally let Lane go, Belli said, "Mr. Wade, would you mind if we circled the time?"

Said Wade drily, "I believe you've mentioned it about five times."

Once the prosecution had managed to extricate itself from the fairly disastrous plan of turning Ruby into Oswald's stalker, Assistant D.A. Bill Alexander got down to laying the foundation for his case.

While Wade had the responsibility and the final word on strategy, it was Alexander who really tried the case. He is Henry Wade's hatchet man, the man who draws the fire and gets the job done, the man who, to use one of his own favorite expressions, "can fade the heat."

Bill Alexander is tall and rawboned in a square-shouldered, flat-backed way that is characteristic of a farmworker. His eyes are narrow—he is tight-eyed—and they somehow seem to be made even more menacing by a quick flash of a smile that spreads up across his face and then is gone almost as soon as it has begun. Alexander's courtroom delivery struck the ears at first as an elocution-class monotone, in the sense that he gives each syllable and letter equal time and weight. It is a style that seemed crude and amateurish when pitted against Belli's beautifully shaded and modulated voice. Once you became accustomed to Alexander's delivery, however, the very lack of modulation gave it a power that day by day seemed to become the remorseless, uncompromising voice of justice—or, more accurately still, of vengeance.

Alexander customarily wears a pistol in court, a habit dating back to the days when he used to ride with the Dallas police vice squads. He didn't wear it during the Ruby trial, because he had been tipped off that Belli intended to leap up and shout, "Your Honor, I fear for the safety of my client. Mr. Alexander carries a gun. I demand he be searched and, if necessary, disarmed!"

His information was probably correct. After the verdict was in, Belli said, "The intrigues and backstabbings that went on in this case were just unbelievable. They bugged our first meeting here by getting to one of our investigators; then we got somebody in their office, and we were getting a steady flow of information until they found out. I swear that you could never pick up the phone without wondering whether it was bugged." (At one point the D.A.'s office got a tip that Ruby was going to throw a fit in the courtroom and Belli was going to fake a heart attack. They took it seriously enough to station their own doctor among the spectators so he could rush in and examine Belli.)

Alexander's crudeness makes it easy to underestimate his ability. As the trial of Jack Ruby progressed, it became increasingly evident that while Bill Alexander did not have Belli's maneuverability in interrogation and couldn't approach Belli in sheer eloquence, he was—in that courtroom, on that case—the best and the most solid lawyer we were watching.

It was Alexander who called to the stand J. R. Leavelle, 44, the detective who will be identifiable forever as the man in the light suit and the tall Stetson who looked on aghast as Ruby pulled the trigger. At 9:30 A.M. on November 24, two days after the assassination of Kennedy, Leavelle, Detective C. N. Dohrity and Detective L. C. Graves were instructed to bring Oswald down from his jail cell on the fifth floor. Leavelle handcuffed Oswald's hands together and delivered him to an office, where two Secret Service men were waiting to question him.

Oswald was still as uncooperative as ever. ("He never gave you a direct answer," one detective says. "If you asked him what time it was, he'd say, 'What time do *you* think it is?' And if you said, 'We want to know what time you think it is,' he'd say, 'Look up at the clock on the wall and you'll see!'")

At around 11:10 A.M. they finished the interrogation and prepared to move Oswald from the city jail to the county jail. The time of the transfer was purest chance. The plan was to place Oswald in the backseat of an unmarked police car between Leavelle and Graves.

Detective Dohrity was told to back the car into the driveway that led from the jail-office door to the ramp. The driveway is perhaps 30 feet long. *There was no plan to walk Oswald down those 30 feet. The plan was to show him to the cameras just long enough to prove that he had not been beaten.* The plan went wrong when scurrying reporters and photographers cut off Dohrity.

Little Lynn, the pregnant stripper.

Court reporter records testimony of defense witness Dr. Towler.

At approximately 11:15 Oswald was being walked to the elevator on the third floor between Leavelle and Graves. As the elevator reached the basement, Leavelle turned to Oswald and told him, "If anybody tries to shoot you, I hope their aim is as good as yours was."

Oswald gave him his little smirk. "Nobody's going to shoot at me."

Preceded by the three officers, they walked through the jail office to the outside door. With the door held open, they hesitated for a few seconds, waiting for the all-clear signal. Leavelle could see only the heavily lighted driveway and the officers lining the walls.

In questioning Leavelle, Alexander was almost too casual with the key question:

"What, if anything, of an unusual nature happened as you approached a point about three feet in front of the corner?"

"A man came from the crowd of reporters, photographers and"—drily—"police officers. . . . He came up in front of myself, Oswald and Detective Graves."

Q. "What first attracted your attention to this man?"

A. "When he first dashed from the crowd, I saw he had a pistol in his right hand and he was ready to shoot. . . . He took two quick steps and fired the gun."

Q. "What did you do?"

A. "I tried to catch the man by the shoulder and did succeed in catching him by the left shoulder."

Q. "What did Oswald do?"

A. "He grunted and said, 'Oh,' and slumped to the floor."

As Oswald went down, he dragged Leavelle down with him. Graves had immediately grabbed Ruby's gun hand and was wresting the gun away from him. "The right hand was still contracting on the gun as if he was attempting to fire another shot," Leavelle recalled.

Belli had been demanding to see the gun from the first day of the bond hearing, but under Texas law he simply was not entitled to see it until the state was ready to introduce it into evidence.

Belli tries most of his cases in California, where the laws favor the defense. "In California," Belli says, "the district attorney has to turn over everything in his briefcase, including his tapes." If he doesn't turn over the evidence upon demand, he cannot use it in the trial. In Texas a defense attorney is entitled to nothing. He is not even entitled to see the

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police reports. The dangers such a system holds for the unwary defense lawyer was demonstrated during the second day of the trial, which may well have ranked as one of the worst days that Mel Belli ever suffered in a courtroom.

The state had to prove premeditation, and they had to prove it in the face of the 11:17 time stamp on the money order and the apparent accident of Ruby's arrival at the right place at the right time. That meant they had to prove it out of Ruby's own mouth, even though all of us who grew up on B movies—or Congressional hearings—know a man cannot be made to testify against himself.

But there was one tiny crack in that armor, and the D.A.'s office set out to drive their case through it. The opening shot had been fired on the first day of the trial, when Alexander asked Leavelle whether he had heard Ruby say anything as he was being hustled past Oswald's body in the jail office.

Leavelle had barely begun to answer before the defense attorneys were on their feet to object that, since Ruby was under technical arrest at that time, nothing he said could be repeated in court. The state maintained it was part of the *res gestae* of the case, and the objection was overruled. (*Res gestae*, literally "things done," means anything that comes naturally and spontaneously out of the crime. The classic example is that if you hit me on the nose, and I say, "Ouch," that's *res gestae*.)

The time element is therefore a prime consideration, although not completely binding. And, except in very rare cases, anything said in response to a question would obviously not be spontaneous and would therefore fall outside the scope of *res gestae*. In Texas the definition is left entirely to judicial interpretation.

As each succeeding police witness took the stand, the prosecution embarked upon the delicate job of stretching *res gestae* up the elevator, out into the corridor, into Ruby's jail cell and, finally, into a formal interrogation which could not, under the kindest interpretation, have ended less than 15 minutes after Oswald was shot.

This was by far the shakiest part of the state's case. Since the Fifth Amendment is involved here, it gave Belli grounds on which to bring an appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court. It seemed to be Belli's best hope for a reversible error.

The state's *res gestae* case was taken a step further by Don Archer, a balding, moon-faced detective, who had helped wrestle Ruby to the ground and bring him to a cell. He testified that when Jack was on the ground, he had heard him say, "You all know me, I'm Jack Ruby"—which hardly sounded like a man in any kind of an epileptic fit. Over the objections of the defense, he was also allowed to testify that while they were riding in the elevator, he had said, "Jack, I think you killed him," and Ruby had answered, "I intended to shoot him three times."

Belli, operating smoothly, got Archer to concede that "under the circumstances" Jack had looked exceptionally calm, which is a characteristic of a man in a psychomotor-epileptic fit. He also got him to admit that just before Ruby had said, "You all know me, I'm Jack Ruby," the cries of "Who is it? Who is it?" had been shouted through the basement—the implication being that these cries had jarred Ruby out of his blackout.

Belli asked Archer for a copy of the official report he had made to his superiors. But Archer said he didn't have one.

Q. "When you went over your testimony with the district attorney, was that statement present?"

WADE (quickly): "We don't have any such statement."

Belli insisted that he had a right to see it.

JUDGE BROWN: "You're making a formal request for the statement? Request denied."

BELLI (completely astonished): "We can't have it?"

Once the witness began to testify to the same material he had written up in his report, Belli *was*—as he said—entitled to see it "for purposes of cross-examination and impeachment."

While Belli was making this point, Phil Burleson, of the defense team, ducked into the bailiff's office to have a subpoena made out for Archer's superior, Capt. L.C. Nichols, instructing him to bring the report into court.

Alexander, tipped off to what was happening, rushed out of the courtroom, met

Defense witness Dr. Roy Schafer.

Nichols just as he was coming up the stairs, and plucked the report out of Nichols's hand. "Let's make them get it the hard way," he said.

Back in the courtroom Defense Attorney Joe Tonahill shouted that Bill Alexander had defied the court's subpoena. "The statement is not admissible," ruled Judge Brown.

Archer was followed to the stand by Thomas D. McMillon, a detective for seven years. McMillon testified that he had been looking head-on at Ruby as Ruby had come out of the crowd, and had heard him say, "You rat sonofabitch, you shot the President"—which was six words more than anybody else had heard. He also corroborated the exchange between Archer and Ruby, but remembered it in even greater detail. "He said he'd meant to shoot him three times, but we had moved too fast and prevented him from doing so."

On cross-examination McMillon noted that Ruby said, "Somebody had to do it. You guys couldn't do it."

McMillon was an irritating witness for Belli anyway, so irritating that he kept him on the stand for more than four hours. McMillon had a young, friendly, open face, an air of ingenuousness that somehow didn't fit with a detective, and a remarkable inability to understand a question until he was good and ready to understand it.

As Belli became increasingly angry, he started to say, "These other conversations that you have memorized—strike that—that you have testified to here. . . ." Then he paused to look down at his notes as if he were picking up a new line of questioning, swung his eyes back up at McMillon and—incredibly—he said, completely out of context. "All right, did he say anything about the dog in the car?" (Belli was referring to Jack Ruby's November 24 visit to the Western Union office just before the Lee Oswald murder.)

McMillon, frowning as he tried to remember, said, "Later on in the day that came out."

Q. "All right, tell us what he said . . . that he had left his dog in the car across the street?"

After a couple of more questions about the dog, Belli asked, ". . . he said that he had left the dog in the car to go over and send the wire, didn't he?"

A. "I can't recall all that conversation."

Alexander, having restrained himself through the earlier questions to get it all firmly on the record, stood up—his face flushed in disbelief—and said, "I want to warn counsel that with these questions he is opening up the door to the entire transaction in the jail cell."

And he had. Once Belli himself had introduced the subject of Ruby's jail-cell conversations, he had opened up anything McMillon had overheard and, quite probably, anything else Ruby had said in the cell.

The state didn't need the *res gestae* cloak to cover it anymore and, frankly, nobody outside the district attorney's office had even been able to see how *res gestae* could be stretched that far.

The day was not yet over. Belli had also been demanding the reports made out by McMillon and had been turned down. As soon as Belli finished his cross-examination, Henry Wade dropped McMillon's statements on the court reporter's desk and offered them into evidence.

Since Belli had spent the greater part of the afternoon expressing his profound belief that the detective's statements, if the jury could see them, would be considerably different from his testimony, Wade was not only snatching what had been shaping up as a strong basis for an appeal away from Belli, he was also turning McMillon into his own corroborating witness.

Belli was up and shouting for a mistrial. "We are being baited. Now if we object to having it introduced, I'll look as if I'm not sincere to the jury."

With nothing much to lose, Belli demanded that Judge Brown allow him to enter Archer's statement, too, carefully noting for the record that he had already subpoenaed it.

Brown refused. "You only have these [McMillon's] reports because the state has tendered it," he said in what seemed like a clearly improper ruling.

Since he was getting no help at all here from the court, Wade finally had to introduce Archer's report himself. Reading the reports quickly while Wade was conducting his redirect examination, Belli came across one damaging quote. Belli ran up to McMillon, clutching all three statements, and yelled, "You remembered the parts that were damaging to Ruby, but you didn't remember everything, did you? How come you didn't tell me that Ruby had said, 'You won't believe this, but I didn't have this planned; I couldn't have timed it that perfectly'?"

McMillon, looking bewildered, denied Ruby had ever told him that. Angrily, Belli shoved the statement under his nose. "That isn't my statement," McMillon said, brightening. "It's the other officer's." Turning to the front page, he pointed triumphantly to the heading. "See?"

Belli hung his head. "There are days you have to suffer," he said, with exag-

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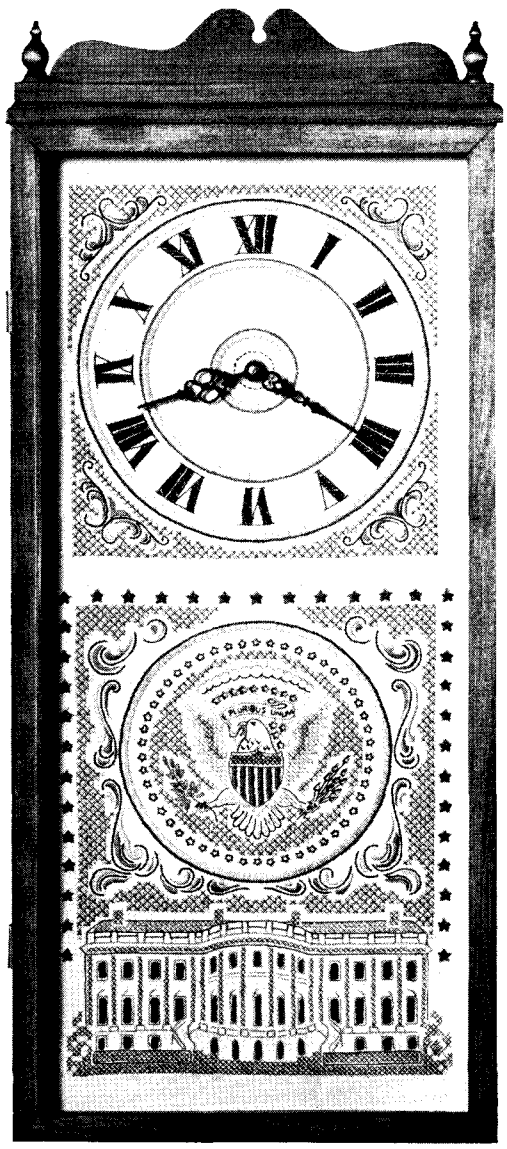

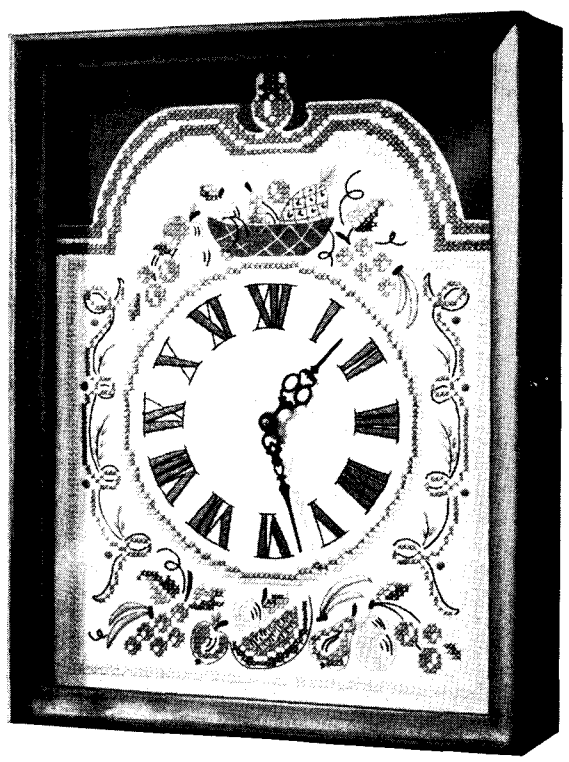

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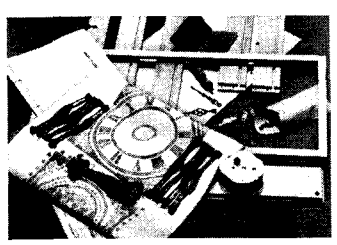

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gerated tragedy. Belli knew he had been reading from Archer's report, of course. But Archer was gone, and he had used the only way available to get that key statement in front of the jury.

Belli was able to point out that the two most damaging quotes McMillon had given were in the second report, made out a week after the original one. But McMillon explained that the first had been a security report involving only what had happened in the basement, while the second had been for the specific purpose of reporting on the arrest itself.

By the end of the day Belli's hair was ruffled for the first time in memory. He himself seemed weary and dispirited.

The next day it got worse.

The star witness in establishing premeditation was Sgt. Patrick T. Dean, 32, a dark and black-haired young man, whose normal expression is a slow frown. When he got to Ruby's cell after the murder, Dean testified, he found Ruby stripped to his shorts. McMillon, Archer and another detective were with him.

WADE: "And then did you ask a couple of questions?"

Belli entered an objection to any questions about any conversation that might have taken place with Ruby.

Brown overruled him.

The case for the appeal was being laid out now, and there were no theatrics. "In Texas law," Belli said, "a question may not be asked of a prisoner, and his answer then repeated in court, if he has not committed it to paper and signed it."

Alexander was up on his feet to argue that Belli had opened the door during the questioning of McMillon. "Not only is it *res gestae* but, having gone into what may have been an inadmissible conversation, they have made the balance of it admissible," he said.

Belli took his exception—the magic word that must be uttered before an objection can be converted into an appeal. The record had been made, and Dean proceeded to an interview between Ruby and a Secret Service man. "Ruby said something to the effect that he thought about the killing two nights prior, when he saw Oswald on the show-up stand.

"Ruby said he believed in due process of law, but he was too torn up and emotional about this event. He said this man not only killed the President but also shot Officer Tippit, and that the outcome of the trial would be that he would be given the death penalty inevitably, and he didn't see any sense for a lengthy trial that would subject Mrs Kennedy to coming back to Dallas to testify."

Belli was up now, shouting for a mistrial. "That man's Constitutional rights have been violated," he said.

Wade, pressing on, asked Dean what Ruby had said.

DEAN: "He said when he first noticed the sarcastic sneer on Oswald's face, that was when he first thought he'd kill him if he got the chance And also that he guessed he wanted the world to know Jews do have guts."

WADE: "What was that latter now?"

BELLI (Outraged and disgusted): "Jews, J-E-W-S. I want it said loud and clear so that the word will ring out. Jews!"

Belli asked if Dean had made out an "insurance investigation"—and then quickly corrected it to "security report."

Dean, it developed, had not only made out a security report, he had brought a carbon copy of it into court on instructions from the district attorney.

Belli bounded out of his seat, as if he were happy he didn't have to fight for *this* one. Holding out his hand, he said, "Let's have it."

Dean reached into his back pocket, unfolded a clutch of flimsy sheets, separated one section, refolded the other and, shifting in his seat again, put it back into his pocket.

"What did you put back in your pocket?" Belli demanded. "I want to see that! Your Honor, he has another report there! I want both of them!"

"You can't have it," Judge Joe B. Brown said.

Up from his slouch came District Attorney Henry Wade, drawling out a magnanimous offer. "If that's another report, we have no objection to them having it. As a matter of fact, we'll offer both in evidence."

Before the first sentence was out of Wade's mouth, the blood had drained from Belli's face.

"They're doing it again," he wailed, turning to the bench. "They're baiting a trap . . . a bear trap!"

Dr. Manfred Guttmacher, principal psychiatrist for defense.

To nobody's great surprise—least of all Belli's—the report he had screamed for was the one that hurt. Dean's original report, dated November 26, ended with the notation that he had been instructed to take the Secret Service man up to interview Ruby "at approximately twelve noon." (The shooting had taken place, remember, at 11:21.) The second report had not been dictated until February 18, 12 weeks later The first words in this report were, "At approximately 11:30 A.M. Chief Curry approached me. . . ." The last words were that the interview had taken place "five to ten minutes after the shooting of Oswald."

Had Belli been able to conduct his cross-examination exclusively off that original report, he would have had a fighting chance of discrediting Dean on the discrepancy between the 10-minute interval he had testified to and the 40-minute interval he had reported in his security statement.

By the time Wade was able to bring out the existence of the Late, Late Report, in his reexamination, it would have had all the force and validity of a belated apology. The whole psychological climate changed, of course, when Belli *demanded* it and then had to concede that it was favorable to the other side.

The difference in time, Dean explained, was due to his own original miscalculation. Seeing a televised rerun of the events of the day, and particularly the interview, he had realized later how quickly everything had happened.

Although Belli will never believe it, the trap he had walked into had never been set. Wade hadn't even known the second report existed until the previous afternoon. Once Wade saw the date on it, he was perfectly aware that he might do himself more harm than good with the jury by bringing it up.

If the Jack Ruby verdict is ever reversed, it quite probably will be because Judge Brown allowed Dean to testify about that interview. The entire appeal could hang upon the difference between a 10-minute time lapse and a 40-minute time lapse.

With Dean's testimony Henry Wade announced, "Your Honor and ladies and gentlemen of the jury, the state rests at this time."

Belli's first witness was Little Lynn, a 19-year-old stripper who had called Jack from Fort Worth on Sunday, November 24, to ask him to send her $25. The telephone-company records showed that the call had been made at 10:18, an important point to establish right at the beginning, since it had been announced over the radio that Oswald was going to be moved at 10 A.M.

Little Lynn was more than a little pregnant. She was already two days overdue. "If I don't put her on," Belli told the court, "we may lose her as a witness."

She didn't get on right away though. A jailbreak happened to be taking place right outside the door—on camera—and we suddenly had the case of the pregnant stripper caught in a jailbreak. Upon such a note the defense of Jack Ruby began. (At the end of the day—Little Lynn having testified—Belli told the writers, "Some ham convict tried to upstage me. . . .")

It now fell to Mel Belli to convince the jury that Jack Ruby did not know right from wrong at the moment he committed an act of murder. He had put together a case which looked well on paper. His case was built in three interlocking parts:

1. The psychological examination (Dr. Roy Schafer) that pointed to brain damage causing psychomotor epilepsy.
2. The physical examination (Dr. Martin Towler) that confirmed Doctor Schafer's diagnosis by demonstrating an abnormal brain wave.
3. The psychiatric examinations (Drs. Manfred Guttmacher and Walter Bromberg) that established a low emotional breaking point.

Doctor Schafer got the medical defense off to a roaring start by testifying that the conclusions he had reached as a result of his psychological examinations had been confirmed by Ruby's electroencephalograms. He said he had seen the EEG readings for the first time that morning, and "I came to the conclusion that he does have organic brain damage, the most logical and specific nature of which is psychomotor epilepsy."

It developed, however, that he had not seen the actual brain tracings, but only the report of Doctor Towler, who had supervised the tests. Doctor Towler's report said that the EEG recordings were "abnormal," although he did not use the words "psychomotor epilepsy." He wrote, "This type of seizure disorder most accurately falls into the category of a psychomotor variant."

Wade started the cross-examination and set a high academic tone by asking, "After all those ink blots, did you form an opinion on whether he knew right from wrong?"

Given any kind of a chance, Wade's style is not to engage the witness in any kind of dialogue but to attack him head-on. In examining Doctor Schafer in the bond hearing, where he was truly interested in drawing forth information, Wade had handled the language of psychiatry with competency and ease. Before a jury, though, Wade becomes downright down-country. To hear him pronounce the words "schizophrenic-paranoia" is to be left with the impression that he is not only speaking a foreign language but that it is the language of a country with which we are at war.

With Schafer he quite possibly achieved the pinnacle of his career by stumbling around the words "I.Q. test"—a test not really so exotic as to be unrecognizable, let alone unpronounceable, to a man who graduated at the top of his law class. But all the lawyers played that game—Belli fumbled nicely while questioning Schafer on the "thematic apperception test." Once, when Belli asked a witness to define "extrapolate," a word that hadn't been used more than a dozen times previously, Alexander went one up on him by asking the witness to spell it.

The trial sparkled with such moments of high philosophic inquiry. When the session came to an end at seven P.M., Belli's necktie was loose and his shirt was ballooning out of the top of his pants. He looked for all the world like a prize Siamese who had gotten himself mixed up with some alley cats.

The next day there were only two witnesses, Doctor Towler and Doctor Guttmacher. Between them, Towler and Guttmacher were the whole case presented for Jack Ruby.

With Doctor Towler on the witness stand, Melvin Belli placed into evidence a green shoe box containing 600 feet of brain-wave tracings, which had been folded accordionlike into two books.

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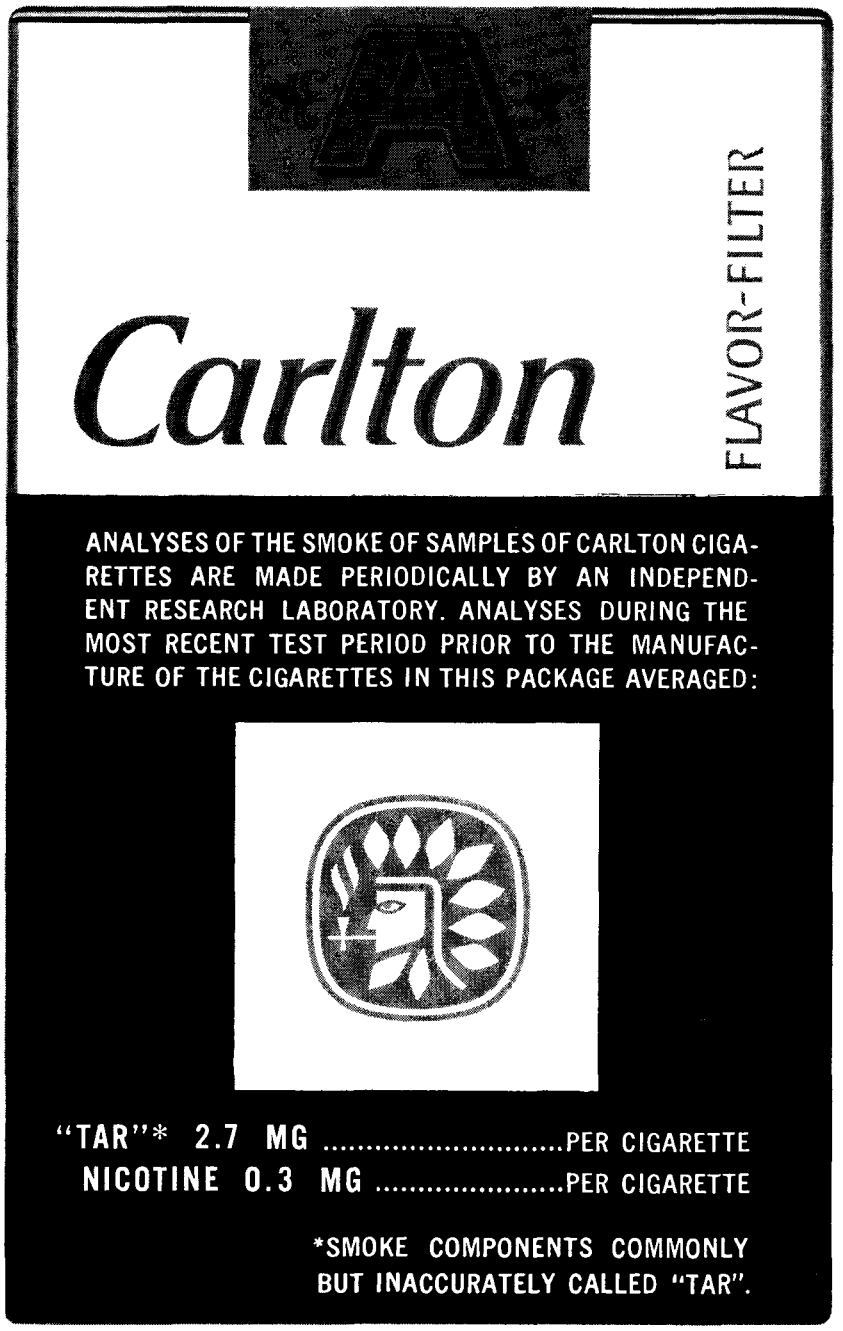
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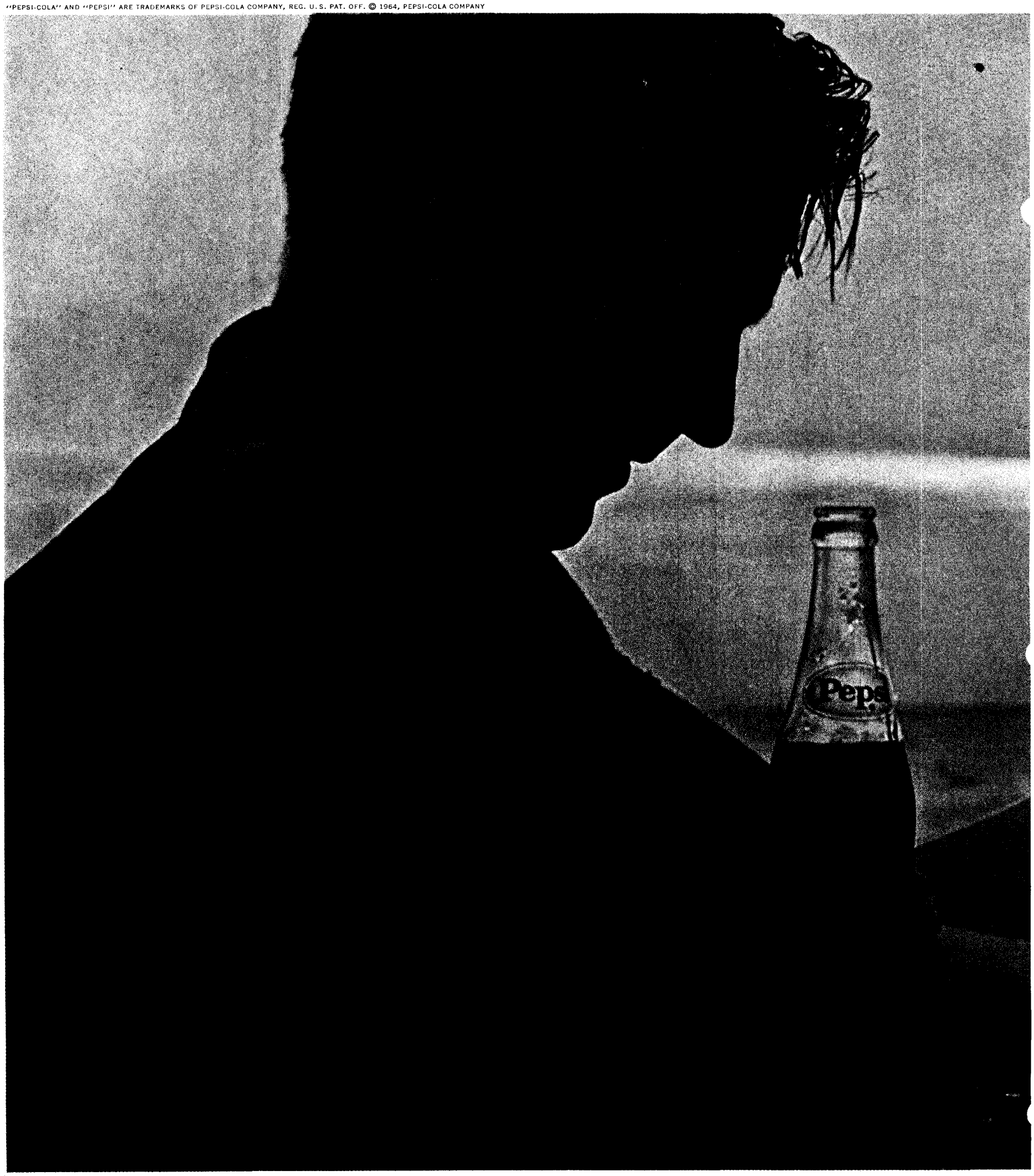

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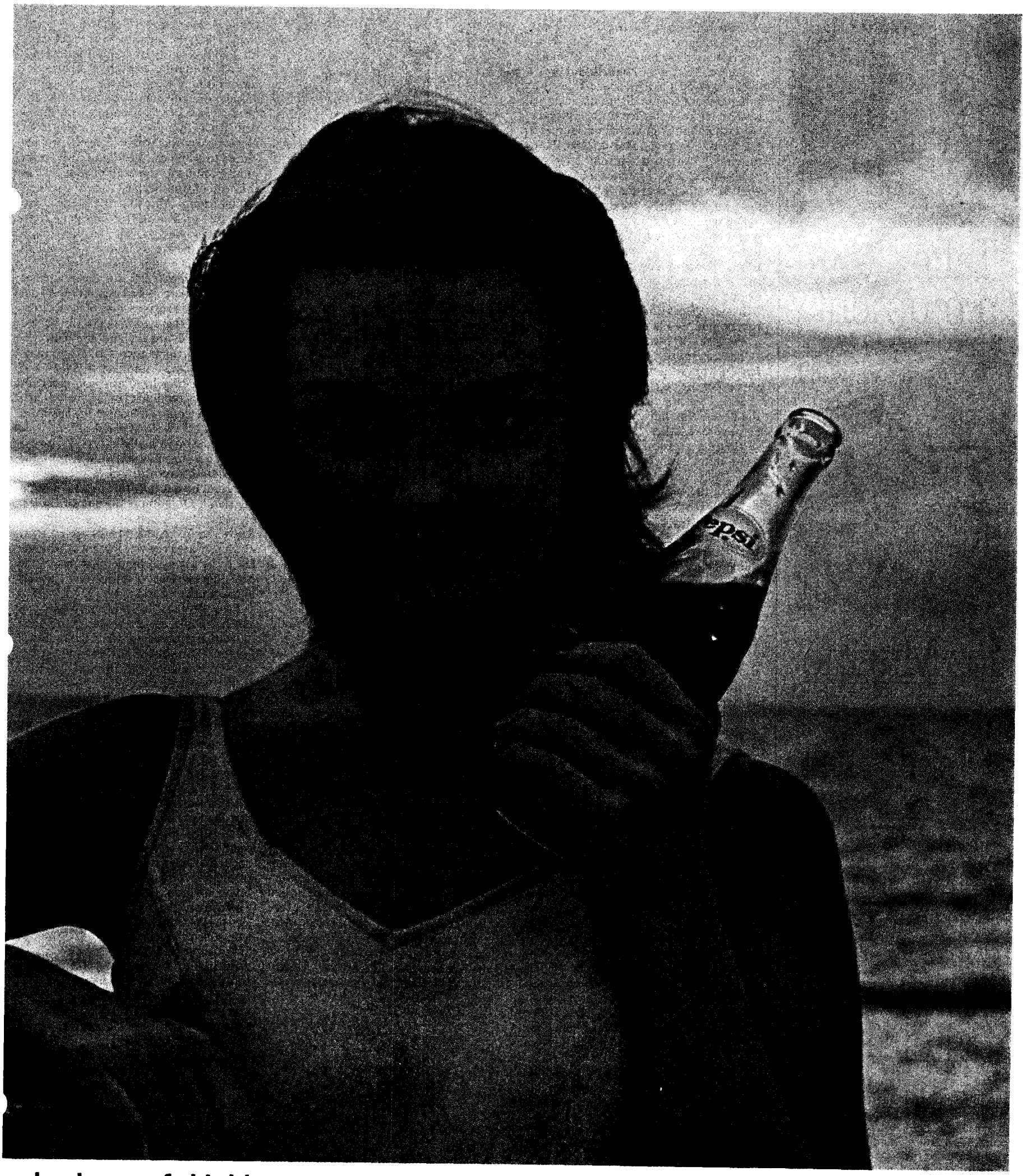

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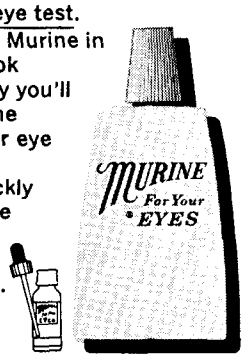

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Even before the EEG tests were performed, Doctor Towler said, Ruby's own description of the numerous head injuries he had received in the course of his brawling life had led him to the belief that Ruby suffered from seizure disorders. Jack had told him that from time to time he experienced painful "pricking sensations in the head." During these attacks, Ruby told him, "I am not as normal as I'm supposed to be. Every fraction of a second I felt something was going to happen. I feel as if my head is cracking open."

Did the EEG's show Ruby had psychomotor epilepsy, Belli asked him, or didn't they? "There is no way to look at an EEG," Doctor Towler said, "and say this is the result of a head injury or repeated head injuries."

BELLI: "Does that rule in or out the psychomotor epilepsy?"

TOWLER: "It neither rules it out or in."

That was a surprise. This was the defense's witness, and the burden of proof was upon the defense.

Still, Towler's diagnosis was that Jack did have brain injury and did suffer from a "seizure disorder."

"During a seizure a man would behave as an automaton," Doctor Towler testified, "and would probably be amnesiac through the entire spell."

When Towler went to the jury box to show them the EEG's, the actual brain-wave tracings, the jury came to life for the first time, those in the front row huddling in closely around him, and those in the back row craning their heads forward.

As Towler turned the pages, he carefully pointed out each instance where the wavy line broke off into a small pike. He circled these "abnormal discharges" with a red pencil, but as the demonstration dragged on, page after repetitive page, the jurors began to settle back in their seats. Boredom set in all over the courtroom.

Belli, seeing interest flag, took over at the end of the second book and, almost as an act of will, breathed life back into the room. "Here's another!" he'd exclaim, as if they were engaged together in some great voyage of discovery, and the back row of the jury would come forward, all in rhythm, like blown wheat.

Just what did it all come down to then? Wade asked Towler.

"A seizure disorder which we refer to as psychomotor variant."

He still hadn't uttered the words "psychomotor epilepsy," and Belli tried one more time. "Ninety-nine percent of this type have psychomotor epilepsy?"

Towler agreed.

The star witness for the defense, Dr. Manfred Guttmacher, had been around the court for a couple of days, having rushed in at the behest of Melvin Belli to quiet Jack Ruby down. Or, as Belli put it, "Jack feels better now that he knows the nutcrackers are coming in."

He had hardly settled into the witness chair before Belli asked whether Jack Ruby knew right from wrong at the time he killed Oswald.

"I don't think he was capable of knowing right from wrong at the time of the homicide," Doctor Guttmacher answered.

Doctor Guttmacher held the audience all afternoon. After all the talk about tests and brain waves, we were leaving the world of machines and being told about that sad, troubled man, Jack Ruby.

For the purposes of a trial Doctor Guttmacher's analysis of the fears and inadequacies that had driven Jack Ruby over the brink may well have been effective. And yet anyone who had looked to Doctor Guttmacher to show us the torment that had caused Ruby to lunge toward Oswald could only be disappointed. We got the psychiatric jargon as the full explanation. Doctor Guttmacher read us the label on the jar; we never saw the contents. "I think," he said, "we are dealing with an abnormal individual, with an abnormal personality structure who has a very weak ego structure and was under a very great emotional impact for a couple of days. I think he was struggling to keep his sanity during this period. I think he came upon this perpetrator of the assassination, and with this disruption of his ego . . . there was a psychotic episode."

Ruby character witness Barney Ross.

Q. "What do you mean?"

A. "I think all his defenses crumbled and his hostile, aggressive feelings came to the fore, and focused on this one individual, with the homicide resulting."

Q. "Is it important that seeing Oswald triggered this?"

A. "Yes. I think it is well-established that people who have psychotic episodes are subject to triggering of the act by strong emotional stimuli."

When he was asked to tell the jury what had led him to his conclusion, he said, "This patient has an abnormal background. His father was an illiterate immigrant drunkard, and his mother and the children were terrorized by him. They were so disorganized that a social agency had to put the children in foster homes. Jack Ruby was put in some half dozen foster homes. His mother suffered paranoid schizophrenia requiring institutionalization. A young brother was hospitalized for depressive psychosis, a sister had involutional melancholia, which is a type of depressive psychosis, somewhat more frequent in women than in men."

Jack Ruby's identification with President Kennedy was so strong, Doctor Guttmacher said. that the assassination was a destruction of his ego. The implication seemed to be—before a squabble between lawyers rendered this point vague—that the ego may have to preserve itself and its sanity by committing a positive act of murder or even, as contradictory as it may seem, suicide.

Dr. Frederic Gibbs, EEG expert.

But *why* did Jack Ruby have this unusual degree of identification with President Kennedy? The answer we got from Guttmacher was that Kennedy represented to Ruby the idealized father, both in his position as the head of state and as the head of what seemed to be the perfect family group. And something else: "He expressed great love [for President Kennedy] by saying, 'I fell for that man.' Those are the words he used. He talked about him as a man in love."

When Belli asked Guttmacher whether he thought there was a latent homosexual content in these expressions of love, Ruby came alert. There was, again, the parted lips, the held breath, and the slow exhalation. "I think there are suggestions of it," Doctor Guttmacher said, and Ruby turned his head away, in a sort of wincing, incredulous, embarrassed grimace. You could almost see his lips form the words, "Aw, for Crissake!"

The next morning Belli surprised everyone by resting his case. It was now the prosecution's turn to attack the medical case, and he put only one psychiatrist on the stand, Dr. John Holbrook of Dallas, to make the necessary legal point on Ruby's sanity at the time of the murder. His heavy artillery was leveled at what he felt to be the weak underpinnings of the case, those 600 feet of brain-wave tracings in the green shoe box.

Two days earlier, Henry Wade had asked Doctor Towler to name the most outstanding neurologists in the country. The first name out of Towler's mouth was Dr. Frederic Gibbs of Chicago, who had been trumpeted by Belli in court as the great EEG expert. The second name was Dr. Robert Schwab of Boston. Assistant D.A. Bill Alexander had Schwab ready to take the stand for the prosecution. He had mustered a lineup, in fact, that was almost a neurological equivalent of the New York Yankees.

Doctor Holbrook readily conceded that Ruby had an extremely unstable personality. But, he said, "He did know right from wrong and knew the consequences of his act." Holbrook also made the telling point that Doctor Schafer's psychological examinations, taken five weeks after the act, could not be projected back to cover the Jack Ruby who had pulled the trigger.

While psychiatrists do have their own compensatory techniques, the ring of truth was unmistakable there. The Jack Ruby we were looking at as Holbrook was testifying was not even the same man who had come into the courtroom the day before. The psychiatric testimony had done something to him, and there was on his face that bony, grating look that is recognizable to anyone who has ever walked through a mental hospital.

Before he left the stand, Doctor Holbrook also made his contribution to the all-out assault on the psychomotor-epilepsy plea. "I don't believe he has psychomotor epilepsy from the medical evidence," he said. "I don't think you can diagnose psychomotor epilepsy from the EEG alone."

The attack on the EEG's had been launched earlier that day with the state's lead-off medical witness, Dr. Sheff Olinger, in whose small Dallas clinic the tests had been made. "In your opinion, do the

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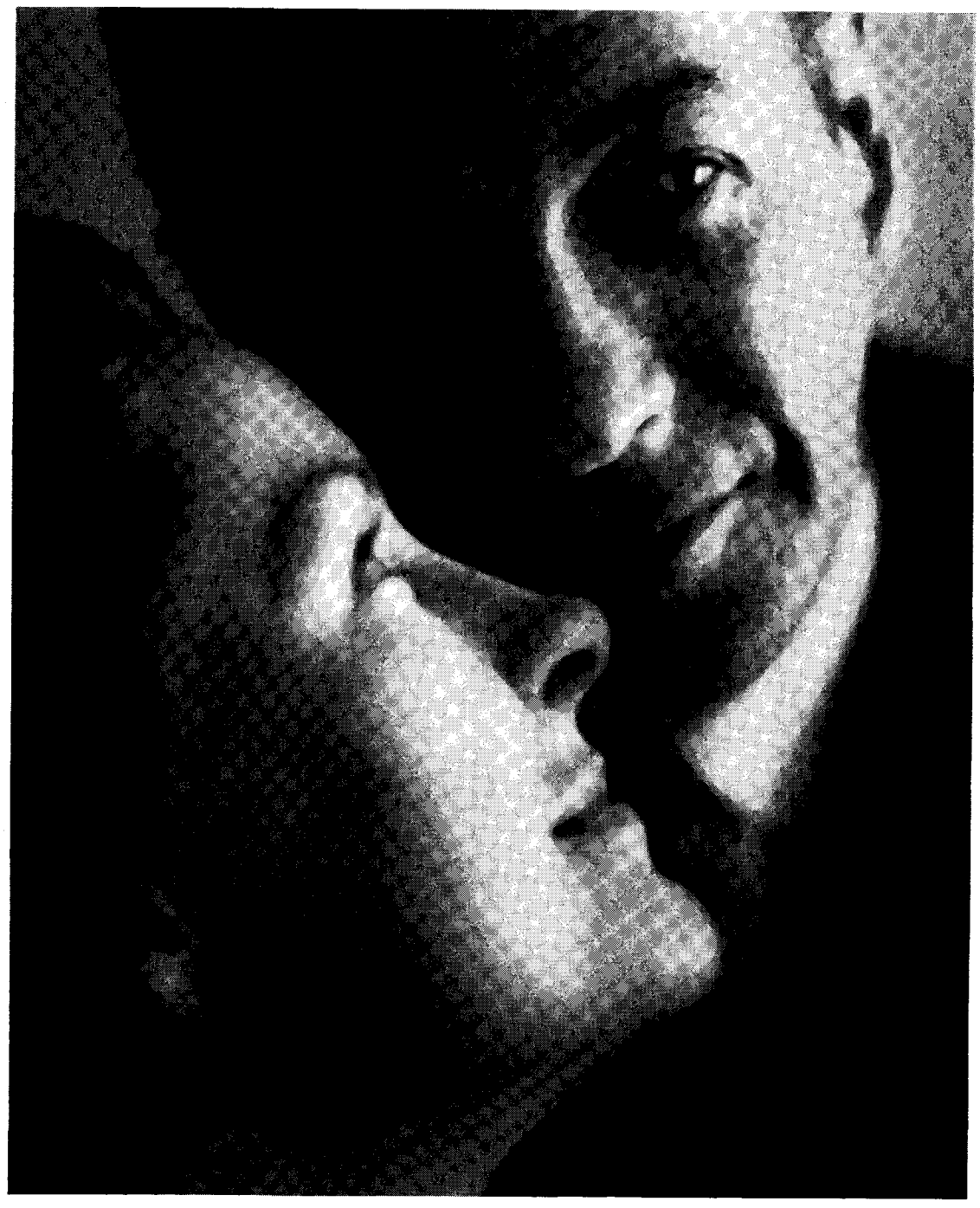

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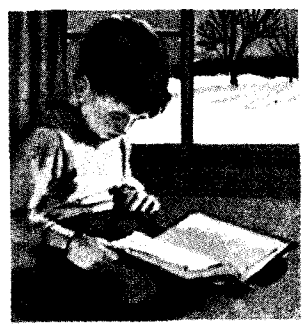

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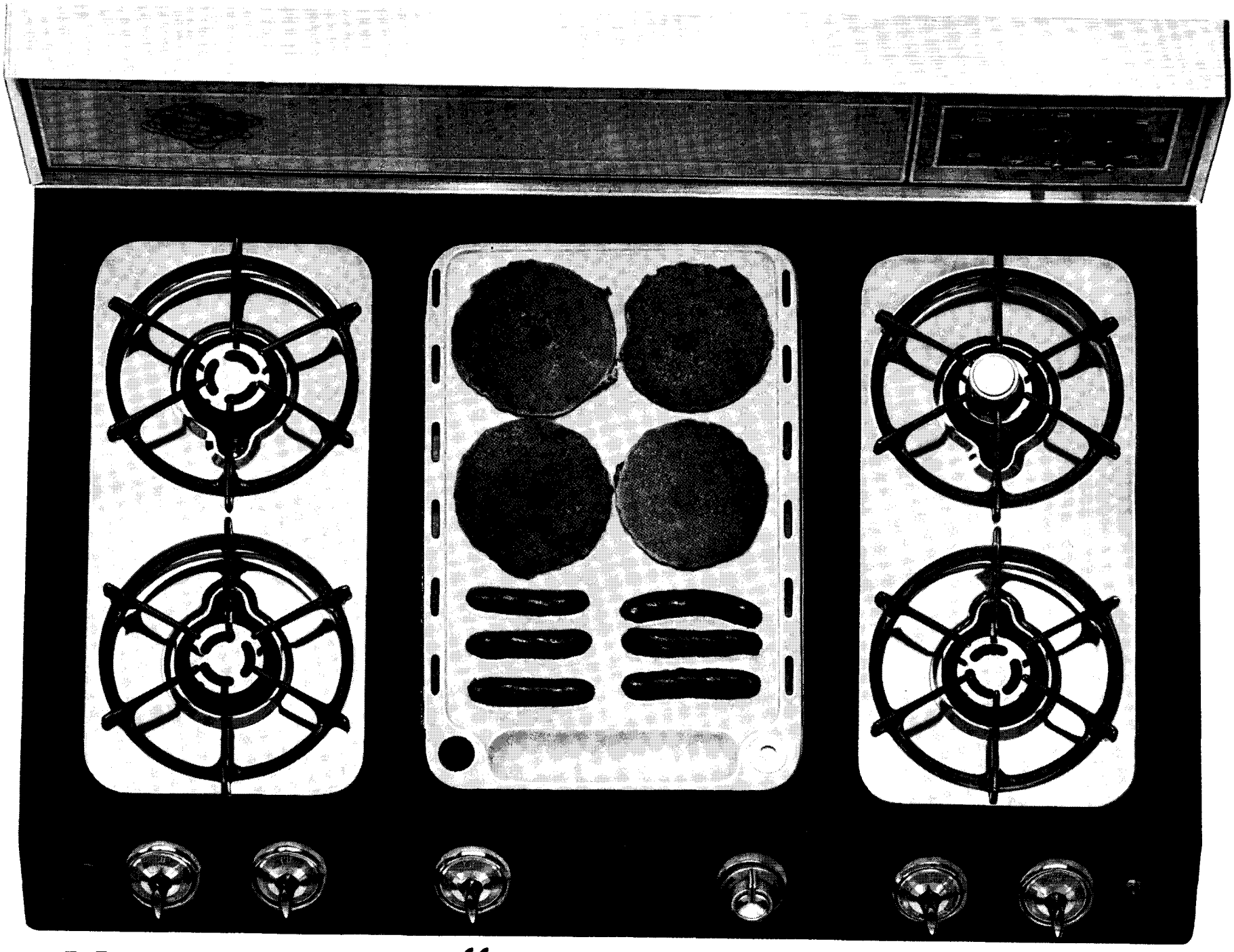

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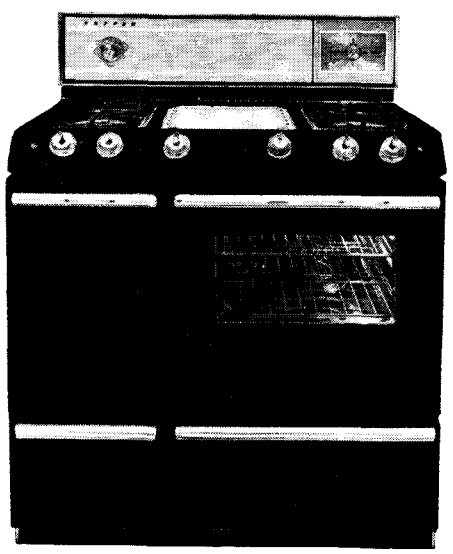

You cook better automatically with a

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readings show psychomotor variant?" Alexander had asked him.

A. "Psychomotor variant is a term I saw for the first time in an article written last year by Doctor Gibbs. It is a particular type of wave that occurs when a patient is drowsy or sleeping."

Q. "*Is it a description of a brain-wave pattern rather than a disease?*"

A. "*It is a brain-wave pattern.*"

Now we had it. A definition of psychomotor variant. And the definition was that it was not a disease at all.

The next prosecution cannonball was fired by Dr. Peter Kellaway, 43, a small, crew-cut man. The EEG, he said, was merely a diagnostic aid.

Q. "Is it of value without a diagnosis?"

A. "The EEG in itself never supplies a diagnosis."

Belli could not get Doctor Kellaway to state flatly that he was disagreeing with the redoubtable Doctor Gibbs. All Kellaway would say was that there was a "considerable difference" in Ruby's tracings and Gibbs's definition of psychomotor variant.

The defense seemed to have abandoned psychomotor epilepsy and retreated to psychomotor variant, and now—according to Doctor Kellaway—they didn't even have that.

Belli's most brilliant gambit throughout the medical testimony was his use of Doctor Gibbs, who was unwilling to testify except as a friend of the court. Since he was confident that Gibbs was never going to be there, Belli felt free to wave his name at the jury as if it were a flag, establishing through sheer assertion and repetition that Gibbs was the foremost medical man since Pasteur.

Unable to move Doctor Kellaway, he was reduced to observing, "There is a great deal we don't know yet in this field. We've just barely scratched the surface, isn't that right?"

KELLAWAY (curtly): "I presume so."

The final witness of the day was Dr. Earl Walker of Johns Hopkins, whose credentials set him forth as the nation's leading brain surgeon. The EEG "bursts," Doctor Walker conceded, were unusual. Nothing more than that.

Well, Belli said, if he didn't know *what* they were, then he couldn't state positively that it wasn't psychomotor epilepsy. And if he couldn't say it wasn't, then he would have to say that it *could* be. Walker agreed with a shrug that indicated he wasn't interested in getting himself involved in that kind of semantic countdown.

And once again Belli was saying, "We haven't done enough work to know what we have here." Doctor Walker was quite willing to agree that there was always a great deal more to be learned. Unfortunately, Mel Belli was charged with proving by a preponderance of the evidence that the defense knew what it was talking about. On Wednesday, the sixth day of the trial, the defense had collapsed.

Why should the top neurologists in the country have been so willing to take time out from their busy lives to come down to Dallas and testify against Jack Ruby? It is safe to say that if these same men had been on the jury panel, most of them would have disqualified themselves because of their opposition to capital punishment. Yet they more or less recommended each other to the prosecution and came almost as a team. The answer takes us back to Belli revealing his case at the bond hearing, and of the bad luck that has always dogged Ruby.

The secret word here is "epilepsy." All leading neurologists are members of the various epilepsy societies that have been working hard for years to erase old superstitions and prejudices and encouraging the public to look upon epileptics as normal human beings from whom society has nothing to fear.

Psychomotor epilepsy is not epilepsy in the normal sense, as the defense had gone to great pains to make clear. But that was in the courtroom, not in the newspapers. The stories that came out of the bond hearing said, in effect, that the murder we had all seen over television with our very own eyes had been committed by a man in an epileptic seizure. The experts were enraged. They were enraged, first of all, because they did not feel that Doctor Schafer had been justified in making such a flat diagnosis off his tests. (That doesn't mean they were right and Doctor Schafer was wrong.)

When they finally did get to see the EEG tracings—which, as far as they were concerned, showed nothing—they were even more enraged.

The greatest brain specialists in the country came down to Dallas, when all is said and done, on a public-relations job.

Before the trial had even started, when Towler's report had come back without the word "epilepsy," Wade had begun to consider the probability that Belli had set up a decoy. When he learned from Alexander that Alexander had a lineup of glittering witnesses who were prepared to pulverize psychomotor epilepsy, he

Jurymen watch the trial intently.

was sure of it. "It just can't be this simple," he said. "Say what you want about Belli, he's beaten everybody in the medical field. Maybe Mr. Belli didn't underestimate us in that bond hearing. We've got to assume now that while we thought we were setting a trap for him, he was setting the trap for us."

To the very end the prosecution was waiting for a trap to be sprung. To the very end they found it difficult to believe it could be that simple.

On Thursday, March 12, the seventh and, it had been made clear, last day of the trial, Alexander still had such top neurologists as Doctors Schwab, Francis Forster and Roland Mackay.

Doctor Schwab is a man who speaks with flat authority. When he said no, you knew the answer was no. When he said yes, you knew it was yes. And when he said he didn't know, you knew that nobody knew. "I have seen this type of brain wave in many tests," he testified. "It is more common in normal people than in people suffering from brain damage."

Belli got nowhere with him, especially when he tried to wave the great Gibbs at him. He disagreed, he said in that voice of authority, with Schafer, with Towler and with Gibbs.

Forster's credentials were above and beyond the merely academic. He had been called in to attend President Eisenhower after his stroke, a biographical note that Alexander didn't insert into the record more than once every minute.

The litany rolled on:

"There is no evidence here that this patient has a compulsive disorder."

"No, these tracings would not support a finding of psychomotor epilepsy or psychomotor variant."

Far from occurring in only one percent of the population, Doctor Forster said, it was a pattern that occurred in 28 percent of the population. Doctor Forster enjoyed himself immensely. His style was to preface his answers with background information and then illustrate them—you could see the schoolteacher here—with amusing little stories. It was perfectly clear that the jury was finding him immensely likable, immensely entertaining—and immensely informative.

This volunteer instructor delivered to us, finally, a definition of psychomotor epilepsy. "Psycho," he said, means mental activity, and "motor" refers to muscular activities. "Epilepsy" is a sudden electrical discharge from the gray matter of the brain. Putting it all together, psychomotor epilepsy meant that both the mind and the body of the victim were functioning, but functioning abnormally. He favored us with an eyewitness report of a friend of his who leaped from his piano stool in the middle of a Christmas carol and began to play bebop and jazz.

In psychomotor epilepsy, he emphasized, the activity was always that silly and, except for a certain amount of embarrassment, that harmless. There is no recall, he said. The patient himself refuses to believe it happened. A psychomotor episode, he said, could never result in the patient pulling out a gun, lunging at another man and shooting him.

Roland Mackay, a mousy little man, is president of the American Epilepsy Society. He testified, like the others, that the EEG's were not even suggestive of psychomotor epilepsy or variant.

Under Belli's scalpel Mackay turned out to be a rigid old boy who had no use for any of this newfangled psychological testing, with its inkblots and its machines. He had found it far more valuable, he said, to just talk to the patient as he was examining him and make his own judgment as to intellectual capacities.

Belli approached him with a letter from Doctor Gibbs, his routine gambit with all these witnesses. The state, as always, objected to its being read on the grounds that Gibbs wasn't there.

From his seat at the defense table, Tonahill shouted, "Gibbs will be here!"

Belli came whirling around, low to the ground. "You've just called him, Joe?"

"Yes. We assure you he'll be here."

Wheeling back to the witness, Belli asked, with marvelously feigned confidence, "*Now* will you read it?"

Objection.

As Wade rested his case for the final time, Belli requested permission to put Gibbs on the stand the following morning. Judge Brown, of course, has a genius for asserting his powers at precisely the wrong time. "No," he said, "I told you we were going to end it today, Mr. Belli, and I'm going to hold to that."

Belli argued his point that the jury

Luther Dickerson, member of jury.

shouldn't really be denied the opportunity of hearing the world's greatest authority. The judge, suddenly aware that they were talking in front of the jury, snapped, "Be quiet till I get rid of—till I get the jury out of here, willya?"

If we can assume that not even Joe Brown, in all his wisdom, had the power to wipe their minds clean, the jurors knew that the trial was being held over for another day for the sole purpose of hearing the testimony of The Great Gibbs.

Understand one thing—the attorneys for the defense had not coaxed Gibbs down. Belli had built him up into such a mythological figure, the fount of all knowledge and wisdom, that the only way Gibbs could live up to his billing would be to materialize in court in a puff of smoke.

But Gibbs had been up in Chicago reading all those terrible things his colleagues had been saying about psychomotor variant and the EEG's, and he had called Doctor Towler and insisted upon coming down to defend himself.

It was altogether consistent with Jack Ruby's journey through life that while Doctor Gibbs had refused to submit himself to cross-examination for the sake of saving Jack Ruby from the electric chair, neither rain nor snow nor Joe B. Brown could keep him from coming down to Dallas, at his own expense, to defend his theories and his machine.

In meeting with Doctor Gibbs over breakfast the next day, to go over his testimony, Belli and Tonahill had discovered that they had a walking time bomb on their hands. Yes, Doctor Gibbs did believe that the tracings definitely showed psychomotor variant and yes, he did believe that psychomotor variant was a definite, if rare, type of epilepsy. No doubt whatsoever about that. It was what he didn't believe that hit them right where their defense lived. Unlike the victims of ordinary psychomotor epilepsy, he told them, the victims of psychomotor variant *remained conscious of everything they did throughout the attack*. No, not just islands of memory, fully conscious.

Belli's entire legal case—the necessity to establish that he did not know right from wrong—had been predicated upon the argument that Jack had been in a fugue state, that is, that he had not been conscious of what he was doing.

Now Belli knew very well that his case had already fallen apart. The only question that remained was whether he was going to beat the chair. In capital cases Texas defense lawyers count anything less than the chair a victory, since under the very liberal parole system a life sentence really means 10 to 12 years.

Of all the strange and sometimes inexplicable things Belli did in his handling of Ruby's defense, the strangest of all

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may well have been his examination of Doctor Gibbs. He asked Doctor Gibbs, as admittedly he had to, "What did you diagnose from Jack Ruby's EEG?"

GIBBS: "Ruby has a particular, very rare, type of epilepsy—one that does not manifest itself in convulsive seizures."

That was bad enough. But that destructive little word "not" had been tucked in so unobtrusively, and so close to the magic word "epilepsy," that it was possible that neither Alexander nor anybody else at the prosecution table would pick up the implications.

Shortly thereafter Belli laid it right into their laps. "With this particular type of epilepsy," Belli asked, "do you find after the attack that the patient is or is not generally amnesiac or has islands of memory?"

GIBBS: "It is extremely variable. Consciousness is commonly maintained right through the seizure, often accompanied by severe pain. The pain is often so great that the patient threatens to commit suicide."

He had put that question to Gibbs, Belli told us later, only because of his utter contempt for the district attorney's office. "I analyzed them as not being competent enough to pick up the implication that if Jack had been conscious, our case was destroyed. And I was right."

He was right; they didn't pick it up. Such a complete abandonment—a repudiation—of his case, out of his own mouth, at the very end of the trial, was so unthinkable that everybody at the prosecution table had apparently heard the answer they were geared to hear.

Belli, of course, couldn't be sure they were going to miss it. Whether he realized it or not, in his eagerness to show his contempt for the people who had knocked his ears off, he was also telling me that he had based his insanity plea upon a misunderstanding. Psychomotor variant, if it exists at all, apparently is not what Belli thought it was.

The real tragedy, as far as the defense was concerned, is that if Gibbs had been willing to testify from the beginning, Belli would have discovered the mistake and, presumably, abandoned the EEG machine—as Wade expected him to—and gone on to build a solid psychiatric case. Still, one might assume that before he did go ahead on the basis of a 135-word letter, Belli would have taken the precaution of flying up to Chicago to talk to Doctor Gibbs.

If Alexander missed the import of one part of Gibbs's testimony, he did not miss the fact that Belli had not asked him whether Ruby had known right from wrong at the time of the crime. Alexander did ask that question and, of course, Gibbs could have no opinion.

Doctor Gibbs left the stand at 10 A.M., and the testimony in the case of the State of Texas vs. Jack Rubenstein, alias Jack Ruby, had come to an end.

After a 10-hour recess, Joe Brown read his charge in the toneless, ratchety way that comes when the words do not quite carry the tone and color of the total meaning. Ruby leaned back onto the rear legs of his chair for perhaps the first time in the entire trial, coming forward only when the judge began to instruct the jury on the law of insanity. Now that it was over, he seemed more relaxed than he had been for weeks.

After the long, weary and wearing day of delay, there was a sense of unreality as the lawyers arose, one by one, to stand before the jury box and shout out their final arguments.

Each side had two and a half hours' worth of summation to split up as it saw fit, with the district-attorney's office, as in all states, having both the first and last words. Seven lawyers addressed the jury over the next five hours in styles which held, for the most part, to a sort of early high-school commencement, featuring—on the prosecution side—a great deal of whirling and pointing and condemning in the style of, "You, Jack Ruby!"

Even here at the end the tension built to the climactic moment when Belli would step in front of the jury box for this one last chance to summon up the magic words that would save Jack Ruby's life.

"Here in the early hours of the morning," he began, "when great discoveries have been made in garrets and basements, let us try to rediscover a justice that has never really been lost in your great city."

He had audacity. With his case shot from under him, Belli stood there on the burning deck and asked the jury not for a compromise verdict but for an acquittal. "You know he can't get Veterans Administration treatment if he has a felony on him."

Henry Wade, the man who always gets what he asks from Dallas juries, reminded them that they had sworn at the beginning that they believed in capital punishment. "We believed you then. We believe you now."

The law, he told them, is a chain which begins with the police and ends with the jury. "The weakest heart on this jury can set before the world what we think of this kind of conduct." Here at the end Henry Wade was telling them to contemplate the image of Dallas. Most of all, though, he hammered at the theme closest to his heart. "Set this man loose, and you set civilization back a hundred years. And you set it back to lynch law."

The case was given over to the jury at 1:06 A.M. They began their deliberation at 9:15 A.M.

It has been said that the jury should have stayed out longer, if only for the sake of appearance. At the same time, something should be said in their defense. After they heard the summations, they retired for the night, but there cannot be much doubt that they pondered some more before they went to sleep. They had the case, not for two hours and 19 minutes, but for 25 hours and 35 minutes.

Having said all that, it is also true that they quite probably could have given their verdict without leaving the box. From what we could find out, they took only three votes:

1. Guilty or not guilty.
2. Sane or insane.
3. Death or less than death.

For Ruby the trial had been a torture chamber. Whatever his reasons for killing Oswald might have been, it was not to hear himself being called "a mental defective" and "a goof." It was not to hear his lawyer tell the jury that "he came from bad stock." Nor was it to hear his friends, the cops, come in, one after the other, to nail him to the chair. If Ruby was sure of one thing, it was, as he told Doctor Guttmacher, that "all the police department loved me." Oswald, at least, died with the image of himself—whatever that weird, haunted image might have been—intact. The trial not only stripped Ruby bare of every shred of dignity, it ripped away the painfully constructed protective network that had kept him sane. This is an odd thing to say, but at the end he had the look of a man who had been violated.

The more cerebral and self-assured among the journalists had been writing, with a terrible air of sanctimony, that we had to give "this poor miserable specimen," his day in court, one of those dreadfully moralistic and self-preserving excesses that destroys what it is presuming to preserve.

Jack was not a specimen. He was not a miserable anything. Looking at Ruby objectively, he was a man who despite almost disabling personal problems had always girded himself up and gone back out to fight the world. He had managed through most of his adult life to take care of not only himself but of his sister, Eva Grant.

It was the trial itself that degraded and debased him. He became a specimen to the experts, the sport of lawyers. Before the professionals were finished, there was not a man in the courtroom who did not feel superior to him. The ultimate disposition of Jack Ruby may well hang on a perplexing question: What happens if a defendant who is legally sane as the trial begins is driven mad by the trial itself?

Jack Ruby had his day in court, all right. Unlike Lee Oswald, he was given the full protection of due process of law. It would have been kinder to have stoned him to death. THE END

Members of Dallas jury were out only two hours, 19 minutes before coming in with death verdict. Defense team for Ruby has filed appeal.

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By James Gould Cozzens

There just isn't any way to start a fuss more useless or less inevitable than separating a boy from a book he really wants to read.

CANDIDA BY BERNARD SHAW

Mr. Naylor gave me permission for late lights, but of course you are expected to go to the schoolroom and do your work there, unless you are a member of the sixth form and so have lights until ten anyway and may study or not study where you please. Naturally, on the other hand, there is no law against a sixth former and a prefect studying in the schoolroom, if he wants to; and the first thing I saw when I came over from reporting to Mr. Naylor was that Paul Lanford wanted to. Technically I suppose that Paul is a friend of mine; but his own exaggerated idea of his duty to the school would make it impossible for him to refrain from giving me detention if he should notice that I was reading instead of studying. I do not know where he got such a high idea of himself, but it seems to me that it has been particularly pronounced ever since Mr. Pollard spent a week at the Lanfords' house in town during Christmas vacation and took Paul with him to hear Wagner or other great music about every day. This you might think was a personal matter, between Paul and a master who happened to like him, and why it has led Paul to regard himself as about the most wonderful thing Durham ever saw, I cannot say.

At any rate, Paul's being in the schoolroom was the primary reason for my thinking that it would be simpler to go downstairs to classroom C. I know from experience that if the lower hall light is on and the door closed, nobody can tell you are there unless he happens to be walking around behind the building. You just have to take a chance on that; and I had about half an argument—that is, I could say I had got permission to be up, and in the schoolroom everyone was so restless that it prevented me from concentrating.

Having decided on this, I brought a cushion from our room (which was a mistake, since that worm Ellicott naturally knew I wasn't going to try to take a cushion into the schoolroom), and a copy of *Candida* by Bernard Shaw; which I got from Mr. Pollard's study, he having said that I might take anything I wanted while he was away, and that Shaw ought to be read. *Candida* is fairly good; but I expect that it is dated; and certainly there are modern writers considerably better. However, it compares more than favorably with the Manilian Law. I really asked for late lights because I meant to try and finish the Cicero; but when I thought more about it, I remembered that I was stuck in the eighth section around the cities of Pontus and Cappadocia—*uno aditu adventuque*—and not likely to get anywhere without breaking my head until Harris II gave me my trot back. I could then do an hour's work in about two minutes; and so I might as well read *Candida*.

I suppose it was half past nine, and I had *Candida*, which was bound in green cardboard, open on the Cicero, which was open too, in case there was any reason to change them around. I will say for *Candida* that it holds your attention; and of course I had no way of knowing that some egg (probably Lanford) had seen the hall lights on from upstairs and decided to switch them off and thus save the school a half a cent's worth of electricity. I did not know either that Doctor Holt would have to pick out tonight to go on a rampage; but he had found that several fourth formers had been cutting chapel regularly and so we were off. When he settled with them, he was feeling in the mood, so he started to go the rounds and see what else he could find.

Now while I do not think Ellicott did it on purpose, it is merely an additional proof of his slovenly habits and inability to foresee anything that he should have left our door open when he went down to the washroom. This was a great convenience for Doctor Holt, who happened to pass through our hall in quest of trouble, because he could of course see into the room and that no one was there, although lights were long ago. Ellicott came back with his toothbrush at this point, and Doctor Holt asked him where I was. I suppose because Ellicott remembered the cushion, as well as being one of the world's saddest birds, he became confused and said, "I guess he is down in a classroom studying, sir."

As I have pointed out, you are not allowed to study anywhere except in the schoolroom, and Doctor Holt would be unlikely to make an exception for me, as he had it in for me anyway. Lanford, or some prefect of the same sort, had undoubtedly been showing his zeal by saying that he suspected I might have been smoking with Horatio Browne on the river road—which I admit was true, but I would like to see anyone prove it. However, the Doctor and I were on our customary hostile terms and barely speaking to each other except when he thought of some new penalty for me. Although he may have been disappointed that I did not happen to have gone into the village to a dance or something he could automatically fire me for, he could still catch me out, and he did not waste any time about doing it.

As I say, *Candida* holds your attention: and since the hall light was out, Doctor Holt could readily see the light I had on showing under the door: so he knew where to go without needing to look in the other classrooms first, which I might have heard him doing and so prepared myself a little. As it was I had not heard a sound beyond suddenly about three steps outside and the door opening. I just gave one look and personally I could not think of anything except how a couple of days ago in English 5 we were reading *Macbeth* by William Shakespeare in parts, and how Macbeth explained in act three scene four that he would rather see the rugged Russian bear, the arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger.

This was by no means the first time that Doctor Holt and I had enjoyed a run-in; and if I had been given any sort of warning, I might have taken steps. Unfortunately I had my feet on the master's desk and the chair tilted back with the cushion where it would do the most good. I would also have got the Cicero over the *Candida* and been able to sit there absorbed in my work.

Doctor Holt came right down to the desk, his chin tilted up and his eyebrows looking somewhat heavy. I had known better than to try to alter my arrangements in any way while he was looking on, so I remained as I was. He said, "Take your feet off there!" So I did; and while I was doing that, he reached and picked up the Cicero from my lap and saw the play inside it. He laid the Cicero down then and looked at the cover of the play, on which Mr. Pollard had written, *Evan Pollard.*

"Who gave you permission to take books out

James Gould Cozzens's many widely admired novels include The Last Adam, The Just and the Unjust *and* Guard of Honor, *which won the Pulitzer Prize for fiction in 1949, but it was with* By Love Possessed, *published in 1957 to overwhelming critical acclaim, that he achieved his first great popular success. The book was on* The New York Times *best-seller list for 41 weeks.*

Critics and other admirers of Cozzens's work continue to debate which of his novels is best, but all are united in admiration of his rare short stories. He wrote about a dozen stories in the 1930's, and they have been much anthologized in textbooks and elsewhere; now Harcourt Brace is bringing them out in a collection called Children and Others, *the August selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Along with the earlier stories, the book contains a section of a novel and three new stories, one of which appeared in the last issue of the* Post.

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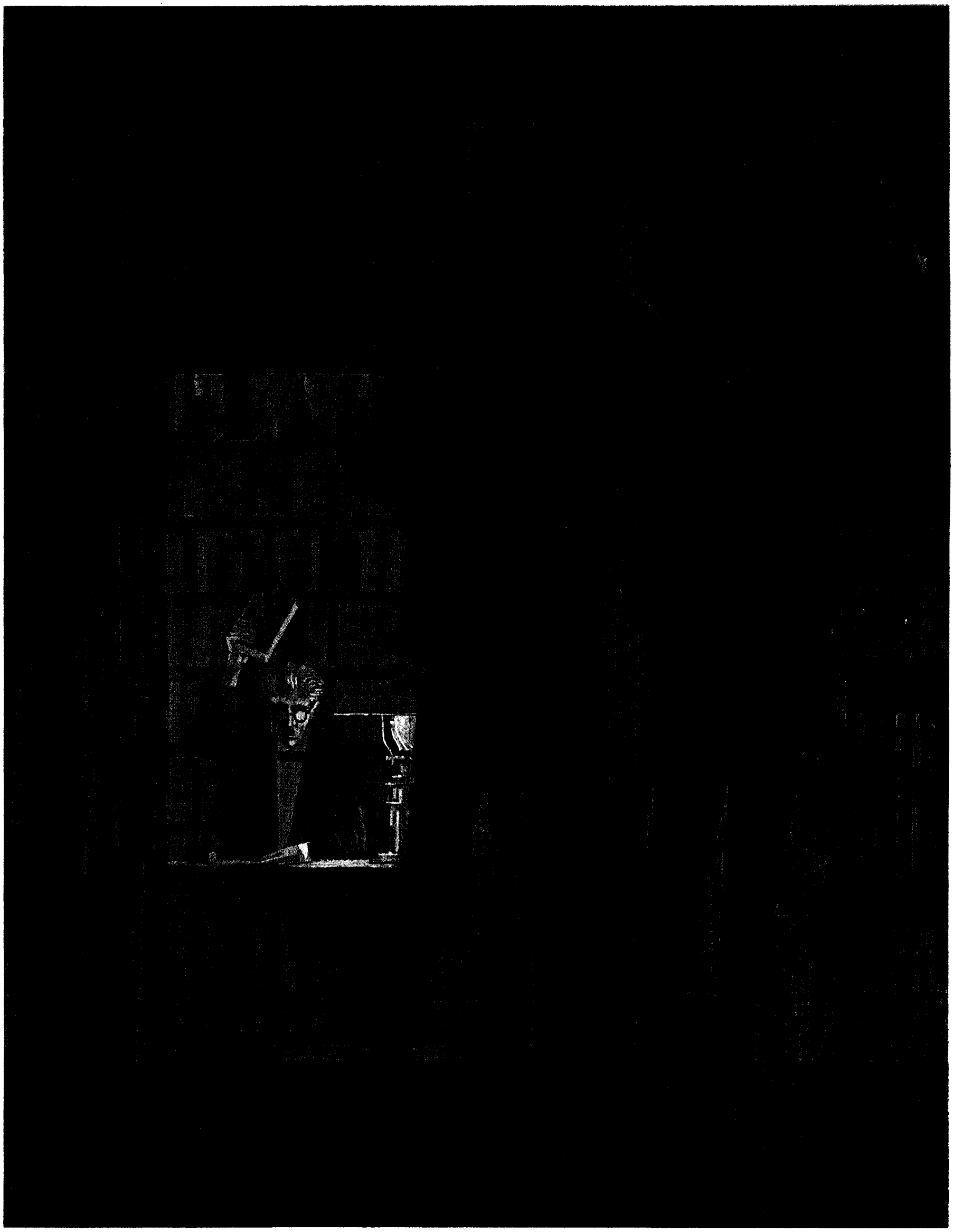

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of Mr. Pollard's study?" he asked. And I said, "He did, sir, before he went away."

"How did you get in there?" he inquired; and I saw I should have made it clear that Evan gave the book to me before his departure; because I had been forced to climb through the window, as they had locked the door; and while Evan would certainly not mind, climbing on the roofs would be one more rule I had broken. I thought about it a second and decided that I would not be contradicting myself, so I added, "He gave me several books he wanted me to read before he left, sir." Which, you will notice, while giving the required impression, did not involve a direct falsehood.

I had stood up then, and Doctor Holt was thus enabled to see the cushion. I sort of had a premonition that it would make him mad; I mean, if I were going to do what is called defy the school regulations, I needn't be quite so comfortable about it; but I would also be disrespectful if I remained sitting down much longer. "Well," he said, "you lose your fifth-form privileges and will remain on close bounds until the end of term."

I thought I might as well make no comment, because I suddenly remembered that I happened to have a package of cigarettes in my pocket which I intended to give to Horatio; and though Doctor Holt would not be likely to go through your pockets, the package began to feel about as big as a trunk, and I would not be surprised if he noticed it. In that event, I would not have a prayer; for yesterday or the day before they had had a grand spring roundup, and the Old Man had announced in assembly that anyone in whose possession tobacco was found would be summarily expelled; and when it is put that way, he means it, even if it happened to be some great credit to the school, like Lanford.

Of course, you might imagine that, considering Mr. Pollard was away and I did not know when he would be well enough to come back; and my rooming with a mess like Ellicott, instead of Horatio, with whom I would have roomed except it made what Doctor Holt called an unsatisfactory combination; and the Old Man being daily so down on me that I could hardly breathe; and now, not having my fifth-form privileges (they do not amount to anything; but on May 1st the fifth form takes over the school and becomes in effect the sixth form with privileges that are quite a different matter); and being unable to get out of the schoolyard without risking my life at every step; I mean, considering all those things, you might imagine I would enjoy being fired. But, as it happens, you wouldn't; and, in fact, except for having Doctor Holt on my neck, and getting one kind of pain or another every time I looked at people like Ellicott and Lanford, I love Durham; and after all I have spent five years of my life here; and furthermore, I would never meet anyone like Mr. Pollard again. Also, though I stand no chance of being a prefect, I will at least be a sixth former next year, and be editor of the *Durham Review*, which I intend to try to make into a magazine with less stuff about My Summer in the Rocky Mountains, and A Good Book: *Silas Marner*.

"Go on, go to bed!" Doctor Holt roared suddenly, while I was reflecting on some of these things. "You don't do your work, you won't behave yourself. You do nothing but break rules and make trouble. I ought to expel you!"

"Yes, sir," I said, and got out as quickly as I could; for on the whole I do not want to be expelled; and probably the longer he looks at me, the more the idea appeals to him.

When I got over to our room, I hoped that Ellicott would be asleep; but of course he was not. He turned over in his bed and said, "Say, did the Old Man catch you?"

"What did you do in the Great War?" I asked. I felt, in fact, pretty rotten about the world in general, and anyway, I cannot endure Ellicott. I don't know whether it is because of the way he talks, or because he is always trying to pretend he is a friend of mine or because he walks as if he had flat feet and you can hear him miles away shuffling down the hall like a half-wit. Another thing about Ellicott that you can't stand is when you snap his head off, he takes it. Instead of snapping back at you, he just gets sort of meek. "I hoped you wouldn't get caught," he said, doing it. "The Old Man was up here and I knew he was looking for you. I was afraid he might catch you reading because I knew you weren't doing your Latin. Harris II brought your trot in just before lights."

Of course that was a pretty good crack. In fact it was the only good one I ever heard Ellicott get off; and I was so surprised it took me a minute to see that he had only said it by a mistake and did not intend to be insulting. I had thought at first that the worm might be in the process of turning and we'd have a scrap, which would be more of a relief than I can tell you. Instead Ellicott said, going right on, "Were you reading *Candida?* Lend it to me when you finish, will you?"

"Certainly not," I said. "It is not mine. I've got to put it back."

"I know," he said, "it's Mr. Pollard's. Mr. Pollard told me I could read any books of his."

"He never told you any such thing," I said. Mr. Pollard hadn't, either; and I cannot see any use in telling untruths except perhaps in a matter of life and death. Of course, I will admit that, had Ellicott ever got up nerve enough to ask Mr. Pollard, Mr. Pollard would unquestionably say yes; but I knew that Ellicott had never asked him, because he is rather unpopular with most people and I suppose he has an inferiority complex. Furthermore, I will say for Paul Lanford that one of his pet aversions is Ellicott, and when he has a genuine aversion, he can be so nasty about it that Ellicott knew better than to try to enter a room, even if it happened to be Mr. Pollard's study, into which Paul was likely to come at any moment.

Of course this merely goes to show that if you insist on behaving like a worm, you will probably get stepped on; and a fear of feet no doubt makes Ellicott seem even more of a fool than he naturally is, if possible. Of course, on this point, I suppose I am inclined to act like a fool myself. In fact, in moments of introspection, I would not be surprised if all I have against Paul Lanford is that Mr. Pollard pays more attention to him and is more friendly with him than he is with me. Besides, being a sixth former and a prefect, Paul can go up to Evan's study with a couple of other sixth formers practically every night and sit around and talk or listen to Evan play the piano, while fifth formers must be in bed at nine o'clock; or are supposed to be.

Of course, as you can see, this is a sort of natural accident and I do not mean to imply that Evan gets anything like the little gang of saps collected by some masters I could name, to whom tea is given every afternoon in their studies and a general playing of favorites goes on which I am prepared to suspect extends even into their mark cards, though I am unable to prove this, and it is nothing to me anyway. In Evan's case, if you have come only for food you will be dead of Wagner and Brahms before you get any; and if you are not interested in what Evan chooses to talk about, you will look somewhat foolish sitting in a silent state of suspended appetite. Thus Evan simply gets together without any effort on his part the fifth and sixth formers who show some signs of intelligence, and to them he talks and lends his books and so on, not so much as persons he chances to like, as the raw material for what you might call educated men.

However, he has such a great charm of personality that you can't, or I can't, help wanting Evan to like me—that is, to think that I am fairly clever and interesting; and when you feel that way, you can pretty easily imagine, every time you miss a trick in his English-history course, which I occasionally do; or he's too busy correcting papers or something to have a discussion with you when you drop into his study; that he has concluded you are a fool; and maybe has as much trouble standing you as I have in standing Ellicott. This leads to what I expect is nothing but a sort of jealousy; as for instance, I know that it makes me for some reason mad that, since he has been home, ill; and I have been writing him every week, spending most of the study periods for the previous four days making up a letter which might sound intelligent, he has written Paul at least twice and me only once. Now in Ellicott's case, I suppose too that I like to think it is a sign of his esteem to be allowed to borrow Mr. Pollard's books, and I did not want Ellicott calmly taking part in it. As a result, I said, "He would not lend you the contents of his wastepaper basket. Probably the real reason he had to go home was because you bored him to death by trying to attract his attention all the time and sounding like wah-wah, the idiot boy, whenever you opened your mouth in history."

That is the sort of thing it is hard to bear yourself for saying, at least to a worm; and why I said it—at any rate, that got home, all right. He shut up and turned over in bed again and I certainly wished he were dead for making me feel rottener than I felt already. "Listen," I said, "you can have it if the Old Man ever gives it back. And I haven't any idea what Mr. Pollard thought of you or thinks of you. . . ."

Ellicott for once had nothing to say.

"Well, are you deaf or dead?" I snapped. "Did you hear what I said?"

He might have been either; and knowing that probably like everyone else he admired Mr. Pollard very much and wished to be on friendly terms with him, I could imagine that I had given him a swift kick in the finer sensibilities; which was a pretty rotten thing to do; and made me so mad. So I added, "Gosh, but you're the most unspeakable mess ever invented. . . ."

However, we were not getting anywhere. There was nothing to do but hurry up and get to bed and go to sleep. I took a towel and a toothbrush, and Ellicott's toothpaste, and went down to the washroom.

It was such a beautiful spring morning that I might have known something would have to ruin it. Every time I am simple enough to be glad I am alive, Doctor Holt can be counted on to land the marines, so to say, and get the situation in hand. Horatio moved over to my table after the bell rang to let people leave breakfast who had finished; and since the Old Man went out then, I sent a brat to get a couple of cups of coffee. This is an idea I thought up myself. There is no way of telling whether a brat is getting it for sixth formers or fifth formers; and I must have done it a thousand times with no trouble. Of course, this morning, just as I was explaining all about last night's fuss to Horatio, Lanford had to come down, and you could see him bristle up when he noticed that we had coffee in those cups and not cocoa. "Listen," said Horatio, "be your age! What is it to you?"

Paul said, "You know darn well what it is to me. You can both take an hour's detention."

"Well, now the good news has reached Aix," Horatio observed, "farewell."

"What I came down to tell you"—he was addressing me—"was that Doctor Holt wants you in the study right away."

"He would!" I told Horatio. "See you afterward, if I live."

Paul walked out with me. In the quadrangle there was dew on the grass and the leaves of the elms seemed to have made a lot of progress since last night. The sun was into the colonnade of the dining hall; the sky was washed-off, with no clouds at all and a good deep blue. I wished I were about a thousand miles away and had never heard of school. Paul said, "I don't think he's nailed you for anything." Which was decent of him, because if I knew the Old Man hadn't got anything on me, I need not lose a year's growth trying to guess what and maybe give myself away on something else before he told me. "As a matter of fact, I think it's about the *Review*," he said.

I supposed that the Old Man was going to caution me against letting any sense creep into it. As I have explained, the fifth form takes over the school on May 1st—that is, next year's prefects are appointed, and the publications board and so on get their new officers, and things like that. "The board elected you editor-in-chief last night," Paul said. I had, as you may have gathered, known that that would happen, so I could not get very excited about it. "Thanks for telling me," I said. "Listen, Paul; Horatio shouldn't get an hour for that coffee. I sent a brat for both cups, and since it was there, Horatio thought he might as well drink it."

"That's what he gets an hour for," said Paul, "drinking it. I am not going to sting the brat."

I hoped that he might feel less official; but if he didn't there was no use fighting about it, so I said, changing the subject, "Listen, give me something for the June *Review*, will you? If you start to think about it now, you might actually get it done. What I want to begin running is a set of articles under a sort of general heading; like: If I Were Teaching Latin, or Geometry, or Tiddledywinks, or anything. I know in many respects it is a lot of rot, and probably will leave the world substantially unaltered; but at least you get at fairly original material, and you can at least say what you think would make this or that course not so deadly dull; d'you follow?"

"Yes," said Paul; and as I was going to walk by the door, having forgotten, he added, "You go up and see the Old Man."

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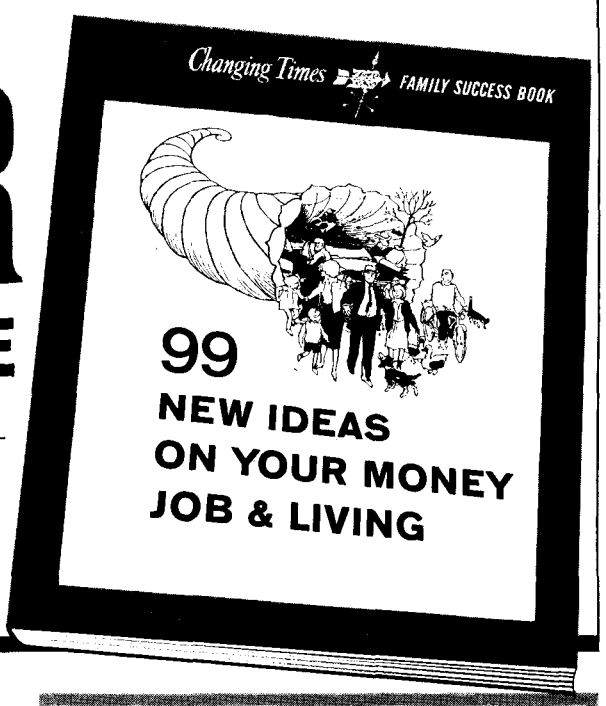

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Candida

I could tell from the way he said it that he knew that Doctor Holt and I would probably differ somewhat on policy; but I felt a good deal more cheerful, because after all I hadn't really been sure I would get the *Review;* and I had been thinking up a lot of things I wanted to do with it; such as getting one or two alumni who are quite well-known writers to give me something for old times' sake, since there would be no cash in it. That would not be upsetting any policy, and would put a couple of names into the *Review* that a person ever heard of, and some writing you could read without having an acute pain.

The study door was open so I knocked on it and said, "Good morning, sir. Lanford said you wanted to see me."

Doctor Holt was sitting in the easy chair by his desk and while he was not looking cheerful, he did not appear outstandingly ferocious. "Close the door," he said; so I did, and then came down the room. He took one of the eight-by-ten faculty record cards off his desk and looked at it a moment while I stood there. Then he said, "Forty-five in geometry," so I knew that it was my card. However, I made no comment, as I do not expect ever to pass my mathematics except by going to a tutoring school and getting my college credits that way. Probably I was not at the time passing my French or Latin, either; because I hadn't had an opportunity to do more than open a book in either for about three months. "Your scholastic standing is altogether unsatisfactory," he said.

"I think I will get by my board exams, sir," I responded quietly. "I just did not happen to have my work prepared on some days when I was called on." I was thinking that I could do a piece for the *Review* on the marking system. I could call it The Great Mark Mystery; that is, the mystery would be what on earth they proved. Doctor Holt said to me, "Well, under the circumstances, you can see that I am unable to confirm the publications board's election. I wished you to understand, as you appear to, the reasons. If you are unable to find time to satisfy your scholastic requirements now, it would obviously be that much more impossible with the *Review* on your hands."

I looked at him a couple of seconds and then I said, "Yes, sir. I was telling Lanford that I did not feel I had time to waste on a magazine so entirely hidebound and whose policy is so subject to interference from above." I turned around then because I thought I would be shouting at him in a minute, and walked down the room and out the door.

Horatio was strolling up and down the side path of the quadrangle, with a book under his arm, waiting to view the remains. "Listen," I said, "this is a darn nice morning. Let's cut the second period and go down the river."

"Right," said Horatio, "I was going to do that anyway; but I hope you remember that you are on close bounds."

"Would I forget it?" I said. "I've got some cigarettes for you. I'll bring them along. Meet you below the boathouse, and for heaven's sake, be there!"

I went over to our room then and for once Ellicott was not mooning around waiting for a chance to butt into my business, so I calmed myself somewhat by reading some more of *Jean Christophe* by Romain Rolland, which I like very much except that it is so long, until assembly. Fortunately I have geometry the first period, so I was able to finish the second volume and more or less get my mind off my own troubles.

When I got down to the boathouse, which I did by walking right out as though I had an errand and trusting that nobody who knew I was on close bounds, and could do anything about it, noticed me, I found Horatio leaning inconspicuously against the south wall, and we were safe for the minute. As far as the study period went, I was not worried, for it is very hard to check up on who ought to be in the schoolroom and who has a class at any given time; and barring bad luck, you are not in any grave danger.

The place where we go is across a quite wide field at the bend of the river, where the bank is rather high, and the top of it hidden from the road by bushes and a lot of small white birches. In that way no one can see you unless he is in a boat; and you can see anyone who leaves the road and starts across the field in plenty of time not to be there when he arrives, if that matters.

We sat as usual on an old plank we had moved over there and lit cigarettes and looked at the sun on the water, which was pretty nice seen through the birch leaves with the slight wind moving them. "The Old Man did me out of the *Review*," I said. "He told me my scholastic standing was unsatisfactory."

"That's rotten," said Horatio, "but what do you care?"

"I don't," I said. "Only it makes me mad. Let's talk about something else."

"Would you be interested to know that Mr. Pollard is coming back tomorrow?" Horatio observed.

"Rot," I said. "He probably won't be back this term."

"Listen," said Horatio, "yesterday I had an hour's detention, if you can credit it; and I was told to report to the Old Man. So I did. He wasn't in the study, but there was a heap of mail on the desk, so I just looked it over while I was waiting ——"

"You've certainly got plenty of brass!" I said.

"That is the secret of my great success at Durham," Horatio said. "At any rate, Mr. Pollard wrote that his doctors agreed he might come back; and so he was coming back, either this afternoon or tomorrow."

"Well, that's fine," I said. "I am certainly fed up with having not one literate, let alone civilized, person in the school." On the other hand, I remembered suddenly that Doctor Holt had taken Mr. Pollard's *Candida* and Mr. Pollard might not be particularly pleased that one of his books was the means for my getting in my weekly disagreement with Doctor Holt. Also I thought it would be typical of Ellicott to do something wormlike, such as going to Mr. Pollard and saying that if it were true that Mr. Pollard was pained by his presence in English history, he would not mind being dropped from the course rather than continue to give pain. Mr. Pollard might easily think that I had something to do with the offer. Of course, with Mr. Pollard coming back, I also felt rather more simple in regard to the *Review*, as I had discussed it with Mr. Pollard on the supposition that I would get it, and Mr. Pollard would think that I was undoubtedly a fool. While he does not regard our educational system as by any means ideal, and would change almost everything in it, if he could; none the less, it is not changed yet, and an intelligent human being ought to be able, in his opinion, to pass more than a couple of subjects. Consequently, if I did not get the *Review*, I would owe it to my own idleness and stupidity. I saw that I had better do something about at least some of this, so I threw my cigarette through the leaves and it fell ten or twelve feet into the water, making a circle where it hit.

"Give me some chewing gum," I requested, for you cannot very well go up to school smelling to high heaven of tobacco smoke. "I have somehow got to swipe a book from the Old Man's study. It was the one he confiscated last night, and it belongs to Mr. Pollard."

"What," said Horatio, "is a book more or less to him?"

"Yes, I know," I said, "but I need this one to lend to Ellicott."

Horatio merely looked at me. He said at last, "Do you mean to tell me you plan to risk your neck to provide Ellicott with reading matter?"

It did sound rather foolish put that way. "Why don't you get him to swipe it for you," Horatio asked, "and then lend it to him?"

However, I did not take that suggestion, because while I could have told Ellicott exactly where it was, having noticed before Doctor Holt distracted my attention in regard to the *Review*, I knew that if you wanted a thing done wrong, Ellicott was the man to do it; and there was no bad matter of any delicacy which he could not instantly make worse. Consequently I cut luncheon and got it myself. As it was just thrown with some papers on top of a bookcase I doubted if the Old Man would remember about it, for I am glad to say that much of the time he is concerned with things other than me and my misdemeanors.

After luncheon, which, as I have mentioned, I did not attend, eating a box of crackers belonging to Ellicott in our room instead, Ellicott came over and I could hear him shuffling up the hall, but I resolved not to let it infuriate me. "Where were you?" he said, so I answered, "Swiping *Candida* from Doctor Holt for you. There it is, and see that you read it."

As I had expected, he brightened up wonderfully, and I saw that hope certainly does spring eternal, for he was plainly thinking he was not such a worm after all. "The Old Man just announced that Mr. Pollard was returning this evening," he said. "I thought you'd like to know."

"I have known it for weeks," I informed him. "Thanks for the crackers. I may buy you another box if I ever get off close bounds and can go into the village." I then went downstairs to attend what is known as Special Study, bringing with me the third volume of *Jean Christophe* by Romain Rolland, and afterward I was able to oblige Mr. Naylor by serving the hour Lanford gave me, and another hour I happened to have from geometry, which I forgot to mention; Mr. Lewis having given it to me for inattention, or failure to hear him when he was asking me about the perpendicular from any point on a circle to a diameter; which, as a matter of fact, is the mean proportional to something, but who could care what? As a result I did not finish in time to play tennis with Horatio, but I certainly got a lot of healthful exercise rolling courts five and six, while everyone else played for miles around, except some of the fourth formers who had cut chapel yesterday and so were helping me.

While we were doing this (it was pretty late by now), I saw the school car come back from the afternoon train, and Evan was in it; so I pointed out to the fourth formers that there was no reason why they should not finish up easily by themselves, which made them mad but what could they do about it? Getting my shirt, and keeping an eye out not to meet Mr. Naylor, I went up to school, where I found that Mr. Pollard had naturally gone to see Doctor Holt, so I got a shower and dressed. By the time I was ready and went over to his study, it was open and he was there. He said right away, while he was shaking hands with me, "What makes you such an infernal ass?" but I could see he was feeling quite cheerful and looking very well, not so irritable as before he went away, and I answered, "How can I help it if Doctor Holt is down on me, sir? As a matter of fact, we have had relatively few scraps." I could not imagine what he had found out in so short a time. He just shook his head and went on unpacking his bags in his bedroom, presently turning around and throwing me a copy of *Evelyn Innes* by George Moore. "Take that along," he said, "and get out of my sight. And what did you do with my copy of *Candida?*"

"I lent it to Ellicott, sir," I said. "I thought it would do him good."

"I hope it will," said Evan, "because I would like some good to come out of it, and what Doctor Holt will do to you for swiping it from his study, you can adequately imagine for yourself."

I could see then that what had happened was that Doctor Holt, while he was talking to Evan, remembered it; and when he looked for it, he could not find it, and so he made the obvious conjecture. "Sir," I said to Evan, for I did not want him to think I was entirely foolish, "there is nothing left he can do to me, because I am already on close bounds and have no privileges, and the Doctor has done me out of the *Review* for certain reasons. I suppose he can give me detention every afternoon, forever; but I often have that anyway, so it will not be a great shock."

I could hear Evan putting away his shirts with a sort of groan. "Go on," he said, "get out. I'll have to think it over. I'll talk to you after supper."

I thanked him for the book and left then, and read it until assembly, when I brought it down to put in my desk so it would be there for night study. As a result I had forgotten about Doctor Holt and the *Candida*; but into the assembly Doctor Holt came suddenly, meaning no good, and went up on the platform. "I want to know who has a copy of *Candida* by Bernard Shaw, the property of Mr. Pollard, and taken from my desk sometime today. Stand right up, please," he remarked.

Of course he was incorrect, because it had been on his bookcase, and I wondred whether it would be worthwhile making a point out of the error, but I guessed not, and nerving myself for the fray, I was about to get to my feet when I saw to my astonishment that Ellicott had already jumped up. Doctor Holt seemed slightly surprised, but he recovered himself and said, "Take an hour's detention every afternoon for a week, and return that to me immediately after supper." He then went on to make a few general remarks about entering the study during his absence and we were dismissed to go over to chapel. In the hall I said to Ellicott, "You sad bird, what did you do that for? Now I shall have to go up and explain that I did it; and he will ask me why I am such a sneak as to let another person be punished for what I did."

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"He did not ask who took it," said Ellicott, "he asked who had it. His exact words were ——"

"Yes," I said, "and I would just as soon see you get a little detention, but not for something I did; so kindly keep your feet out of the ice cream, before I smack you a couple."

"Let's see you do it," he said, to my surprise, so I let him see me all right, pasting him one in the eye. Unfortunately we had been walking along and by now we had almost reached chapel; but without regard for that fact, Ellicott hauled off and smacked me back; so it was necessary to hit him again. This, of course, made a sort of uproar on the chapel steps, and Lanford and a couple of other prefects who were loitering about the door came wading in and broke it up; and I knew that our unseemly attitude would result in plenty more trouble. Paul said to me, "What do you think this is, anyway?" And feeling somewhat enraged, I said, "It may be nothing right this minute, but after supper it will be the sudden death of an Ellicott." That irritated Paul, so he answered, "All right, you can both report to Doctor Holt. And you had better not forget about it, because I will be reporting myself."

I looked at Ellicott in an unfriendly way then, and saw to my surprise that though his eye was going to be quite a sight before prayers were over, he seemed to be having the time of his life. That made it clear to me that he was extremely pleased because he had at last attracted some attention; what with making people think in assembly that he read Mr. Pollard's books; and, now, that he was such a desperate character that he would start a fight on the chapel steps, which many people would think twice about doing. As for me, I saw that I was undoubtedly going to get fired, since to everything else I had added fighting, and (Doctor Holt would insist) trying to evade a penalty by letting somebody else stand up for me; and in addition, of course, having done what the penalty I was evading was for.

After supper Lanford said to me, "Go on over to night study. I'll send for you when I want you," which did not cheer me any, because it meant Ellicott would have his side of it heard first, and since you can never tell what he would say, I would probably make some mistakes in detail and have the crime of deliberate falsehood imputed to me. I thought I might as well start a rough draft of a letter home, but I had only got about as far as: *Dear Dad, I fear that I am proving somewhat of a disappointment to you in being, as you probably have heard*—when Lanford came into night study, so I turned the sheet over and started to do a geometry original on the back. He came up to my desk and said, "Let's go," so I got up and went out with him. "Listen," I said in the hall, "you are not the Lord High Executioner. Just relax and tell me what Ellicott had to say."

I thought for a minute he was going to be one hundred per cent prefect; but finally he said, "Ellicott told the Doctor he started that scrap. I know darn well I saw you hit him first. The Doctor didn't do anything but tell him not to do it again."

I thought of several possible wisecracks; but I was not as a matter of fact feeling very humorous, being nervous, so I said nothing.

When we got into the study, I saw to my astonishment that Mr. Pollard was up there, and was sorry that he had been dragged into it, but I got myself in hand and said, "Good evening, sir," to Doctor Holt, and he said, "You can go, Lanford."

Evan got up and lit a cigarette somewhat impatiently. "We could suppose the facts were essentially as stated, couldn't we, sir?" he asked. Doctor Holt looked at him very pleasantly and said, "Yes, unless you would like to hear how different the events can sometimes appear to different people."

"I can imagine, sir," said Evan, yawning.

Doctor Holt looked at me suddenly and said, without so much warmth, "Mr. Pollard has asked me not to expel you. What improvement he expects to effect in your incurable laziness and insufferable impudence, I am at loss to imagine. He says, however, that he will undertake to see that you behave yourself for the rest of the term."

"Yes, sir," I said, greatly cheered.

"He has also asked me to reconsider my decision in regard to the editorship of the *Review*. He made the point that it might keep you out of mischief."

I had always known that Mr. Pollard had a great deal of influence with the Old Man, because Doctor Holt is very fond of him, and thinks quite correctly that he is a fine teacher; and consequently I saw that it was very lucky for me that Evan had returned and thus induced Doctor Holt to release a few malefactors, as they were accustomed to do in ancient times to celebrate this or that.

"Thank you very much, sir," I said, when I had taken it in. "I will try to make the magazine more of a credit to the school." I did not by that mean anything against Tate, who was this year's editor and doing the best he could; but whether I have learned any Latin or geometry or not, I have at least picked up some of the fundamentals of English prose composition, and as a result enjoy a considerable advantage over Tate.

"You will have your hands full," said Doctor Holt briefly to Evan. "That will be all."

"Thank you, sir," said Evan. "Good night." We went out together and when the door was closed, he said, "I shall ask Mr. Lewis tomorrow if you have your geometry prepared, and I advise you to have it prepared."

We had not got to the head of the stairs yet, and before we could, Doctor Holt called out, "Evan! Come and take this book!"

"What book?" wondered Evan, turning; so I said, "I expect it is *Candida* by Bernard Shaw, which Ellicott must have brought up. I am relieved to have you get it back safe." I did not wait for him, because I thought I would just go over and let Ellicott know that I had got the *Review* before I did any geometry, which might take some time. THE END

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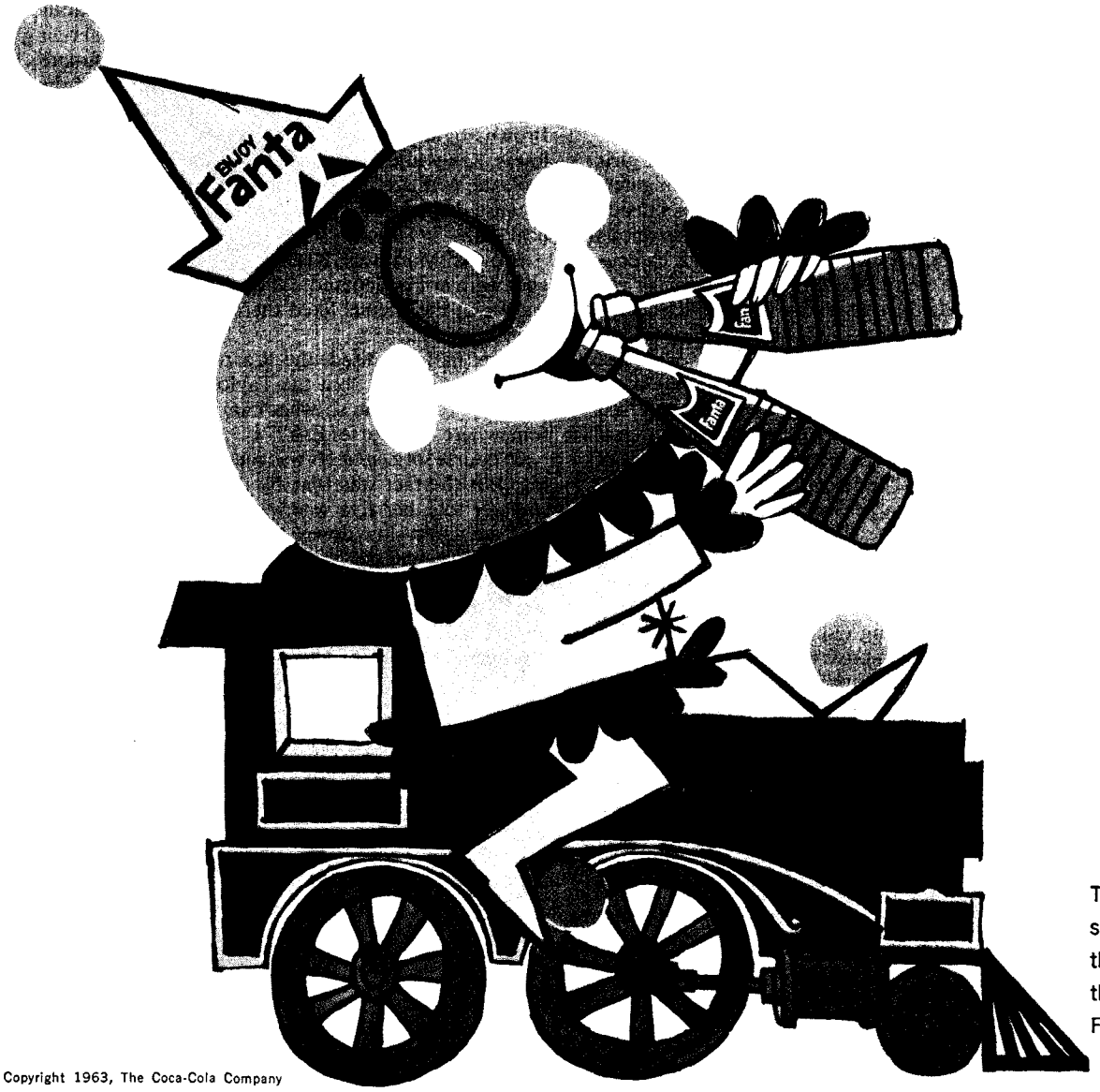

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WEEKEND IN TOWN

By Dawn Powell

As Jimmy Durante used to ask, "Did you ever have the feeling you wanted to go, and yet you wanted to stay?"

Helen often said that the reason she and Eva could live together so successfully was that they were such *opposites*. They wore different-size clothes, had different friends, came from opposite ends of the country, and kept rigorously aloof from dangerous confidences. Helen had an advertising job with a wholesale textile company, and Eva ran a customers' service for a household-appliance company. Neither job paid over five thousand a year but there was loads of gravy.

"I could never pay my way socially on my salary," Helen often said, "but with the gravy that comes with the job I can give as much as I get."

And it was true that no one could regard either Helen or Eva as that taxing responsibility, "an extra girl," for these extra girls were loaded with theater tickets, sample clothes, decorative novelties, and cut-rate opportunities in all sorts of lines. Both girls were clever enough to be much younger-looking and handsomer in their thirties than they had ever been in their first bloom. That bloom had been polished off by a few years of home-town marriages, a disappointment to both, but as Helen said, at least they'd gotten *that* off the books and now they could really enjoy life, knowing they weren't missing anything.

Ed, Helen's ex, still popped up occasionally. She liked Ed, as she told Eva, but a girl working in New York simply had to have a man she could take places, and you couldn't take Ed. Ed never had the right clothes and he would never do one thing for her, such as changing his shirt, getting a haircut, let alone opening a door. If she took him someplace to meet some abstract designer (for Helen liked to keep up) Ed would say loudly, "Give me Al Capp." If she took him to a really swank affair, Ed would be sure to nail some dowager with "Can you stand something a little off-color I just heard?" No, you just had to regard Ed as a kind of sweet old barn-dog you couldn't have around your nice friends or he ruined everything.

Eva had had a husband once, too, but she never said much about Walt except that somebody ought to tell young girls not to be in such a hurry to marry the high-school football captain. Walt's idea of looking out for her had been to get her a typing job in his uncle's office upstate, and his idea of a birthday present was to give her her choice between buying enough paint for her to paint their summer cottage or ten bushels of tomatoes to make his favorite chili. On a trial separation trip to New York she had time to think about what she could have if she stayed in the city and what she was in for if she went back. She met Helen, who was in the same fix, and worked out a plan. Both girls had refrained from final divorce legalities so as to protect themselves, as they said, from making fools of themselves again. Apparently the husbands were reasonable enough about the break-up—maybe relieved to have these ambitious women off their backs.

The girls got good jobs and had a really charming apartment overlooking a garden on West Twelfth Street. It was fixed up like a decorator's dream with "gravy"—the latest in sample fabrics that came to Helen and the newest in gadgets that came to Eva. They had a standing deal for using the apartment on alternate nights, which they did occasionally for little dinners, but mostly they loved to lament that they were asked out so much they never had a chance to enjoy their home. They followed a strictly "hands-off" policy regarding each other's friends, but every so often they had a joint cocktail bash, with waiters, bar and canapés sent in from Longchamps. It was a good way of sewing up all the new men they encountered in their rounds, thus building up insurance against that humiliation, a dateless night.

In no time at all they were real New York career girls making every minute count. They loved collecting new men and vied with each other in finding prizes outside their business worlds. "I've got the most marvelous new man!" one would exclaim. "He's in the theater—no, ducky, *not* an actor, a kind of producer or director." Fortunately their tastes did not conflict. Helen liked tall men with good enough wardrobes to escort her to her fashion shows and openings, and Eva was inclined to like them cute with a collegiate or café playboy flavor. They were both cautious of getting involved in anything that would ruin their perfect setup, and though they had no idea just how far the other went in male friendships, they counted on their mutual conviction that affairs were messy, unprofitable, and a handicap in social progress. They never went anywhere as girls together, as they didn't want to give even each other the impression that the supply of escorts was running short.

But more than anything else they adored couples! Each found the most attractive couples and these, too, they kept carefully to themselves, comparing notes freely, however, with each other on the babies, marital problems and joys of their favorite pairs. They seemed to collect all these young marriages as if they were extensions of their own blighted marriages, and their cool dismissal of their own early ties made them all the more dewily romantic about these others. The couples usually lived in Connecticut or Long Island or Bucks County and loved coming to parties in town, especially in Greenwich Village, which was so different. In summer the couples had shore and mountain places with gay weekends, and Helen and Eva matched invitations against each other, each saying aloofly over the phone to her suitor, "Oh, not Friday or Saturday, darling, because I'm *never* in town weekends."

For weekend gifts Helen would select something smart from her sample drawer of French baby dresses or Italian beachwear. Eva would dip in her gravy trunk for some marvy new gadget that opened up into something else that did something or other cute, like popping olives into cocktail glasses. Then they exchanged when the necessities of their respective hosts demanded it. Everyone was always glad to see them, and the girls enjoyed being popular with husbands, wives and kiddies alike. On Mondays they compared weekends, confiding the private problems of their hosts more intimately than they ever did their own. They romanticized their adopted families until Helen's Carrolls, Keefers and Browns figured in Eva's dreams the way Eva's Marlowes, Kings and Duffs did in Helen's. The girls usually took the man's side in discussing little family quarrels because they agreed that a young husband had a lot to deal with.

Browns, Marlowes, Keefers—never let it be said the girls were not in demand! And wherever they went the friends of the friends liked them, too, and insisted on sharing them.

"I've half-promised the Carrolls this weekend," Helen would sigh, "but the Taylors insist on giving a terrific party for me so what can I do? You're going somewhere, of course, Eva?"

Of course, of *course!* It was merely a matter of choosing. But the fact was that by the end of their fourth summer together Eva was wishing in her inmost soul that she dared slow down. Her job was more exacting than Helen's and she didn't have those southern cruises in winter that were a pleasant feature of Helen's job. She wished she could turn her gravy into cash and just loaf a month on her mother's farm upstate. But Helen was accumulating gayer and cuter couples all the time and Eva couldn't be left behind. The show of snapshots on their walls marked their progress—lithe, bronzed fellows in beach or riding clothes flashing porcelain smiles, the absolutely heavenly man from the Social Register invited for Helen at her last weekend (she was taking him to the fashion lunch at the Plaza), the divinely clever columnist the Kings had invited for Eva,

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Edmund Wilson, America's most influential literary critic, said of The Golden Spur, *Dawn Powell's most recent novel: "Miss Powell's books are more than merely funny; they are full of psychological insights that are at once sympathetic and cynical." Born in Mt. Gilead, Ohio, Miss Powell attended Lake Erie College but has lived in New York most of her adult life. Her first novel,* She Walks in Beauty, *was published in 1928. Since then she has written many other books, two plays, and short stories and articles that have appeared in* The New Yorker, The Nation, Harper's Bazaar *and other magazines. The short story* Weekend in Town *marks Miss Powell's second appearance in the Post.*

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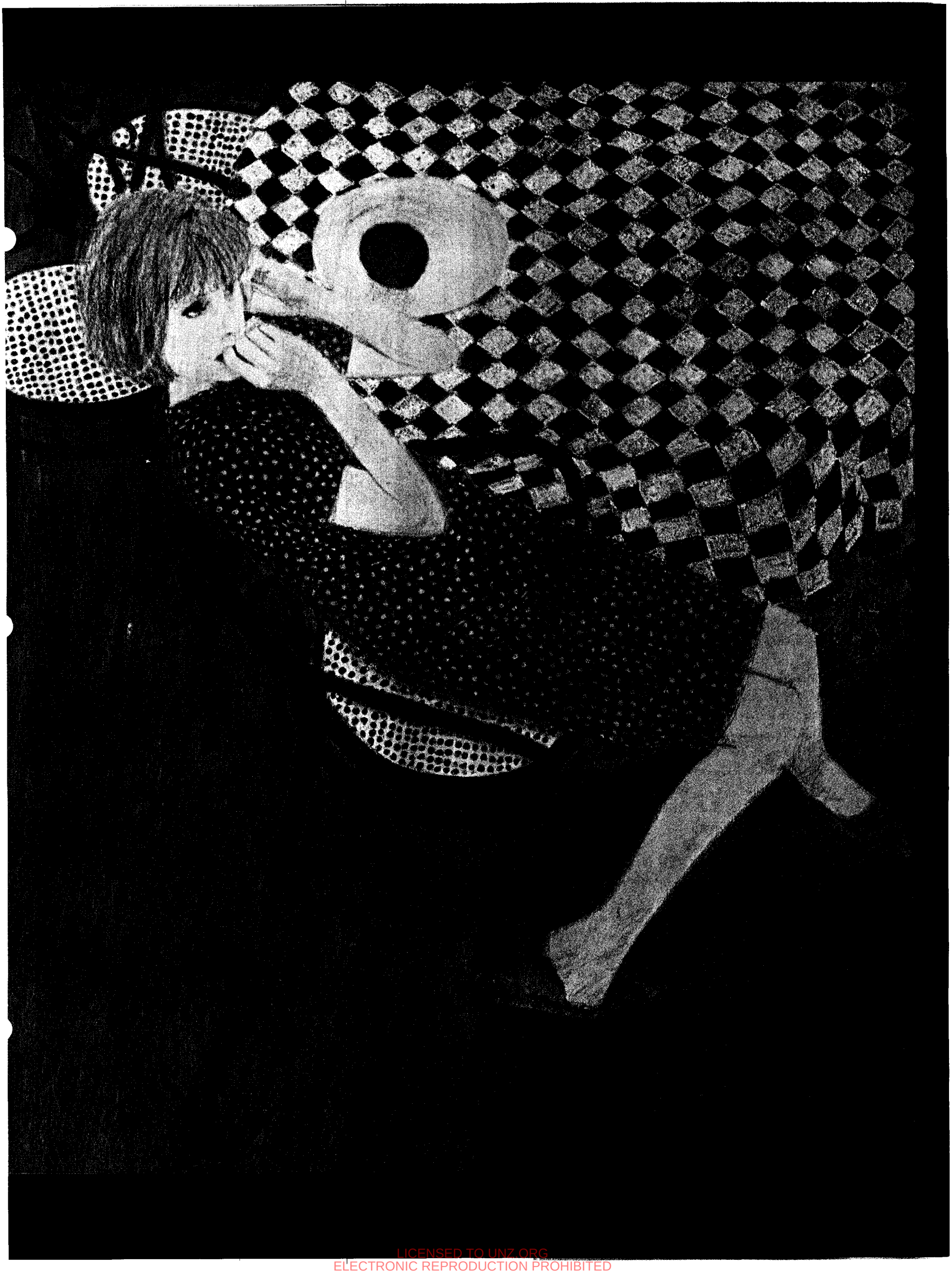

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Weekend in Town

the adorable twins of Helen's newest friends on their ponies, the Westport crowd at the Marlowes' cookout, laughing at Eva's chef getup, and many other gay picnic groups with Helen or Eva in the middle all wearing funny hats.

On the hottest Friday in August the girls had gotten off early from their jobs and had run into each other in front of Penn Station by coincidence. Helen was going to visit some perfect darlings who had a place in Jersey outside New Brunswick, but honestly it was so hot she wished she'd accepted one of her beach invitations instead. Not that it wasn't a sweet place and the kids were so proud of their little brook, fixed up with the fancy garden furniture and parasols Eva had traded Helen for some of her fashion samples.

"They're really cute, you know, having all of us sit around in bathing suits oiling each other's backs just as if we could take a swan dive into a terrific pool," Helen said. "It's only deep enough to wade and then the mosquitoes get you, but it's such fun. I couldn't find any new loot to take them this time, so I had to dig down for a bottle of Scotch. Silly when they buy it by the case. What are you taking your people?"

"A decorating handbook that came in the office," Eva said. "The Kings don't read, of course, but they like a ten-dollar book lying around the cabaña. I promised the Duffs the new mixer that came in the office. Wonderful getting out of the city, isn't it?"

"Lucky us!" agreed Helen with a parting wave.

As Eva started for the Long Island station, Helen called out to her, "Did you lock the porch windows when you left this morning?" and Eva reassured her with a nod. But the minute Helen had disappeared in the crowd Eva stood still, struck with misgivings. Had she really locked the windows? Prowlers could easily get up from the garden court below, and Helen would never forgive such carelessness. Uneasily Eva looked at the station clock. She would have to miss the express and take the later train, that was all there was to it. She would worry every minute unless she checked.

There was no trouble in getting a cab out of the station back downtown. In spite of the sweltering day, the weekend mass exodus made the deserted city seem cooler and wonderfully peaceful after the station mob. At Twelfth Street Eva thoughtlessly paid off the cab instead of keeping it waiting, and so had to take her bag upstairs. As she unlocked the door of the cool, quiet living room she couldn't help wishing she were coming home from her weekend instead of having it ahead of her. The windows were safely locked, but she opened them now to catch the delicious little breeze ruffling the ailanthus in the garden below. She stood for a moment looking around the artfully arranged little bedroom with its twin beds, twin dressers, twin nighttables, twin mirrors, gay screens, and she thought how rarely it happened that two women could live so pleasantly and comfortably, but remain impersonal. Maybe that was the right basis for marriage, too, with each person always presenting his company manners to the other.

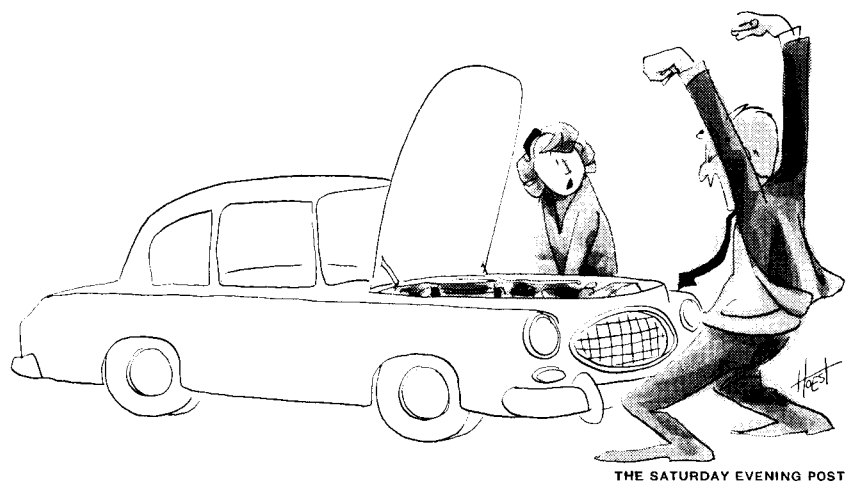
Looking at her own bed, Eva suddenly realized how dead-tired she was and how wonderful it would be to just take off her clothes and sink into a softly scented tub. The wish came true almost without her making a decision. Lying in the tub, dreamily humming with the radio she had turned on, Eva thought that the nicest thing about sharing an apartment with another lonely business girl was getting the place to yourself once in a while. And the nicest thing about being invited to the country for weekends—and here she quite shocked herself—was that you didn't *have* to go!

Eva's lips curled into a smile at the tempting idea. She emerged from the bath and lay down to ponder what excuse she could give the Kings. They were such an attractive couple with such cute children and they had such gay friends and were always so glad to see her. She wouldn't want to risk not being invited again. But even while she was telling herself she must dress and hurry to the station, her overpowering need for sleep overcame her. The telephone ringing furiously dragged her back from heavenly oblivion, and as she sleepily reached for the receiver she saw by the little dresser clock that it was eight o'clock, long past the time she was due at the Kings'!

"Eva, what in the world happened to you?" It was Nora King, and the anger in her voice startled Eva into being wide-awake. "Are you all right—why aren't you out here?"

"I'm all right, Nora. I just missed the Express and then—I guess it's so late now I'll not be able to get out at all. I ——"

"Not come out at all! But my dear girl, I told you what we had planned! Dozens of people coming in tomorrow for cocktails and supper and if I'd dreamed you weren't coming I wouldn't have invited everybody because you *know* the maid always goes in town weekends and I can't



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Are you sure you're yelling at the right thing?"

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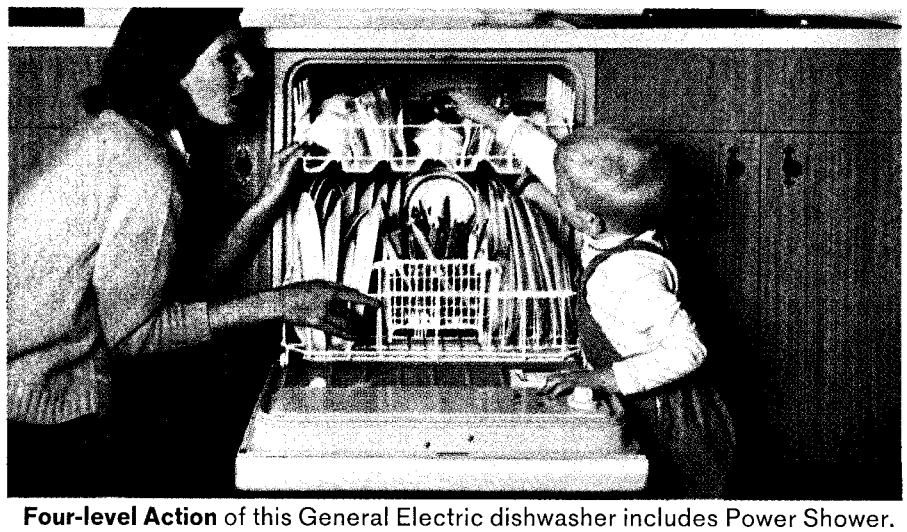

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manage the kids and the party all alone. Darling, you've just got to take the first train out tomorrow morning."

The peremptory note in her voice made Eva stubborn, much to her own surprise. She searched wildly in her mind for a really good excuse that would not lay her open to cajoling or bullying. There was one good thing about having a husband, you could always blame any change of plans on the man and nobody questioned it. Why not dust off poor old Walter?

"I can't make it, Nora. You see"—Eva drew a deep breath—"my husband got in town unexpectedly and we have to settle some matters that have come up."

"But he isn't your husband anymore, Eva! He has no right to barge in on your weekend!" Nora's indignation ended in a wail, "And you promised to show me how to make chili on Sunday and Frank's already bought tons of tomatoes! Oh, Eva, I don't see how you could leave me in such a mess!"

She had forgotten all about the chili promise, and that should have made her feel guilty, only Nora sounded as if Eva's first duty was to make chili for Frank King as if he were her own husband. You would have thought from Nora's tone that she had been *hired* for the weekend instead of invited, Eva reflected with budding anger, that Nora regarded going over some very important papers with an ex-husband (even if it was a lie) as less important than helping her entertain neighbors. Nora's unfair attitude gave Eva strength to hold out against further wheedling, and after she hung up the receiver Eva sat thoughtfully for several minutes.

It had been a long time since she had had the chance to just sit quietly and think about herself, and it was like getting acquainted with a stranger. She thought about the Kings and the other couples and the marvelous extra men who never needed to do anything but lend their priceless presence, whereas an extra girl had to give and do twice as much as a couple to make up for being an extra girl. She thought of how hard she worked to be liked without ever asking herself whether it was worth it or what it was leading to. She thought about Helen, who had more or less set the pace for their way of living, and she thought about Helen's friends, and how she and Helen chose friends as if they were furniture, not because they liked them really but because they fitted out their life without overcrowding or jarring the decorative scheme. When anyone got too personal he was gently eased out. She thought about the future and how long she and Helen could go on and on like this. Presently she made herself a corned-beef sandwich and took it on a tray with a bottle of beer to the cozy little porch. She sat in the dark looking down in the garden, where guests of the people downstairs were having their coffee and highballs. About this time, she thought, she would have been helping Nora clean up and put the kids to bed.

It was fun lounging about the apartment after getting up late on Saturday. She tinkered with her clothes, and it astonished her that she was luxuriating in Helen's absence as if Teacher's back was turned. Helen wouldn't guess that she went to a movie all alone at the Sheridan and that she had had only one phone call, that an invitation to dinner not from some divine new man but from the persistent guy in her office who was getting too serious to be fun, so she had preferred egg salad alone on her back porch. The mere words "dateless Saturday night" scared her, but how wonderful it was not to have to make any effort! Now would be about the time the Kings would have invited the last of the cocktail guests to stay for dinner and if she were out there, Eva thought, she would be in the kitchen knocking herself out making the fish chowder Frank liked, mixing the salad that the Kings always said only Eva could make. Later she and one of the men would clean up while Frank made highballs and Nora got out the cards and chips for poker. Wherever she went she was like one of the family (especially since the help always got weekends off). She felt tired out just thinking about it, and by ten o'clock she was fast asleep in bed.

It was barely four o'clock on Sunday afternoon when Eva heard the key in the lock as she was shampooing her hair. She felt as guilty as if she had been caught trying on Helen's clothes (which of course were not her style or size anyway), and she was annoyed with herself and with Helen for making her feel that way.

"Eva! Don't tell me you had to come in early too!" Helen set her bag down and came out on the porch. "Leaving that wonderful beach!"

"It is a fine beach," Eva agreed, "but I'm always so busy cooking or mixing drinks for their seemingly endless raft of company that I hardly ever get near the

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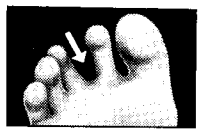

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Dr Scholl's ARCH SUPPORTS

beach. I stayed in town and rested. . . ."

"I wish I had," Helen said. "I just gave up being chewed by gnats in the brook and sent myself a telegram to come home—after I'd made the curtains like I'd promised."

"It struck me that I work twice as hard making a go of other people's marriages and homes than I ever did for my own," Eva said.

"Funny, I was thinking the same thing, Helen mused. "But nobody else thinks so. They think they're being nice to a poor single girl."

Helen had taken off her Shantung suit and shoes and slipped into housecoat and slippers. She sat down in the porch swing (courtesy of Eva) and lit a cigarette.

"I guess the heat must have got me, too, this weekend," she reflected. "The men went fishing and didn't get back in time to fix the barbecue, so Ellen and I had to do that. Seems they'd taken along all the liquor, too, including my Scotch, so the rest of us had to take beer, warm at that. John was tight and kept reciting Gunga Din and telling dirty jokes till I thought, Good Heavens, he's twice as bad as Ed. That reminded me that today would be Ed's birthday and we always call each other up on our birthdays so I wired myself to come in. He hasn't called?"

He hadn't, Eva said, but even as she spoke the phone rang and Helen went inside. Eva could not overhear what she was saying, but she did note that Helen's tone was not the patient, weary, kind one she usually used in putting off overtures from her Ex.

"He's just landed at La Guardia," Helen said, coming out again. "He's taken a job in the New York office, of all things, and I thought I might as well have dinner with him since it's his birthday. I only hope he has on a clean shirt."

"So long as it isn't hanging out over his trousers," Eva giggled, but Helen did not laugh.

"Good heavens, Ed's not the sporting type," she said, and then she smiled with a preoccupied air. "Know what he said? Sorta sweet, honestly. He said. 'Helen, guess what, I wear bow ties now like you used to want me to.'"

"That *is* sweet," Eva agreed.

"I'm mad now that I took that batch of Italian neckties out to Jim Carroll," Helen went on. "Ed might like them."

Eva had finished drying her hair, and was combing it into place. "I'm meeting my date outside," she said. "You could have Ed come here where he could relax. Does he know where he's going to live?"

"Somebody's given him a place in Great Neck," Helen answered. "It sounds like a good idea, considering Ed's not the city type. I'll probably have to fix it up for him. Honestly, when I think of all that loot I've been passing around when Ed could use it so well right now! I was looking around the Carrolls' place and I thought Good Heavens, I've practically furnished their house and dressed the kids as well."

"I know," Eva nodded. "Look, I can get you lots of stuff free or wholesale when you find out what Ed needs."

"Fine," Helen exclaimed. She hesitated a moment, so embarrassed that Eva could almost guess what she wanted to say. "Of course, I'm not considering going back with Ed for one minute, only he does keep after me, and sometimes when I see all these other husbands so much worse than Ed and now that both of us are older and more understanding ——"

"I know, I know," Eva interrupted hastily when Helen faltered.

"What I mean is—" Helen went on awkwardly "—well, supposing I *should* decide, well, I wouldn't want to leave you out on a limb."

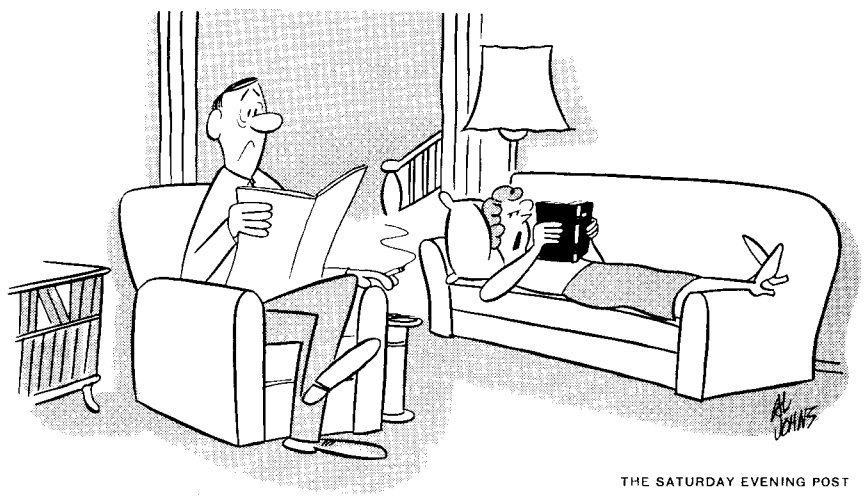
"Why, Helen, don't give me a thought," Eva reassured her. "I could swing the apartment alone, and you could use it whenever you and Ed want to go to parties in the Village or stay in town."

"We'd want you to come out to Great Neck weekends," Helen said, beginning to glow happily. "You'd be one of the family."

"Marvelous," Eva cried, and hurried with her dressing. As soon as she got out she'd call up the man she'd turned down last night, for if she was to live alone maybe she'd need somebody serious. She felt an odd mixture of relief and dismay that whatever problem she had feared from the future was here right now while there was still time to cope with it. She took a last look in the mirror, and over her shoulder saw that Helen still was looking at her anxiously.

"Goodness, Helen, we knew at the start that we couldn't go on like this forever," Eva exclaimed with a gay laugh. "You know what opposites we are. And you might as well be doing things for Ed as for other people's husbands. That reminds me. You say it's Ed's birthday. . . ."

She pulled open her closet door and found a cardboard box with a wholesale number on it. She offered it to Helen, beaming. "All husbands just love this," she said. "You hold it this way and it measures the vermouth, then you turn it around and it pops cherries into the Manhattans!" THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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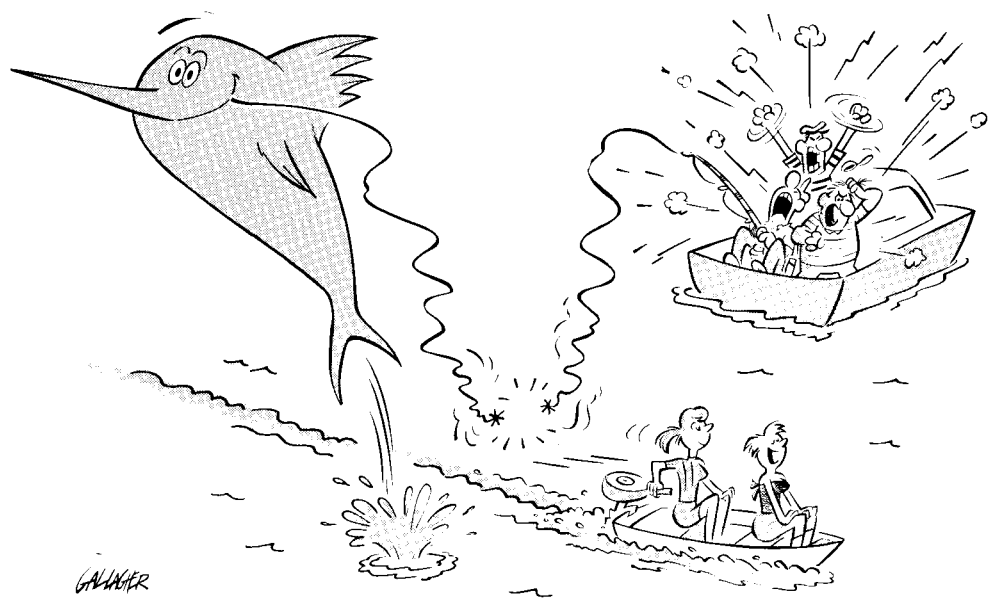
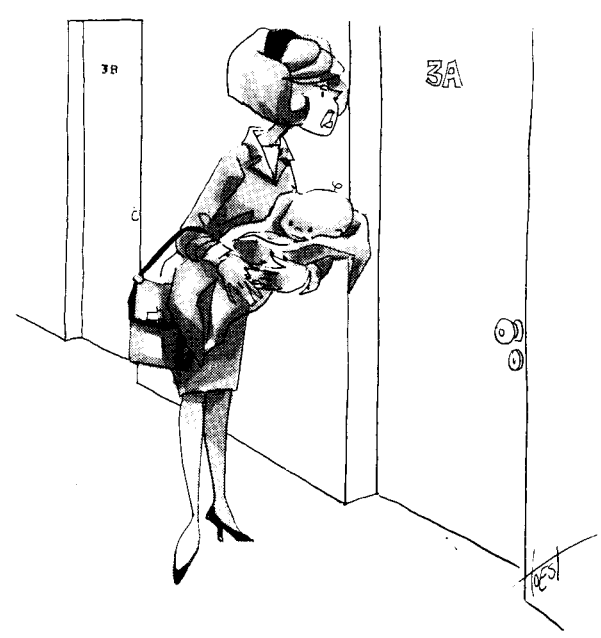


"Just listen to that bunch of flirts!"



"It's not the kind of message I can slide under the door."

"Knock it off, we want to go where the action is."

"I can't stand a poor loser."

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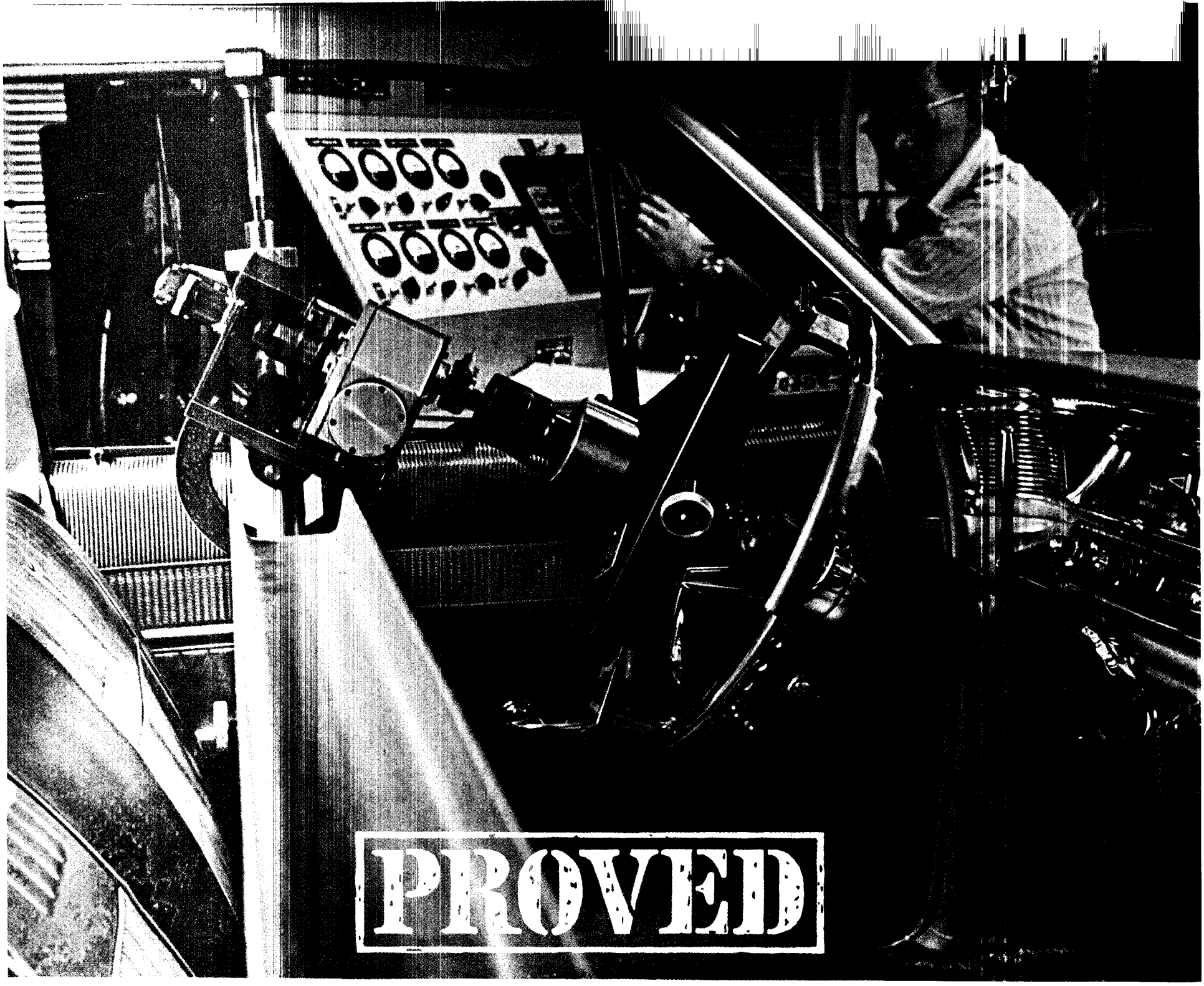

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At Foothill College pool, Santa Clara champion Don Schollander is about to share scholastic 200-yard freestyle record to 1:43.6.

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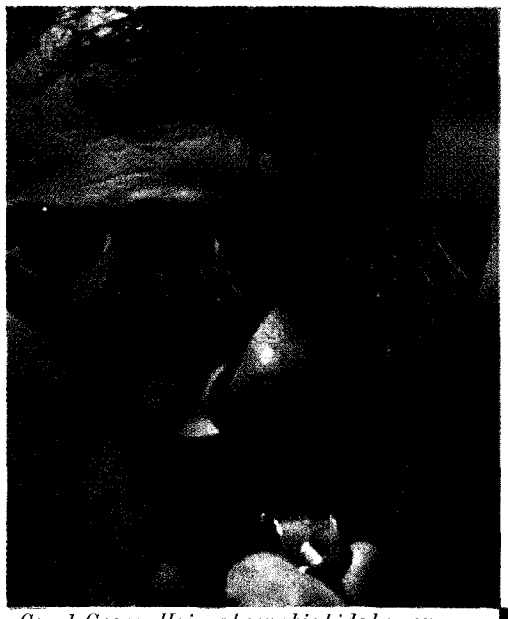
By WILLIAM TROMBLEY

Today's young swimmers are breaking records faster than ever—here's how they do it.

FOR GOD, COUNTRY AND THE SANTA CLARA SWIM CLUB

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK FIELDS



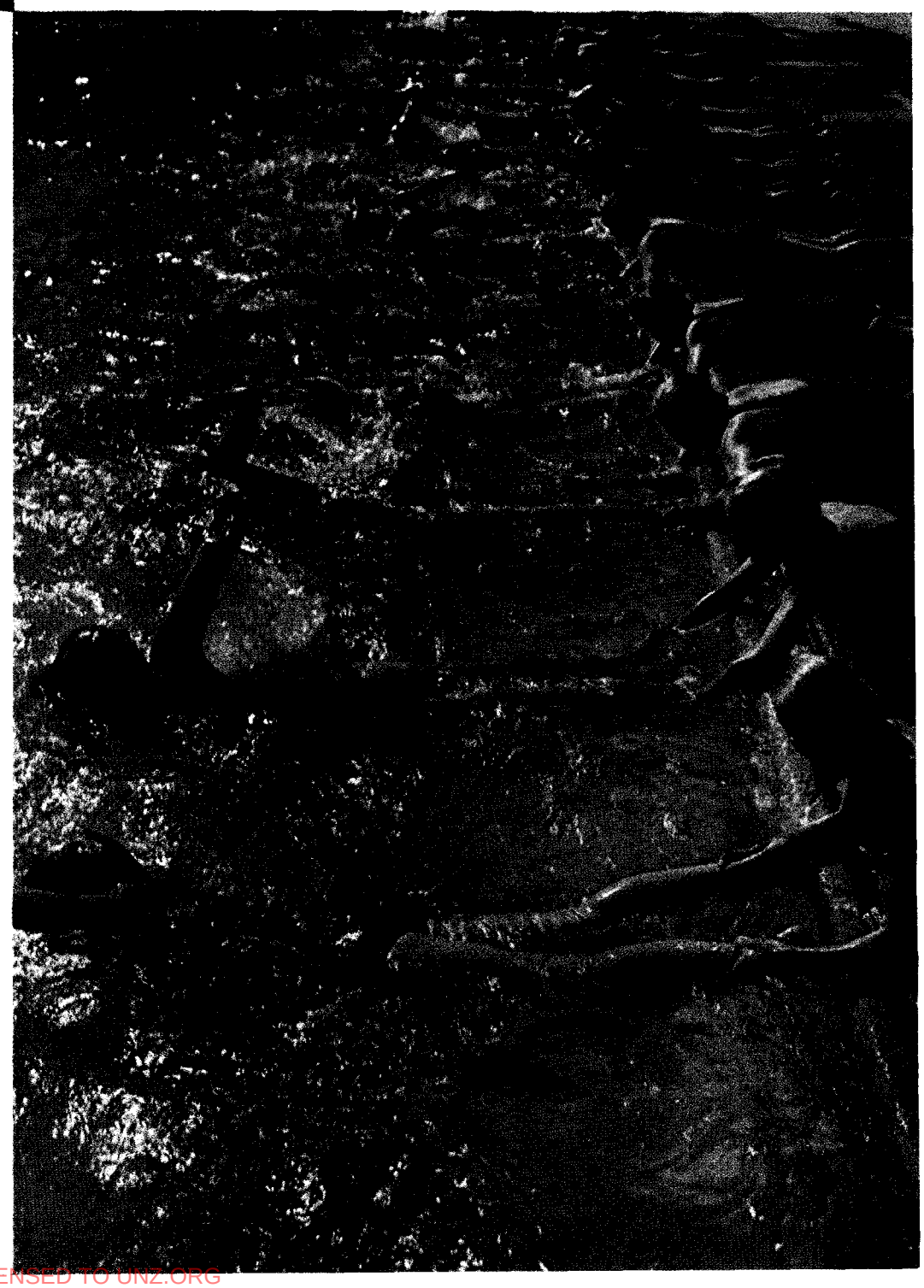
Coach George Haines keeps his kids happy.

At 6:30 on a recent morning, an hour when most adolescents cannot be roused with an acetylene torch, more than 40 teen-agers were hard at work in an outdoor swimming pool at Santa Clara, Calif. An early fog had chilled the air down to 50 degrees, and the kids who weren't swimming were jumping up and down in the shallow end of the pool, flailing their arms to keep warm. Occasionally a stocky figure with clipboard and stopwatch would step out of the fog and shout, "OK, let's do eight fifties—four easy and four all out. Let's go now!" Then, at five-second intervals, wave upon wave of youngsters would streak away, swimming as if their lives depended on it.

These enthusiasts belong to the Santa Clara Swim Club, the finest collection of water bugs in the country. They are currently bucking for places on the 1964 U.S. Olympic swimming team, and for most of them the stiffest competition is right in their own pool. Coach George Haines might fill as many as 15 of the 58 places on the men's and girls' teams that will compete at Tokyo in October. Haines, head coach for the girls in 1960, will be the assistant men's coach this year.

Fifteen years ago there were only about 25,000 active amateur swimming contestants in America. Today, thanks largely to "age-group swimming," the underwater equivalent of Little League baseball, there are half a million—10,000 in the San Francisco-Santa Clara area alone. Most belong to clubs where any promising youngster can train for about $10 a month. Kids begin to compete at the age of six, and, by their teens, good ones are breaking records.

At Santa Clara there is no echo of the



These students develop powerful strokes while teammates immobilize their legs.

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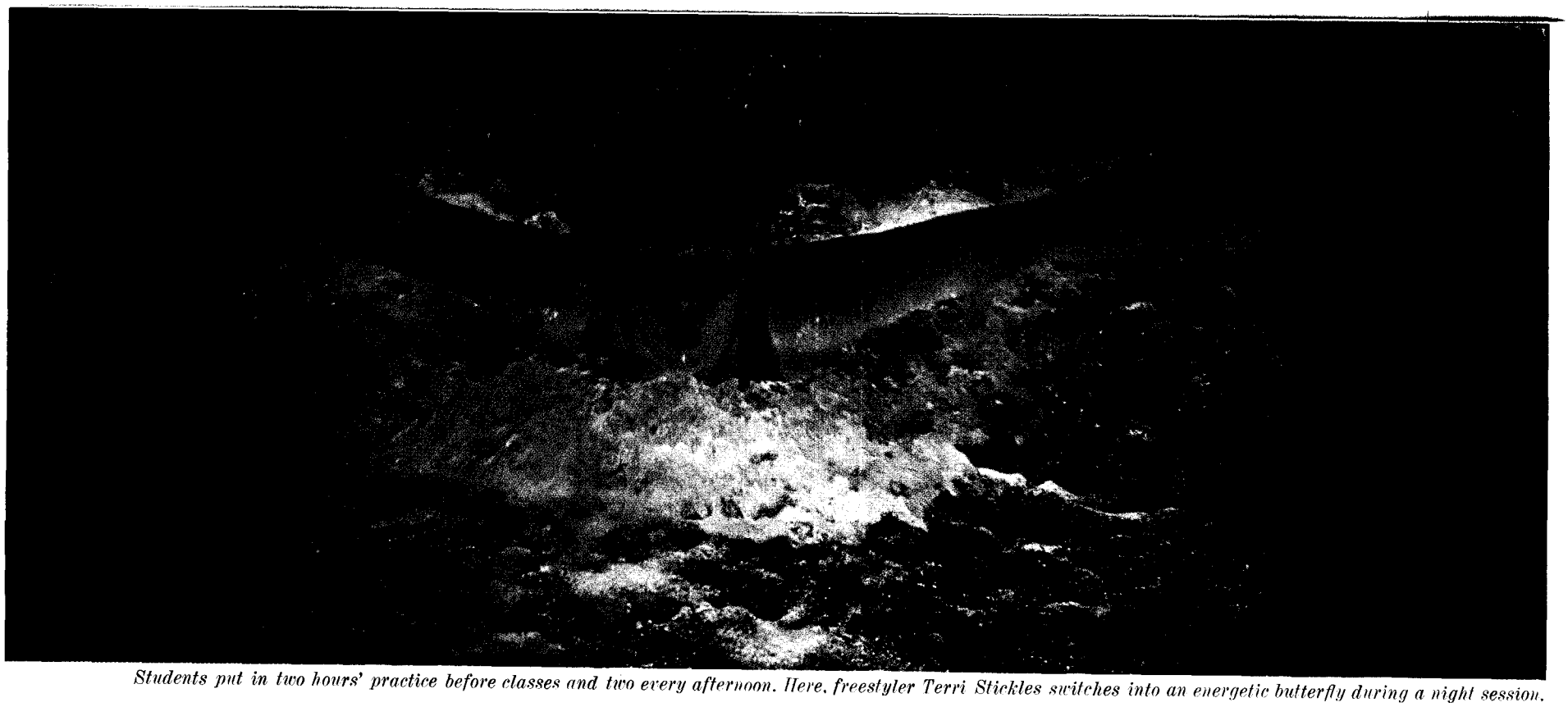
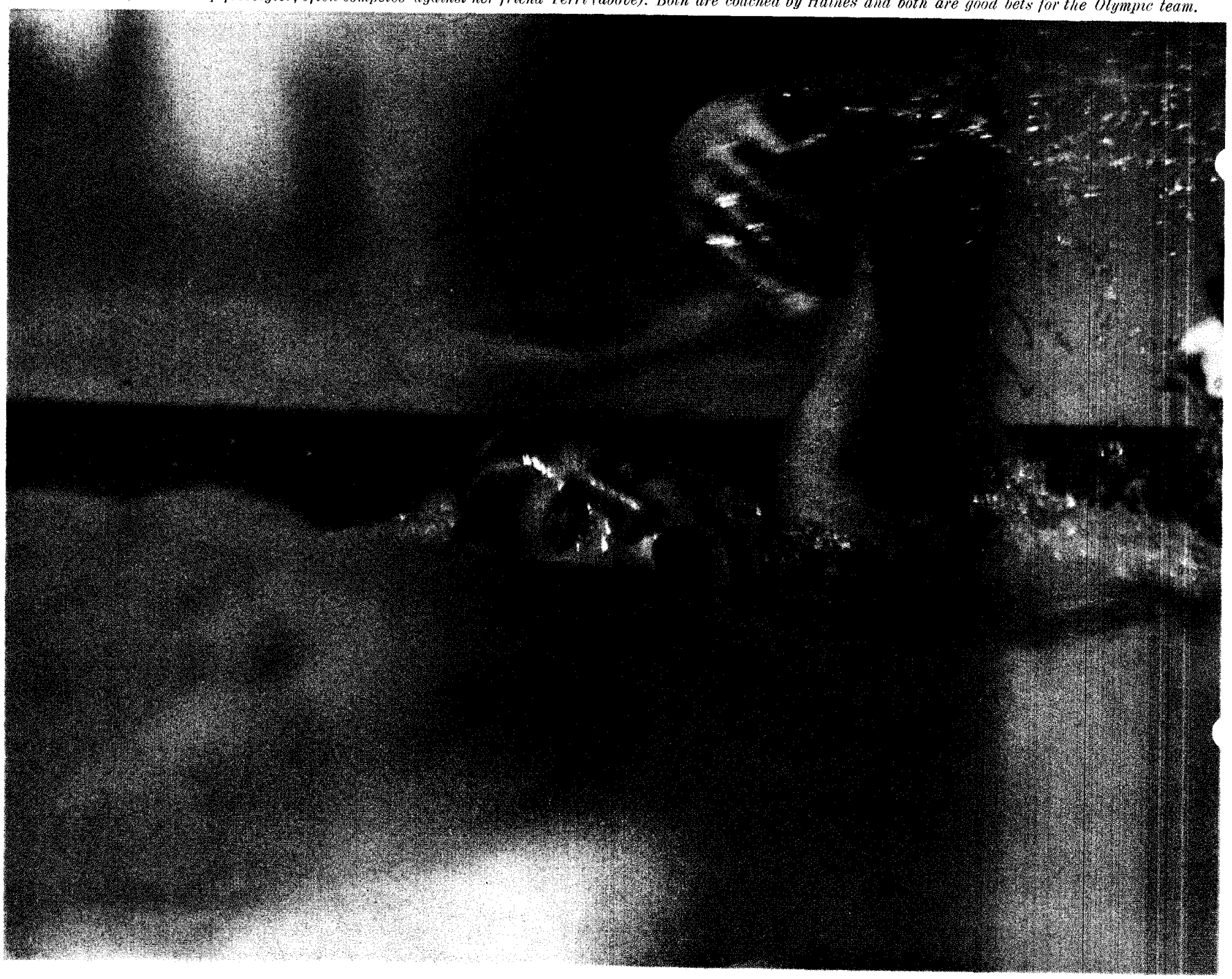


Students put in two hours' practice before classes and two every afternoon. Here, freestyler Terri Stickles switches into an energetic butterfly during a night session.

Many parents have moved into the Santa Clara area so the children can join the swim club.

Sharon Finneran, another top freestyler, often competes against her friend Terri (above). Both are coached by Haines and both are good bets for the Olympic team.



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gaudier era when Olympic swimmer Eleanor Holm Jarrett (soon to become Mrs. Billy Rose) was dropped from the 1936 U.S. squad for drinking champagne. By eight A.M. each Santa Clara youngster has churned two miles up and down a 25-yard pool. After a quick shower, they are off to class. (Some lucky ones are met by parents bearing hot chocolate and cold toast.) In the afternoon they return to the pool for another tough two-hour workout. By five o'clock most of them are home hitting their schoolbooks, and after supper they topple into bed. Next morning, by five-thirty or six, they are ready to start over.

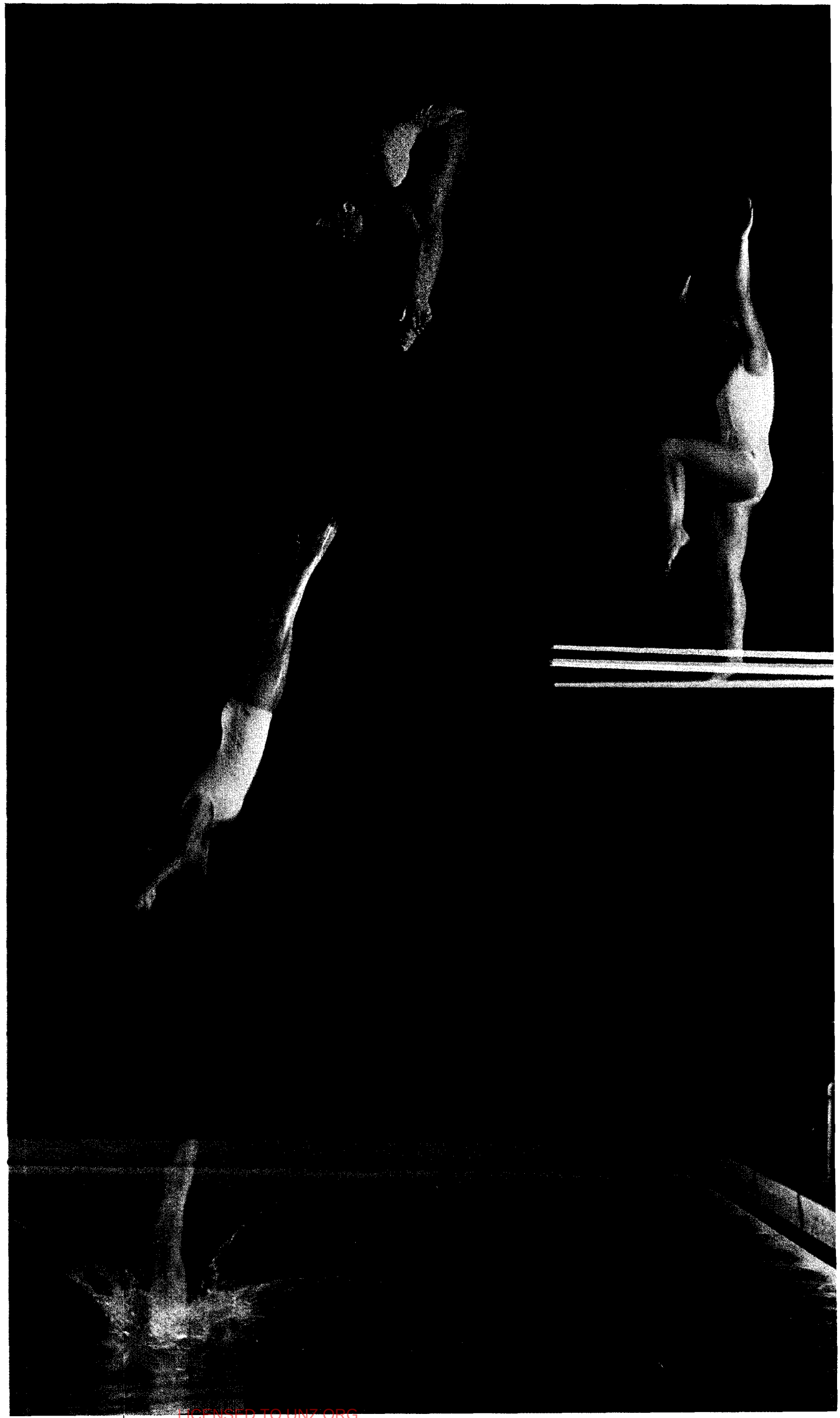
The girls are healthy, fresh and attractive, but seldom go out on dates. Although Coach Haines forbids dating only before an important meet, the girls are usually too tired to do anything but rest on weekends. So far such devotion to swimming has not hurt anyone's schoolwork. Sharon Finneran, a crack middle-distance swimmer, has an A-minus average, and Terri Stickles, her chief rival, a B-plus. Don Schollander has won a scholarship to Yale.

Why do these teen-agers put up with such a Spartan grind? "When I start to get weary of it all, I think about the trips I've been able to make," says Terri Stickles. "I've been to Brazil, Canada and all over the United States." For Sharon Finneran, the reason is no less obvious: "My only goal is making the Olympic team. If going to parties is going to hurt that, then why do it?" A comparatively small girl, Sharon fortifies herself with nonpasteurized milk, fertile eggs, raw brown sugar and sesame seeds. She never takes advantage of the infrequent day off Haines may grant. "There is no such thing as too much work," she says. "The more miles I swim, the better. Sacrifice is the thing."

The family of pretty Donna de Varona, who is now the best girl swimmer in the country, moved 50 miles just so Donna and her sister, Joanne, could swim for Haines. "He taught me how to work," says Donna. "I got into condition for the first time in my life, and it has really paid off. A couple of years ago I was in terrible shape, and then I saw all these young kids coming along, and I was afraid I wouldn't be able to beat them." (When these fears of decline and fall began to vex, Miss de Varona was all of 15.)

But the most important reason for such dedication is that everyone likes the coach. At 40, Haines is a successful, moody man whose tanned face can switch in an instant from friendship to fury if he spots a lazy swimmer or gets unsolicited advice from parents. The latter, too, respect Haines. One father says that Haines "knows when to growl and when to break the tension. He is a master at getting a kid up mentally for his best race."

Coach Haines's techniques for breaking tension include flipping chairs aloft with his feet, cracking a bullwhip over the swimmers' heads, and leaping into the pool—clothes, clipboard, stopwatch and all. The sudden distraction usually clears the air. At a meet, Haines will review strategy with a boy or girl and then give a God-country-and-the-Santa-Clara-Swim-Club pep talk. The minute the race starts, he is bellowing, "GO-GO-GO!" at his churning young charges. He is obviously having the time of his aquatic life.



Multiple exposure traps jackknife by Joel O'Connell, wife of the club diving coach.

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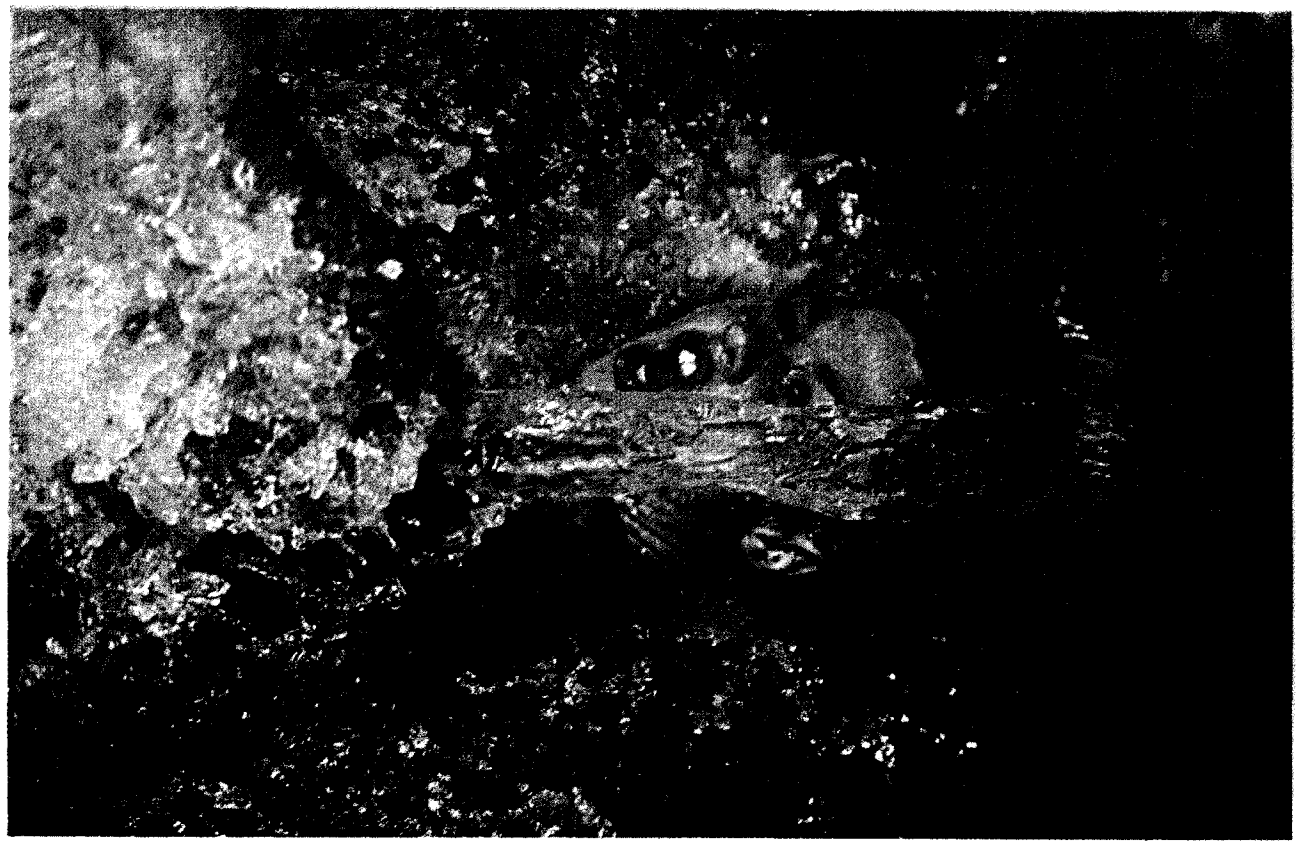
"I used to challenge the high-school boys," says the coach, "but they got too fast, and I got too fat."



Donna de Varona works on her backstroke in the club pool. Unlike most club girls, she has other school activities and goes dating.

"Since I can remember wanting to be anything at all," Haines says, "I wanted to be a swimming coach." Born in Indiana, he has been a California convert since 1943 when the Coast Guard moved him from Indianapolis, where the temperature was 11 degrees, to Sacramento, where it was 85. After the war he married June Carter, a trim redhead from Oakland, and studied physical education at San Jose State College. While there he found that Santa Clara High School was planning a War Memorial Swim Center, with locker rooms, bleachers and three pools. This, he decided, was the place.

After graduating from San Jose State in 1950, Haines began leading a healthy double life. His main job was, and still is, physical education instructor at Santa Clara High School and coach of the boys' swim team. (To George's disgust, there is no competitive swimming for high-school girls.) His teams have lost only three dual meets in the last three years, in perhaps the toughest high-school swimming league in the country.

Haines swam himself, in high school and college, but he rarely goes in the water these days. "I used to challenge the high-school boys to 25-yard races," he says, "but then they got too fast, and I got too fat." Right now the family swimmer is 17-year-old Kerry, oldest of the four Haines daughters, a freestyler who, her father thinks, might win a place on the Olympic relay team.

To add to his official activities, Haines started the Santa Clara Swim Club in 1951, using the pools before and after school hours. At first he did everything, from teaching neophytes to cleaning out the pools. Nowadays, with 210 swimmers from 148 families, Haines uses two assistants to work with beginners. Some of these youngsters are swimming almost as fast as members of the senior team, indicating that Santa Clara is bound to be an aquatic power for years to come.

Rival coaches have accused Haines of football-type recruiting, but he counters by pointing out that many of his best have come from the Santa Clara area. High-school principal Phil Dougherty supports his coach: "There is some jealousy because of George's success, but there is no recruiting of these kids. We accept anybody who lives in the district, for whatever reasons they live here."

Although Olympic competition in Tokyo will be stiffer than it was four years ago, Haines expects the U.S. team to do even better than it did in Rome, where Americans won both the men's and women's unofficial team championships. Several countries have outstanding individual performers, but none can match the U.S. in overall team strength. In fact, some observers believe that if we skipped our Olympic trials and just sent Haines over with his bullwhip and his water sprites, the U.S. would win more than enough medals to justify all the dateless weekends and platters of health food. And none of the girls wants to marry Billy Rose anyway. THE END

Haines watches morning calisthenics. Then comes classwork, and then more swimming.

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Members of the Santa Clara "B" team dunk Haines to celebrate victory in a state meet. Sometimes he orders, "OK, let's just have fun today."

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The Great DMSO Mystery

The strange powers of this newly explored drug make it sound like Indian snake oil. Yet it may create a breakthrough in medicine comparable to the discoveries of insulin and penicillin.

By Bill Davidson

Poured into "tree injector," DMSO solution carries pesticides throughout trunk and branches, eliminating need for sprayer.

At work in his laboratory at the University of Oregon, a young surgeon and research scientist named Stanley W. Jacob spilled on his hand a few drops of a colorless, smelly liquid called dimethyl sulfoxide—DMSO for short. Unconcerned, he washed it off and went back to work. A few minutes later he tasted on his tongue the oysterlike odor of the stuff, even though he had not touched his hand to his mouth. To Doctor Jacob this could mean only one thing. The substance had penetrated his skin, entered his bloodstream and circulated with amazing speed to the taste buds in his tongue. This kind of rapid penetrating power is known to exist in certain poisons, but it had never been found in a nonpoisonous material.

Today, nearly two years after Doctor Jacob spilled the DMSO, nobody has the vaguest idea how it works, but the drug is showing promise of a remarkable range of medical uses. Last February, medical journals began reporting that DMSO, in its rapid passage through the skin and other membranes, can reduce pain, swelling and inflammation, especially in bursitis. There is evidence that it can also relieve headache and sinusitis, that it helps in the healing of burns, and perhaps most important of all, that it can transport other drugs through hitherto impassable membranes and into hard-to-reach areas of the body.

Many scientists still are skeptical about the drug—"It sounds like Indian snake oil," says one—and it has not yet been released by the Food and Drug Administration for anything but limited testing. But no drug in recent years has inspired such interest and optimism. It is now being used experimentally on patients at a half dozen American medical schools, and nearly 2,000 other medical centers and independent research agencies all over the world have requested it.

One of the drug's early converts, Dr. Edward E. Rosenbaum of Portland, Oreg., a leading rheumatologist, says,

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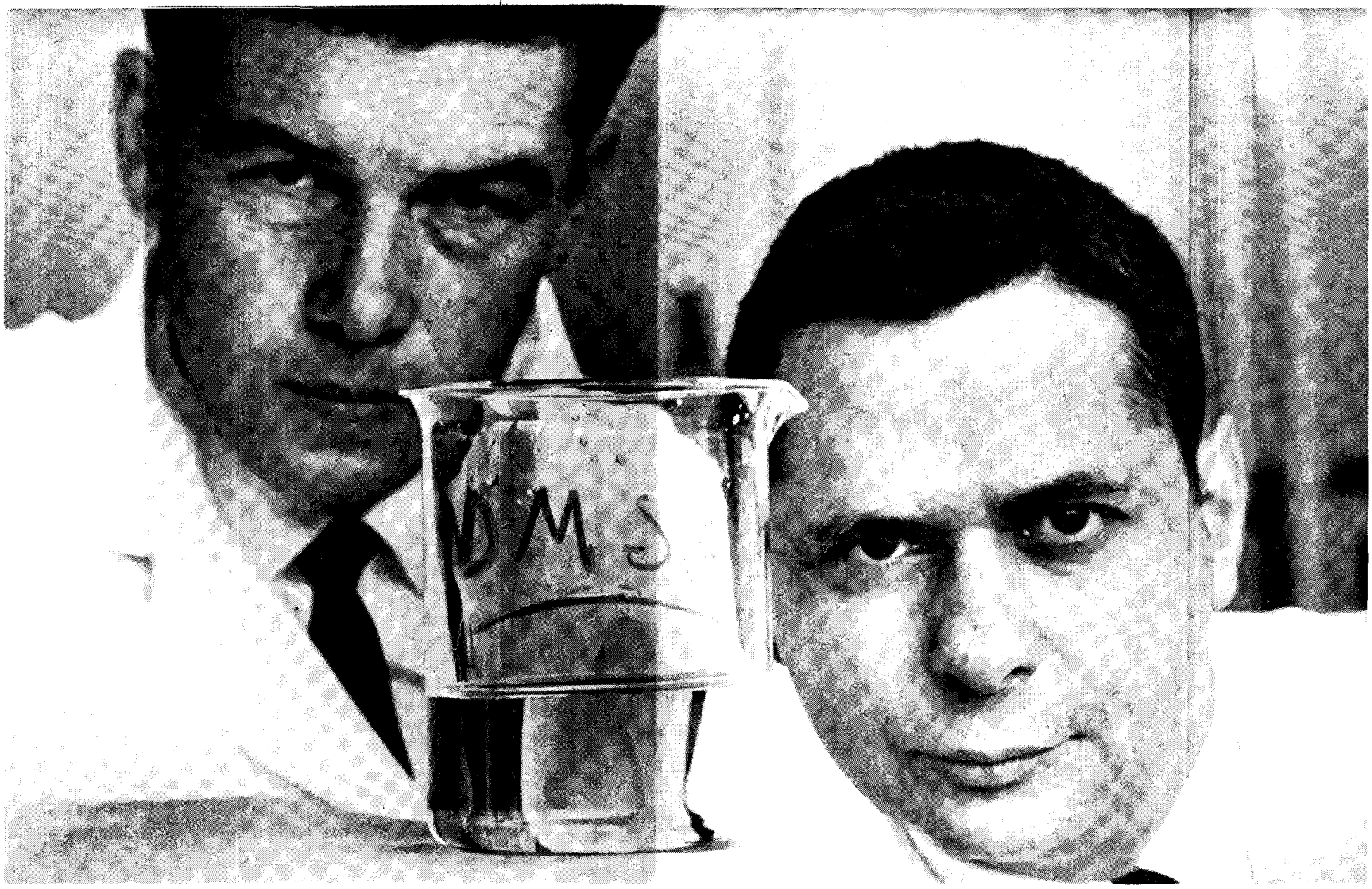

First "human guinea pig" to test the healing powers of DMSO was researcher Robert Herschler, left, who let Dr. Stanley Jacob treat a burned arm and felt amazing results.

"There is more basic work going on with DMSO today than with almost any other new drug."

Champions of DMSO say that it can be a major medical breakthrough comparable to the discovery of aspirin, insulin, the sulfa drugs, penicillin and cortisone. Doctor Jacob, who is assistant professor of surgery at the University of Oregon Medical School, proudly predicts, "If it continues to show no serious toxicity—and so far it has caused nothing more than a mild skin rash in some cases—it will find usefulness in almost every malady known to man."

Toxicity tests on such extremely sensitive organisms as the eggs and sperm of the sea urchin and on more orthodox laboratory animals have revealed no dangerous effects, and the Government is therefore permitting trials on human subjects to continue. "However," says Doctor Rosenbaum, "it's an entirely new principle of treatment and we have no precedents to follow, so we're still feeling our way insofar as dosages and concentrations of the drug are concerned."

Doctor Rosenbaum has had all kinds of strange trial-and-error experiences with DMSO. Not long ago, for example, a man came to his clinic suffering from a painful case of gout in the big toe. The toe was angry red, extremely tender and grotesquely swollen. Doctor Rosenbaum got the permission of the patient to try DMSO—a strict Government requirement for all experimental drugs. He painted the toe with the rather foul-smelling liquid, then waited, expecting some relief in a half hour or so. Nothing happened. He waited another hour. The toe was still red, painful and swollen. Discouraged, the doctor sent the patient home.

That night Doctor Rosenbaum puzzled to himself over the failure. Next morning he called the patient back to his office, but this time he painted the entire foot. Almost immediately the swelling began to disappear, the pain subsided, and the patient walked out jauntily. Rosenbaum still doesn't know why his second treatment succeeded when the first failed, but he suspects that the second treatment may have opened up more blood vessels, thus draining off the fluids from the swollen toe.

Another puzzling case involved a nurse in Doctor Rosenbaum's clinic who asked him to try DMSO on her swollen and throbbing arthritic elbow. The doctor applied some of the liquid, but almost immediately the nurse's skin erupted in a painful rash. It took him weeks to figure out what had gone wrong in *that* case. Just before he had painted on the DMSO, the nurse had washed her elbow with a certain soap to which she later discovered she was mildly allergic. Doctor Rosenbaum reasoned that the DMSO, with its unique penetrating powers, may have carried molecules of the soap into the sensitive areas *beneath* the skin, causing a severe reaction. A second application—without soap—relieved the elbow.

With arthritis—which is really a family of *many* diseases and not just one—the record of DMSO in its limited test period has been spotty. It gives dramatic relief in some cases, none in others. And yet, of all the maladies for which it is being tested, it shows its greatest promise in the treatment of an affliction closely allied to arthritis. This is bursitis, an inflammation of the bursa, the fibrous sac around a joint. Any sufferer from the grinding agony of bursitis in the shoulder will appreciate the plight of a 60-year-old Portland physician, who came to see Doctor Rosenbaum one day last March.

"When he was seen in the office," Doctor Rosenbaum reported in the journal, *Northwest Medicine*, "it was impossible to move the involved shoulder because of severe discomfort. DMSO was applied liberally to the shoulder. . . . Within 25 minutes, the patient stated that he had slight relief. . . . Within 30 minutes, the pain relief was considerable. He had no pain for the rest of the day, during which he was able to lie down and sleep for the first time in 24 hours. When he awoke, he was comfortable. He reapplied DMSO that evening before retiring. The next morning he reported that he did not have any pain in his shoulder, but there was still minimal limitation of motion. He reapplied DMSO twice that day. No further therapy was necessary."

In other cases, however, the drug has had its setbacks. The original hope was that it could penetrate *all* body membranes. This set off great excitement among medical researchers who hoped they could use DMSO to reach inaccessible tissues, such as the interior of the eyeball, which so far cannot be entered by antibiotics and other medications. But in every test so far the drug has failed to penetrate the dense layers of the eyeball.

Similarly, when the drug was first described in the press, there were speculations that DMSO "would make the hypodermic needle obsolete," since it was believed that it could carry all other drugs with it through the skin and into the system. One newsmagazine predicted that diabetics no longer would have to inject themselves daily with insulin, suggesting that a simple mixture of DMSO and insulin rubbed onto the skin would do the trick. Investigation has since proved that while DMSO will transport many substances through the skin, others, because of the size or complicated structure of their molecules, are left behind like rice particles caught in a sieve. Insulin, unfortunately, is one of those complex molecules that will not effectively penetrate the skin barrier in tests so far.

On the whole, though, most of DMSO's detractors base their resistance to the drug on two major factors. The first is the natural supercaution of the medical world about accepting *any* revolutionary new treatment. As one New York urologist, Dr. S. Sym Newman, put it, "Plenty of us are still arguing about cortisone. I want to wait and make sure that DMSO is fully tested before I accept the glowing reports I am reading. I admit it looks pretty harmless so far, but who can tell yet whether it might have a bad effect on the brain, or the kidneys, or some other vital organ? We've been burned too many times by these new so-called wonder drugs."

A further reason for skepticism is that no one understands how DMSO works. Biochemist Dr. John T. Van Bruggen, of the University of Oregon Medical School, says of his hostile stand, "I am impressed when I look in the microscope and I see a bacterium strangled or a virus cut in half by a chemical. With DMSO I can't see anything. In all fairness, I must say that we *still* don't know precisely how aspirin eases pain; and penicillin was used for some years before we understood just how it kills bacteria."

Another mystery about DMSO is why it took so long to discover its unusual biological properties. The drug was first synthesized by a group of German scientists in 1867. They reported it to be "an unusually versatile chemical," but for some strange reason it remained on the shelf as a curiosity for more than 75 years.

It wasn't until the late 1950's that scientists at the Crown Zellerbach Corporation, a giant U.S. manufacturer of paper, became interested in the chemical. They learned that they could produce it economically as a by-product of the so-called "black liquor," in which wood

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chips are cooked into pulp for making paper. They also found that it was a good solvent for a number of recent manufacturing processes, such as the production of synthetic fibers. By 1960 Crown Zellerbach was supplying commercial-grade DMSO to a score of industries.

The potential versatility of the chemical caught the eye of Edward H. Nunn, general manager of Crown Zellerbach's chemical products division in Camas, Wash. He put a young researcher, Robert J. Herschler, to work on it. Herschler tried DMSO as a solvent for insecticide on plants and trees. "The chemical," he says, "went all through the plant as if the structure was a sieve." There were other strange effects. With DMSO there was a tremendous increase in the flow of water up the stem, and Herschler was able to combine DMSO with fungicides, which were taken up by the roots of the tree and distributed rapidly throughout the trunk and branches, eliminating tenacious spores that had been killing the tree. Trees nearly dead of what is known as "vascular decline" were brought to life again by DMSO, which seemed to unclog the channels through which the tree gets its nourishment from the roots. Tree wounds also were healed quickly when treated with applications of DMSO.

Herschler was intrigued. He reasoned that if the chemical could so easily penetrate plant membranes, perhaps it could do the same in the human body. He went to see Doctor Jacob, who was working at the nearby University of Oregon Medical School on the freezing and storing of kidneys for transplant, and the doctor agreed to use a purified medical form of the chemical in animal experiments.

The experiments soon showed that DMSO placed in the bladders of animals freely penetrated the bladder wall and carried dyes and drugs throughout the animals' bodies. Similarly, when DMSO and a blue dye were dropped into a tank of fingerling salmon, the dye soon appeared in the flesh and organs of the fish.

The two scientists became more and more impressed. Remembering how DMSO had helped heal the wounds of Herschler's trees, he tried the drug on rats that had been burned. Rats treated by ordinary methods died; those that had DMSO applied to their burns survived and seemed to be free of pain. This was the medical world's first indication of DMSO's pain-relieving potentialities.

It wasn't long before Jacob found an opportunity to test this discovery on a human being. A week after the rat experiments, Herschler was severely burned on his forehead and both hands by a mustard-gas type of poison with which he was working. He called Jacob and announced almost happily, "I want to be a human guinea pig for DMSO."

Jacob first painted the drug on Herschler's left hand, leaving the right hand and forehead untreated as "controls." In minutes the pain and swelling were gone from the treated left hand, while the right hand and forehead remained painfully inflamed. "It was then," said Herschler, "that we knew we had something."

That was two years ago. After filing reports showing DMSO had little or no toxicity, on the basis of animal tests, Crown Zellerbach and the University of Oregon were licensed by the FDA for limited clinical testing of the drug.

On further trials, Jacob found DMSO relieved pain and swelling in mashed fingers, athletic injuries and the like. Last October he reported his results to Doctor Rosenbaum, who is an associate clinical professor of medicine at the University of Oregon Medical School. Rosenbaum said, "Stan, you're either crazy—or you've got a Nobel Prize." He agreed to try the drug on his private patients.

In six instances—while still fumbling with dosages—he saw little or no result. He was about to give up, but he said to himself, "Stan Jacob is honest and not dumb. He *must* have seen something or he wouldn't be so persistent." On the day before Christmas, Rosenbaum got his first bursitis case—and his conversion to DMSO was under way.

To date neither Rosenbaum, Jacob nor anyone else has even begun to solve the mystery of DMSO's pain-relieving capabilities. Pain is thought to be a transmission of impulses—much like the transmission of electricity along wires—from the nerve ends to the brain. When you block the nerve cells, as with an anesthetic, the theory is that the impulses are halted. DMSO *does* seem to block the nerves, in a manner which is reversible and undamaging, but somehow different from the effect of other substances, so far as late research can tell.

At present, the drug has shown effectiveness in the following areas:

BURSITIS. The most spectacular results so far. Rosenbaum and Jacob have had close to 100 percent success in more than 20 cases, and their findings have been confirmed in nearly 50 more cases by four other top rheumatologists using DMSO in medical centers in other parts of the United States. When critics asserted that the results might be due to a psychological reaction—"a laying on of hands by the great Doctor Rosenbaum," as one cynic put it—the drug was sent to Florida to be used on lame race horses. Within 48 hours the horses were back on the track.

HEADACHE. Applying DMSO to the forehead, Jacob has obtained relief of certain kinds of headache in about 15 minutes. It is particularly effective in headaches caused by whiplash injury and physical tension; it does not work at all in headaches of psychological origin or those caused by brain tumor. "Here," Jacob says, "the mechanism of the drug is *really* puzzling. We know it goes through the skin of the forehead but we don't know what happens after that. We can only theorize that many deep pains are felt because of impulses carried to the skin by the nerves. So blockage of the nerves in the skin may relieve deep pain."

THE COMMON COLD. Although little research has been done in this area, it appears that DMSO, placed on the skin of the nose, relieves the symptoms of the common cold for two or three hours. It is *not* a cure for the ailment, but congestion and drainage visibly disappear. "Later," Jacob says, "if the drug is approved by the Government for internal application, I think we'll get even better results by applying it *in* the nose in a spray."

SINUSITIS. Although research has been scant here also, the drug showed the same results as when used for the common cold, except that relief lasts longer. In some patients it lasts up to several days, with a single application on the skin over the frontal and maxillary sinuses.

BURNS. In second-degree (surface) burns DMSO not only relieves pain but prevents blistering. In third-degree burns (in which the entire thickness of the skin is seared and the skin dies), DMSO seems to have an additional antibacterial effect. Ordinarily, dead skin becomes infected. With DMSO, infection is delayed. It does not kill bacteria the way penicillin does, but in the test tube at least, it has slowed their growth.

ARTHRITIS. Rosenbaum and Jacob reported in a medical journal that they observed some relief and improvement in some patients with certain types of arthritis. On the other hand, Dr. Daniel Bachman, head of the division of rheumatology at the University of Oregon Medical School, has had little success so far when using DMSO on chronic and advanced arthritis cases in the school's clinic. In most types of arthritis Doctor Rosenbaum sees DMSO mainly as an adjunct to other treatments already in use.

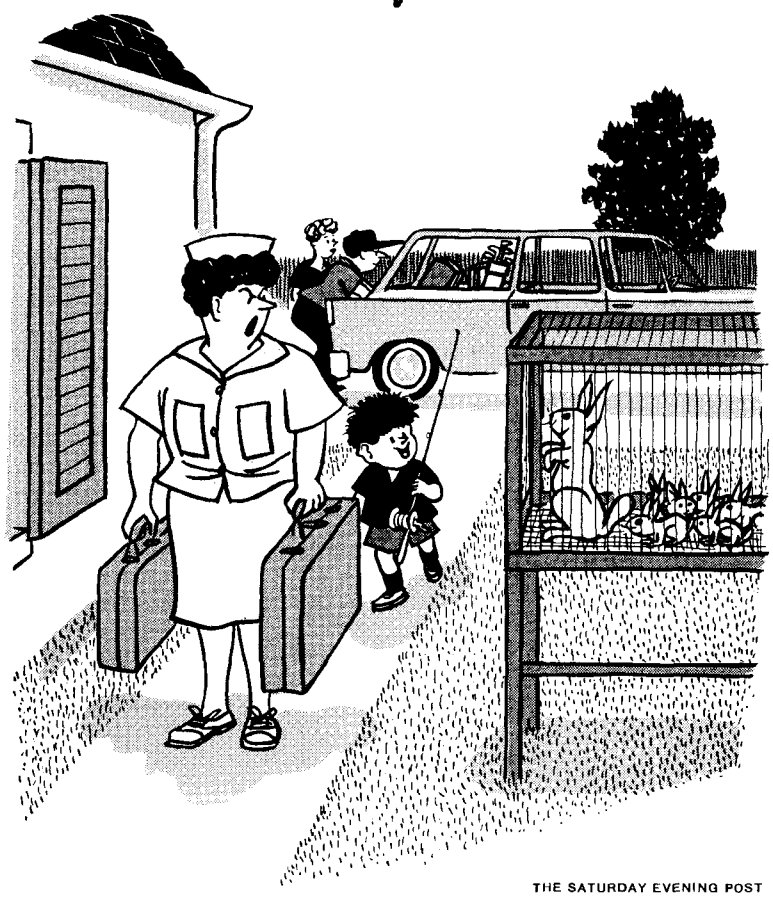
INJURIES. DMSO looks so promising here that Doctor Rosenbaum says, "The drug will always have to be a prescription item or administered by physicians only. The reason is that it can so effectively mask pain that if laymen used it, a patient might continue to walk around on a fractured ankle, say, without knowing it. It should be extremely effective in treating athletic injuries. For example, if Sonny Liston really had the arm pain that he claimed to have had in the Cassius Clay fight, an application of DMSO by his doctor might have allowed him to continue the bout."

On the whole, however, the jury is still out on DMSO. It will be at least a year before the toxicity studies and limited clinical testing are completed and DMSO is released for more widespread human trials. It is then that some of the most important potentialities of the substance will be examined—for its possible effectiveness in treating such maladies as multiple sclerosis, hardening of the arteries, and tropical diseases which thus far have resisted the best efforts of medical science. Most anxiously awaited is further experimentation with DMSO as a "translocator," or carrier of other drugs to hard-to-reach parts of the body. Dr. David Jackson of the University of Oregon Medical School, for example, has already shown that DMSO is the only known chemical which can penetrate the membranes which surround and protect the brain. Until now it has been difficult to deal with brain diseases like meningitis and tumor because antibiotics and antitumor drugs cannot penetrate the so-called "blood-brain barrier." If DMSO carries them through, an entire new area of treatment will be opened up.

Doctor Rosenbaum, also speaking of DMSO as a translocator, mentions its possibilities as an agent to limit the toxicity of other drugs. He says cortisone, to name one, causes dangerous side effects when used in large dosages to get a small amount to a certain part of the body. He says, "With DMSO's capability of rapidly penetrating the body's membranes, it is possible we could use it to carry *small* amounts of cortisone safely to the target, and perhaps enhance the value of cortisone a hundredfold."

But the controversy continues, and no one really knows what the medical future of this fascinating new substance will be. Doctor Rosenbaum will only say, "If nothing else, we've proved that such a thing exists, and we've opened up a whole new principle of treatment. It's a new tool. Where we had a hammer and saw before, now we've got a chisel. Even if DMSO itself falls by the wayside, at least medical science now knows that a drug can be absorbed into the body, and they will find another. So I don't care what the scoffers say. We've opened an unknown door—and I think even the scoffers will be passing through." THE END

HAZEL, STARRING SHIRLEY BOOTH, MAY BE SEEN ON NBC-TV THURSDAY EVENINGS.



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and drop...

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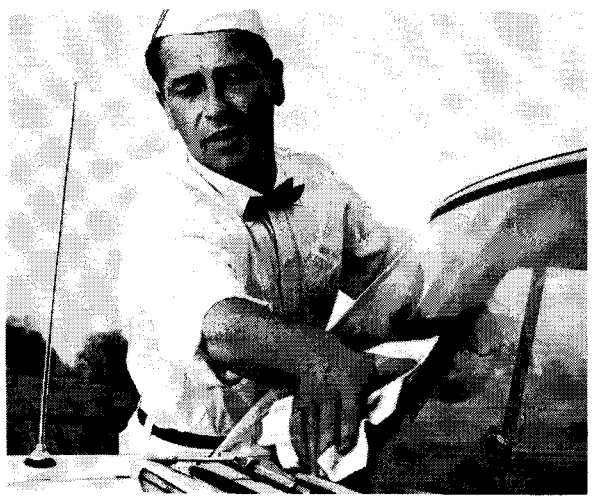

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I FLEW AROUND THE WORLD ALONE

By Joan Merriam

In 1937 Amelia Earhart died in an attempt to circle the globe at the equator. This year Joan Merriam flew the same route to fulfill Miss Earhart's dream.

Joan was festooned with leis when she landed in Guam.

I had had the dream for years; first to fly an airplane, then to fly one as she did. When I was in high school, I would tell my friends and classmates that someday I was going to fly around the world just like Amelia Earhart. Everybody just laughed. They knew I was a baseball-playing tomboy, and this was a tomboy fantasy. But I knew that since Amelia disappeared in 1937, no other woman had ever attempted to fly around the world. This only heightened my ambition to be the first one.

On March 17—27 years to the day after Amelia took off from Oakland on her round-the-world attempt—I sat at the controls of my own small plane at the same Oakland airport and pointed eastward along the same 27,000-mile route she had planned so long ago. In some strange way I felt I was fulfilling not only my lifelong dream but Amelia's dream too.

I taxied my twin-engined, Rajay-turbocharged Piper Apache out onto Runway 27 Right, a long, slick jet-age strip

Joan's twin-engined Piper Apache(here flying over Long Beach, Calif.) is a smaller, lighter plane than the $80,000 Lockheed that Miss Earhart used on her fatal flight.

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"I CARRIED METRECAL COOKIES, THREE DAYS' CHANGE OF CLOTHES AND A TOY KOALA BEAR."

Around the World Alone

that is near the now-vanished dirt strip Amelia had used. Over my radio came the voice of airport manager Fred McElwain in the control tower—the same man who had supervised Amelia's Oakland takeoff in 1937. "I directed her from the same hangar to the same immediate point," he said. "We waited to see her back in fifty days. . . ." Then, keeping his voice light and bright, he added, "See you back in about six weeks, Joan." I accelerated down the runway and lifted off the ground only a few hundred feet from where Amelia had.

Suddenly I felt a tremendous sense of elation. The flight had begun. I was on my own. If all went well, I would touch down at Oakland again in 40 days—just as Amelia had expected to do.

The first leg of the flight was to Tucson, Ariz. I had flown it many times before. Everything seemed so familiar, in fact, that I found it hard to believe I was actually starting off around the world, not just going to Tucson again. It gave me time to look back at all that had happened to me since the August day in Detroit in 1952 when I boarded an Eastern Airlines Constellation for my first flight to anywhere. I was 15 then. My father had died a few months before, and my mother and I were going to Miami. I was terrified. I had no idea that airplanes could be so big. I wondered how they could fly. About 15 minutes after takeoff, however, my fear began to leave me, and shortly before we reached Miami, I screwed up my courage enough to ask the stewardess if I could go up where the pilots were and watch them work. I visited the cockpit for 10 minutes, and when I returned to my seat, I was hooked on aviation. Within two weeks I had persuaded my mother that I'd rather have flying lessons at $12 an hour than continue with baton-twirling instruction at $6.50 a half hour. I'd won about 18 trophies with the baton by then anyway, and the challenge was gone. I'd found a new love.

Now, thousands of feet above the desert, with Tucson and the whole world ahead of me, I looked around the cockpit of my airplane at all the paraphernalia which said this was no ordinary flight. Four of the Apache's five seats had been removed. In their places were big auxiliary fuel tanks, elaborate radio and navigational gear, 28 Manila envelopes containing the 105 charts I would need to find my way, a supply of Life Savers and Metrecal cookies, two pairs of sunglasses, an overnight case containing three days' change of wash-and-wear clothes, a borrowed sextant, a pistol, $3,000 in cash and traveler's checks, two Thermos bottles, a 35-mm. camera, a small tape recorder, my passport with 16 visas, a kit of survival gear, a St. Christopher medal pinned to the upholstery, a four-inch stuffed koala bear attached to the side window with a suction cup—and a little toy polar bear with rubber claws and a rubber nose and a purple bow tied around his neck. For hundreds of hours over the next two months this cramped little box of a cabin would be my home, and these things would be my only companions. Unlike Amelia, who flew with navigator Fred Noonan, I was going it alone. My plane just wasn't big enough to carry all the fuel I would need and still have room for another person.

There was one other thing that I brought with me—a copy of a book. If it hadn't been for this book, I guess I might never have made this flight, because it was the thing that introduced me to Amelia. I was 16 and taking flying lessons in Miami, and one day my aunt said, "Here's a book I think you'd like to read, Joan." She took it out of her bookcase and handed it to me. It was *Last Flight*, the story of Amelia's round-the-world flight. Well, it was about aviation, and I had heard of "A.E." (as she is known to most people in flying circles), so I read it. From that moment on I made up my mind that I wanted to be like her. First, of course, I had to learn to fly—and learn I did, in a hurry.

I soloed after nine hours (before I had a license to drive a car), got my private license at the minimum age of 17 and my commercial license at the minimum age of 23. I worked as an instructor, I flew charters, I flew executive flights and company planes. And I saved—always with the idea of doing A.E.'s flight. In 1955 I saw a plane that was for sale in Miami. I eyed that plane for months. I had some money put away, and I could just see that airplane and me going around the world together. But the plan fell through, financially, and left me disappointed and depressed. The same thing happened with another plane in 1959. Every time I'd almost get there, but I wouldn't quite make it.

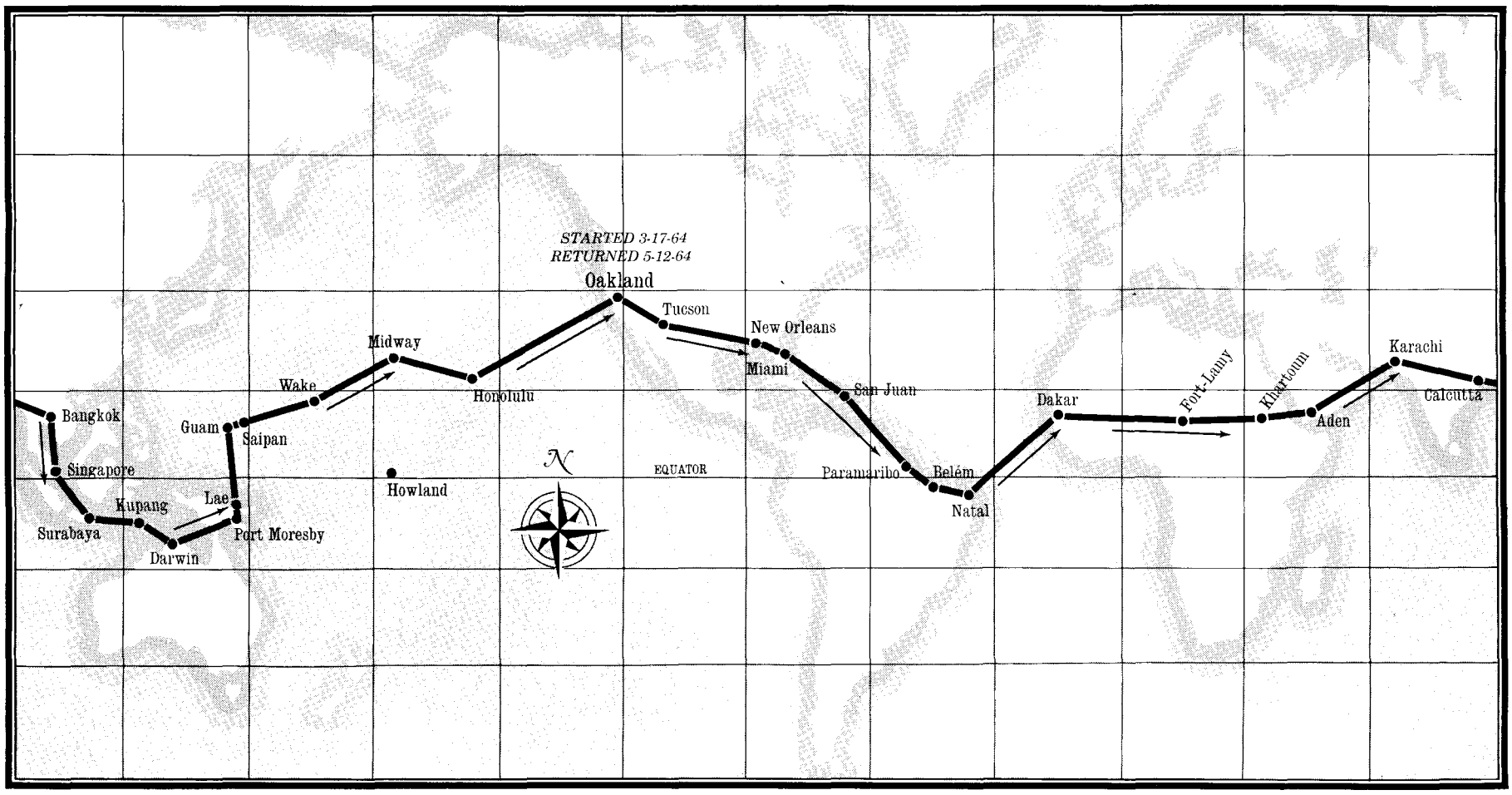
An understanding husband

I had the round-the-world bug solidly by the time I met my husband in Florida in 1958. He was, and is, a U.S. Navy officer in command of a minesweeper. More important to me, he is also a pilot. It wasn't long before I was telling him all about me and this Amelia thing—and he understood. He's a real easygoing guy, and he accepts me the way I am. He never made any objection to anything I ever wanted to do—including flying around the world. Unfortunately the Navy shipped Jack to overseas duty in Japan in January, so he wasn't around to give me encouragement during the final, frantic days of preparation. But that's getting ahead of the story.

It was November 22, 1963—the morning of the day that President Kennedy was shot—that I finally put my life's savings of $10,000 down on the purchase of an airplane—the same plane that was now taking me to Tucson. The Apache cost $18,000, and that was only the beginning of the expense. In fact, I am still in debt as a result of my flight.

I landed at Tucson after about five hours of flying from Oakland. I had planned to stay overnight, but bad weather—something I was going to see plenty of in the coming days—was already crossing my path, so I decided to fly on to New Orleans the same night. From New Orleans I hopped to Miami, where there were more good-bye ceremonies. My mother came to see me, and the city gave us a big banquet. Before my takeoff from California, I had had my hair cut short, sort of Amelia-style. I wore the one all-purpose dress that I had with me. I certainly didn't feel very glamorous.

Before I left Miami, I finished packing survival gear into my plane. (I had named it *City of Long Beach*—the city was one of my financial backers—though I really wanted to call it the *Amelia.*) Then I took off like a small, frail bird among all the great jets at the Miami airport and headed for San Juan, Puerto Rico. After a routine overnight stop, I was off again for Paramaribo, Surinam (a former Dutch colony on the northeastern coast of South America), and that's where trouble began. I had read A.E.'s description of Paramaribo so many times over the years that I knew just what the place would



The longest way around the world: a route that stays as close to the equator as is possible with existing airports. It is also a route where wind and weather are treacherous.

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look like from the air: a town squatting at the edge of the Surinam River, lots of red-tile rooftops and some thatched huts. It looks the same today as it did then, except that now there is a large jet airport about 30 miles out of town. I landed there on March 22, my sixth day out.

There was always red tape when I arrived at these strange airports. Although all my landing clearances had been arranged in advance, there were forms to be filled in, papers to sign, and all kinds of delays before I could get to some kind of quarters for a night's sleep. Fortunately, because English is pretty much the language of aviation all around the world, I didn't have many problems of making myself understood. But I was always tired and feeling pretty wrinkled—both in appearance and spirits. Usually, if there was time before landing, I would take a quick look at myself in a mirror, comb my hair, and maybe put on some fresh lipstick.

At Paramaribo they put me up in the airport V.I.P. quarters, actually, just an upstairs room that was available for transients. After I had done Chinese laundry and hung clothes up to drip-dry, I crawled into bed and thought about tomorrow. The next leg would take me 1,500 miles southeast along the South American coast to Natal, Brazil. This would be mostly over jungle, pretty wild and dangerous country. I thought about all the rivers that I would be flying over and all the alligators and the little man-eating fish, piranhas, that were in them.

The next morning, as my plane was being fueled before takeoff, I could see gasoline leaking out of the bottom of the fuselage, and I traced it to a broken weld in one of my auxiliary tanks. These tanks had cost me a couple of thousand dollars and were supposed to be the best available—but one of them had somehow cracked. If this had happened in flight, it could have been disastrous—causing either explosion and fire or asphyxiation from fumes.

It took six hours to remove the tanks from the plane. I pushed everybody as hard as I could, but Surinam was pretty primitive, and I was really afraid I was going to have to abandon the trip right there. The tanks had to be shipped 30 miles from the airport to Paramaribo for repairs. Everything moved at a maddeningly slow pace. Days passed, and the rains came down. I stayed right at the airport most of the time, standing by the plane, drinking gallons of black coffee and wondering what this would do to my carefully planned flight schedule.

Finally, after six days and $300 worth of repairs, the tanks were replaced, and I was ready to fly over the Amazon and the alligators to Natal. I took off at dawn on March 30—and flew into new danger.

Over French Guiana a front of boiling thunderclouds reaching 50,000 feet blocked my way. My plane, even with the turbochargers, could only climb to 25,000 feet, so I had to try to zigzag around under the base of these ferocious clouds. I went down to 500 feet, racing against time, never knowing when this sky would fall right down on me. My main concern was to keep a line, a horizon—however faint—ahead of me. I was flying on instruments and watching all of them second by second, because if anything failed now, there was just no place to set down for hundreds of miles. At high altitudes you don't consider the type of terrain you're flying over, but at 500 feet you begin to think about it. One thought never left my mind: those alligators. At 300 feet I could see the Amazon jungle and swamps in detail, and I knew that if I were forced down here, my chances of getting out alive were awfully slim.

There was no hope of getting through the thunderclouds to Natal, so I decided to follow the Amazon downstream toward Belém. I wasn't even sure I could make Belém, but I knew it was up ahead somewhere, and I was going to try. It was afternoon now, I had been flying since dawn, and I was beat. Then out of the rain and darkness I saw a small, light-colored airfield completely surrounded by jungle: Belém. It seemed like the sweetest little airport I'd ever seen. The runway was pitted with holes and the facilities were primitive, but after looking at the jungle for so many hours, I was mighty glad to be on safe ground.

Next morning the weather was better, and I took off for Natal. There were some more storms, but nothing I couldn't fly around. When I landed at Natal in the afternoon, I found plenty of evidence that Brazilian politics really were boiling. The military was in revolt against President Goulart, and the field was swarming with armed guards. Officials advised me to stay in quarters right at the airport rather than go to a hotel in town. They put a guard on my plane and another guard watched over my room. I ate my meals in the officers' quarters of the Brazilian Air Force. I was the only woman on the base, and I felt like a goldfish. I'm basically a little on the shy side at best, so I just gobbled my food and got out as fast as I could.

The U.S. consul in Natal, Frank Walton, told me the Goulart government was tottering, communications throughout the country were uncertain, and that I should leave as soon as possible. But that was easier said than done. My route from Natal was over 1,900 miles of South Atlantic ocean to Dakar on the western bulge of Africa. It was going to be the longest overwater hop of my trip so far, and it would take at least 13 hours. To make it safely, I needed reliable weather information—but thanks to this Brazilian revolution, none was available.

The Goulart government fell on the morning of April 2. All domestic and international flights from nearby Recife were canceled. I was afraid if I waited around much longer, I might be grounded too. I decided to take off early the next morning without a weather forecast and trust to luck that I could pick up advice from the African side of the ocean after I was in the air.

I took off on April 3 with 20 hours of fuel on board. I flew on instruments at about 5,000 feet for a couple of hours, then broke out into some better weather. Within another hour, however, I could see trouble ahead—lines of huge clouds which marked the dangerous intertropical front. Violent winds converge in a band about 150 miles wide in this region, making the equatorial route dangerous even for airplanes much bigger than mine. But this was the way Amelia had planned it. She wanted to circle the globe along a line as close to the equator as possible, and I wasn't about to try to find an easier way.

With radio clearance from Natal I climbed to 9,000 feet to clear the tops of the storm clouds, but when I reached that altitude, I could see it wasn't enough. I went to 13,000 feet. Still not enough. I went down to lower altitude again.

At 5,000 I ran into torrential rains. My visibility was zero; all I could see was a great blur of water beyond my wing

Aviator Paul Mantz, who advised on Earhart flight, also helped Joan plan her trip.

Even at 17, when Joan earned her private license, she wanted to live and fly like Amelia.

Miss Earhart was the first lady of the air when she took off on global flight in 1937.

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"I WONDERED HOW LONG I COULD KEEP MY SANITY IF A CRASH FORCED ME DOWN AND I WAS ADRIFT ON THE OCEAN FOR MANY DAYS."

tips. The rain came so hard that the windshield began to leak, and water started seeping in around the door and across the cabin floor where my radio power packs were. In all my years of flying I had never seen such rain. It made such a racket as it pounded on the airplane that I had to put my headset on to hear signals, which I had been getting over the loudspeaker. I began to worry that the windshield might break under the pressure.

I came down to 2,000 feet and then to 500 feet to get below the storm. The undersides of the clouds were ragged, black and boiling. In places the sea, the air and the sky seemed to be inseparable—all one piece, one torrent. For the next 150 miles I flew between 400 and 500 feet above the ocean on instruments. Finally, after two hours of battle, I emerged from the intertropical front, thankful to be in one piece.

I was now five hours out—too far away to reach Natal anymore on my short-range radio. I switched to my long-range set and tried to raise Dakar for weather information, but couldn't make any contact. A radio beacon I had been receiving on my automatic direction finder had also become erratic and useless. I knew I should be about midway to Africa by now, but I was flying by magnetic compass only. If winds or more bad weather forced me off course, I feared I might drift so far south that I would miss Dakar altogether.

I also knew I should be reporting my position every 30 minutes. In this way, if I went down in the sea, rescuers would know approximately where to look for me. No search would be started, of course, until my 20 hours of fuel time were up—but, by then, without any half-hourly reports to go by, searchers wouldn't know where to begin. I tried not to think of all the possibilities. I just flew the airplane as close to my compass heading as I could keep it and worked the radios constantly. For three hours I never heard a human voice—and no one heard mine. Then somewhere south of me I picked up a B.O.A.C. plane talking with Dakar. They were talking about me! The B.O.A.C. pilot was telling Dakar that he'd heard nothing from me. I tried—oh, *how* I tried—to reach the B.O.A.C. plane, but no luck. Later on I could hear other aircraft at various distances trying to reach both Dakar and Natal with their radios, but they didn't seem to be having any better success than I did. I decided then that it was probably atmospheric conditions, not a failure of my radios, which had cut me off from the rest of the world. I decided to climb to a higher altitude and hope for better radio contact.

At 11,000 feet the bright sunshine dried up the moisture around the windshield. I spread some rags on the floor to absorb puddles of water. Now, after seven hours of storm-fighting and anxiety, I was suddenly very tired. I had a backache, my right leg hurt, and I had a headache. I loosened my seat belt, moved from side to side a little and stretched each of my legs up over the rudder pedals. I'd bought a couple of cheese sandwiches back in Natal and brought them along, and now I tried one—my first food since takeoff. But the cheese in the sandwich was too strong, and the bread was stale, so after one bite I put the sandwich back in its bag and ate half a box of Metrecal cookies with some water. I was in no danger of getting fat on this trip—in fact, I lost 15 pounds before it was over.

For the first time in many hours I put the plane on autopilot and tried to relax. I still couldn't make any radio contacts. Some crazy things went through my mind. Now that I wasn't concentrating on fighting the weather, I began to look down at the clear sea far below and to worry about the sharks down there. I'm as scared of sharks as I am of alligators or piranhas. I became very conscious of the life raft that was stored on top of the gas tank behind me. I wondered how long a person could keep his sanity if he was adrift in one of those things for many days.

Now the sun was gradually going down behind me. In flying, you almost consider the sun an old friend—especially when you are over unfamiliar oceans or terrain. About a half hour before it went down, I started looking back to see where it was in relation to the horizon—and then all of a sudden it was gone. I wanted it to stay up just a little longer. When it was gone, I was lonely.

Marooned in the sky

I turned on my red instrument-panel lights, and everything in the cabin picked up their eerie glow. Outside, the horizon, the sea and the sky all became one black void. There were no stars yet. Then without warning I picked up Natal radio asking Dakar if they'd heard anything from me. Dakar said no, and Natal, sounding concerned, said that I had left there 11 hours ago. Natal reported that I had 20 hours of fuel, gave the radio frequencies I was using and listed the survival gear I had on board. Then Natal said I had two hours to go before the expiration of my flight-plan time.

Dakar said, "Roger," and then called me over and over again: "Apache three two five one Papa, this is Dakar Oceanic Control. How do you read on eight eight seven nine point five?" I tried to answer, but didn't get through. After 20 minutes the calls stopped coming. It was a terrible feeling, like there was some barrier between me and the people who were trying to help me. Like hearing my own obituary.

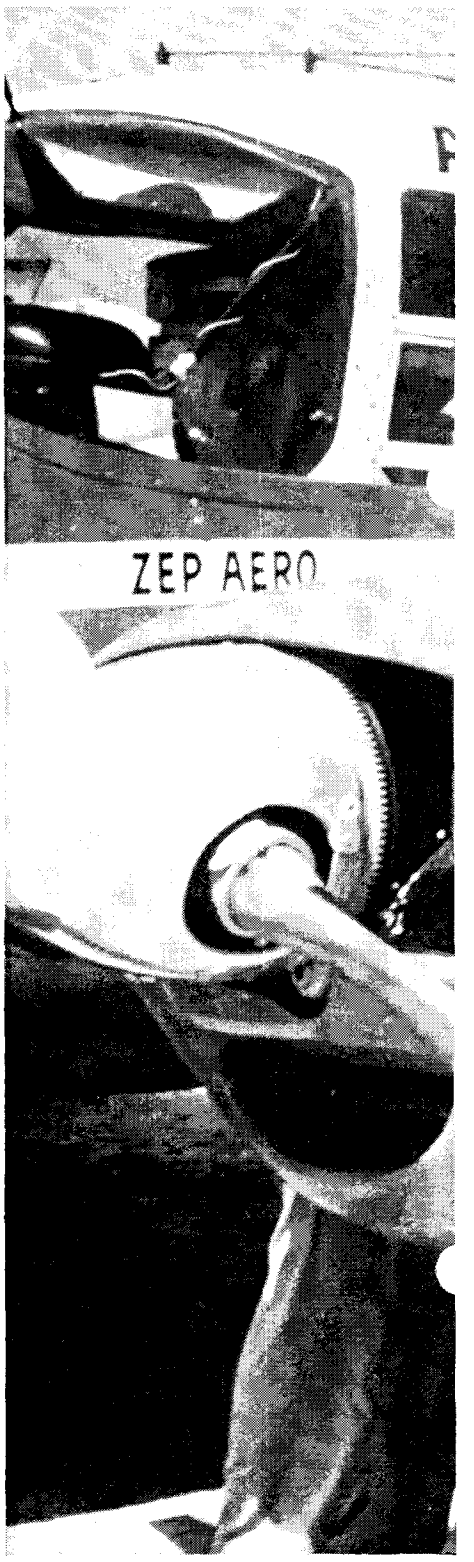
At the end of 12 hours of flying I still had no contact with Dakar. Without radio navigational aid I continued to stick to my compass heading. After 14 hours I heard Dakar calling ships in the area, asking if anyone had contact with me. I picked up my mike and yelled into it as loudly as I could. There was no reason for yelling, but by now I was getting really worried. My flight-plan time had expired. Unless I had miscalculated, I should be somewhere near my destination—but what if something had gone wrong? I began to think about having to ditch my plane at sea when the fuel ran out. What was the ocean like down there in the dark?

In the 15th hour my eyes began to tire from the strain of reading instruments. I flipped on the overhead cabin light and took a look at myself in the mirror. I looked pretty wild. I drank some water and munched some hard candies. There was still nothing but silence coming from my radio. I switched to a homing device known as VOR. I figured that if I were within 150 miles of Dakar, I should get an indication on the instrument's needle. I watched this hopefully for about 10 minutes—and then it happened! A signal from Dakar. It told me I was on a line only about 40 miles north of the city. I corrected course, and before long I could see lights in the distance. All my tension left me then. "Well," I said aloud, "I've lucked out again."

I landed at Dakar at one A.M., just 16 hours after taking off from Natal—and barely an hour before officials were going to send out search-and-rescue planes for me. I was tired and hungry, but the idea of being in Africa, seeing native people in colorful costumes, hearing strange tongues—all of this was exciting. While I waited for the usual paper work to be completed, I passed out a few ink-marker pens I had brought with me and invited everyone around the plane to sign his name or write a greeting on the fuselage. I did this everywhere I stopped. By the end of my flight I had over 800 signatures covering most of the airplane.

From the airport I went to a hotel in Dakar, and even though it was the middle of the night, I ordered a steak dinner for myself. To play it safe and take no chances with strange food, I had to specify "well done" on the meat, even though I'm usually a rare-steak eater. Throughout the trip, I ate only well-done beef, canned vegetables, coffee without cream, no fruits, vegetables or dairy products. It made for a pretty dull diet, but illness from food poisoning was something I had to beware of, particularly when I was flying long hours alone.

I went to sleep on my first night in Dakar thinking of how far I had come from Oakland and how much of the globe I still had to circle. I could see the route as it had looked months before when I stretched my charts out on the living-room floor at home, 28 legs of approximately 1,000 miles per leg. When I had them all pieced together, they were 18 feet long, and when people came into the room, they had to take their shoes off to walk around. I had a 12-foot strip of aluminum floor molding which I used as a straightedge, and I spent about six hours figuring each 1,000 miles—more



A turbaned mechanic checks Joan's

than 150 hours of plotting in all—marking off checkpoints, double-checking radio frequencies, looking for errors. Now it was four A.M. on April 4, and I was dropping off to sleep in a strange hotel in Africa. I was nine days behind schedule, and I still had about 12 feet of charts to fly.

I slept until noon the next day and then went out shopping. Maybe I was feeling thankful for getting across the Atlantic safely or something, but I bought a 14-karat gold cross and two saint figures carved out of mahogany. They went into the plane with St. Christopher and the koala bear.

I took off from Dakar on April 5. My route would take me right across the beltline of Africa, flying almost straight east toward the Red Sea. The weather was good, communications were crystal-clear. From 9,000 or 10,000 feet the land below looked a little like our Nevada or Arizona deserts. I thought about what might be down there—no sharks or alligators now, but lions and that sort of thing. I didn't think my small pistol would be much use. I also thought about that B-24 bomber, the *Lady Be Good*, which came down in the desert in World

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portside engine prior to her takeoff from hot, gusty Calcutta. Service, parts and repairs for the Apache were uncertain in many of the remote airports.

War II. It wasn't found for 17 years. I thought, There's only one thing that's as bad as going down at sea and that's going down in the desert. But if you've been flying on course, rescuers have a better chance of finding you. Just stay in the shade of the plane, the book says, and burn something to make smoke signals. Thoughts like these come easy when you are alone.

I flew on to Niamey in Niger, where I refueled, then took off again for Fort-Lamy. This was easy, pleasant flying. In spite of my long hours in the air over Africa, I wasn't tired. In the African night the stars stood out more vividly than I had ever seen them in my life. They gave me a feeling that I was not just below them, but *among* them. Below me it was pitch-black, except for tiny red flares that came into view once in a while—from campfires in small Nigerian villages. I kept myself awake by taking an occasional drink from a Thermos of coffee and flew all night. I landed at Fort-Lamy in Chad in the early morning, refueled and took off again.

Between Fort-Lamy and Khartoum I discovered how rough desert flying could be. The land didn't look like our Southwest anymore, and the heat became almost unbearable in the plane, even at 10,000 feet. The combination of heat and blinding glare in the cockpit and the effort of hand-flying the plane through very turbulent air was so fatiguing that I began to have a hard time staying awake. To keep alert I began washing my face with water I had in a plastic bottle. To do this, I would fly with one hand or both hands off the wheel—the auto-pilot was useless in such turbulent air—then grab the controls again when the plane veered off. I became very aggravated with the airplane because it wouldn't hold a heading, and handled it roughly as my discomfort grew. I flew on this way all day, dog-tired, sometimes getting my knee up under the wheel, trying to stay on course. Finally at dusk I saw the blue and yellow lights of Khartoum ahead of me on the western edge of the Blue Nile. It was 105 degrees when I landed, and after 36 hours of nonsleep flying, I was ready for bed.

Extreme heat and air turbulence kept me from leaving Khartoum the next day, but on April 8, I took off before dawn, heading over Ethiopia for the Red Sea port of Aden. From Aden I followed a slightly northeasterly course to Karachi, India. This was 12 hours and 1,600 miles of boredom. I flew slightly off the Arabian shore most of the way. With the auto-pilot on, there was little to do, and wherever I looked, there was nothing to see. But there was a special significance to reaching Karachi—it was my halfway mark around the world, 14,000 miles from Oakland, and I reached it in 23 days. My dream was beginning to look as though it had a chance of coming true.

From Karachi I flew on via Ahmedabad to Calcutta, and each day now seemed to bring me closer to Amelia. At every stop in India there were people who remembered her and who told me stories about her.

Now it was Rangoon, Bangkok, Singapore, Surabaya—all the romantic names and places of Southeast Asia. I remembered that when Amelia and Noonan were flying in this part of the world, they were caught in some torrential rains. For a lark, they began singing *On the Road to Mandalay . . . where the flyin' fishes play.** They thought of themselves as flying fishes. I've always liked that song, too, especially the way Frank Sinatra sings it, so as I flew near Mandalay, I sang the words out loud to myself: *An' the dawn comes up like thunder out of China 'crost the bay. . . .* *

In each place I landed now, the routine became more familiar: the boredom of airport paperwork, the excitement of meeting people who had met Amelia when she came this way, the dullness of overcooked meat and canned vegetables, the never-fully-satisfied need for a little more sleep. But I was leaving the miles behind and getting closer to a special place. On April 18 I took off from Darwin, Australia, for Lae, New Guinea.

In all my years of wanting to fly around the world, the point that stood out in my mind as most important was Lae. This was the last place Amelia was seen alive. Somehow it seemed there would be more of her spirit still there than at any other spot along her route.

My flight had obviously stirred a lot of interest in Lae, because there were several hundred people waiting to greet me—among them a half dozen men and women who had seen Amelia. They included a pilot, the wife of another pilot, a woman who owned the hotel at which Amelia stayed. (I wanted to stay at the same hotel—and in the same room if

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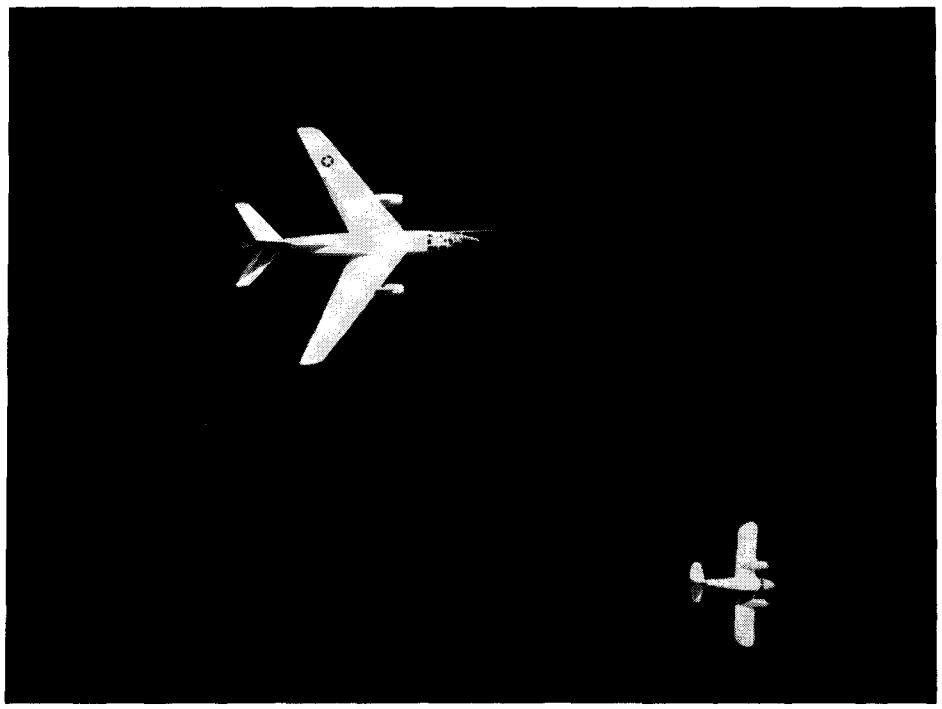

Approaching Guam, Joan's small plane, lower right, was honored with a Navy jet escort.

"WITH THE U.S. ONLY AN HOUR AWAY, ONE ENGINE DIED, AND I GOT READY TO DITCH ALL MY DREAMS IN THE PACIFIC."

Around the World Alone

possible—but the place was being repaired, and I had to stay at another hotel.)

I joined these people for lunch and for two hours they all discussed their memories of Amelia and, naturally, we speculated on what may have happened to her. A few had taken snapshots of A.E. in 1937, and now they presented me with copies of these photos.

I stayed an extra day at Lae because I wanted to see more of the place. I took pictures from the air and from the ground of the airport and at the very spot where Amelia's wheels last touched the runway. A.E. was heading for Howland Island, 2,500 miles away, when she left Lae—but Howland is uninhabited today and its facilities abandoned. Therefore when I took off on April 22, it was for Guam—and what I hoped would be my first reunion with my husband in four months.

I passed through the intertropical front in the region of the equator for the fourth time, but without too much difficulty. Then, about 200 miles out of Guam, I was intercepted by prearrangement by a couple of U.S. Navy jets and a DC-4 transport. As a Navy wife, this was my escort to the island. There was a big, noisy welcome for me ashore with a Navy band and a big cake and garlands of flowers—but no husband. With all my delays, Jack was now back on sea duty aboard his minesweeper.

On April 23 I decided to take a short hop over to Saipan to see the place where Amelia was rumored to have been imprisoned by the Japanese. I don't really believe this story, but it is now a part of the Earhart legend, and I wanted to see for myself. I talked with some people on Saipan who claim that the Japs shot Noonan and that Amelia died a few weeks later. I saw the place where she was supposedly kept in prison and the spot where she is said to be buried. All fascinating to me, but still only rumor.

It was on this side trip to Saipan that I started to have trouble with my landing gear. The hydraulic system that keeps the wheels up was faulty, allowing the wheels to drop part way down while in flight. When I got back to Guam, it took a full week of work to repair the trouble.

On the morning of May 1 I took off for Wake Island, a dot in the Pacific 1,500 miles away. It would be my last stop before Honolulu. I got only about 300 miles out of Guam, however, when trouble developed in my electrical system. I was really beginning to feel jinxed. I wanted to go on to Wake anyway, but I knew that if the new trouble put my radios and direction-finder equipment out of operation, I would never find Wake by dead reckoning. I turned back to Guam once again—disgusted and discouraged.

After repairs I took off again from Guam on May 3, disappointed at the last minute to learn that the forecast, which had been for tailwinds, was now predicting headwinds instead. Then, an hour out of Guam, the landing gear started slipping down again, further cutting my airspeed. I tried to lift the landing gear by working a hand pump in the cockpit, but it was jammed. I figured out that a piece of metal—something I couldn't see and couldn't reach—was jamming the pump. If I had had a co-pilot this might not have been such a problem, but trying to get at the trouble with a long screwdriver and still fly the airplane with one hand—and sometimes with no hands at all—was a nerve-racking job.

I finally got the wheels up into the plane again, but I knew the trouble would recur and that I would have to go through this whole maddening process over and over again before I reached Wake. By now I was getting pretty aggravated, but I made up my mind not to turn back to Guam again. Everything else in the plane was functioning, and I was confident I could find Wake by afternoon. I flew on—and every hour or so I fiddled and pumped and cussed the slipping wheels back into position. After 11 hours of this I landed at Wake—a three-mile-square spot of land which I hit within seven minutes of my estimated time of arrival.

Wake is a bleak, empty, flat sandspit which is run by the Federal Aviation Agency these days. The facilities are plain, the food fair-to-middling. I had no desire to stay at Wake any longer than necessary, but strong headwinds kept me there, bored and impatient, until May 5, when I took off on the long, 2,300-mile jump to Honolulu. I now felt so near and yet so far from Oakland. Guam, Wake, Honolulu are all American soil, and it should have felt like the home-stretch, but the Pacific is mighty broad, and my misfortunes with the airplane were beginning to eat away at my confidence. I knew the landing gear was still not repaired, the autopilot was unreliable—and my troubles were not over.

Two hundred miles out of Wake I noticed that my right engine was overheating. With more than 2,000 miles to go to Honolulu, I couldn't take a chance on an engine failure. Sick with disappointment, I returned to dreary Wake for more repairs. The thing that really began to get me down was the feeling of being cut off from the world in this part of the Pacific. There were no aviation mechanics on Wake who knew what to do with a plane like mine, no real expert assistance of any kind. We finally discovered that the cause of the engine's overheating was an accumulation of dead grasshoppers clogging the oil cooler. After two more days of delay I took off from Wake for what I hoped would be the last time.

I had now been on my way around Amelia's world for 52 days, and by this time I had expected to be back in the U.S.A. As I flew toward Hawaii, I began to think about some favorite music Jack and I used to listen to in our apartment in San Diego back in 1962—*Around the World in 80 Days,* the Frank Sinatra record. I hoped it wouldn't *really* take me 80 days, but with the way troubles were piling up, I wasn't too sure.

Out of luck—and gas

Four hours out of Wake my jinx caught up with me again. A routine position check told me I was an hour behind schedule on my course to Hawaii. This meant the headwinds were stronger than I had anticipated, and the 20 hours of fuel I carried probably wouldn't be enough. Disappointed again, I turned north toward Midway Island for fuel.

On May 8 I landed at Honolulu—back in the States at last and only one hop away from final success. My reception in Hawaii was happy and hectic, with newspaper and television people all over the place and very little time left for relaxing. Everybody wanted me to say when I thought I'd arrive in Oakland, but I just couldn't say. I had to get that landing gear fixed, also the autopilot. The weather forecast for my final 2,400-mile flight to California wasn't too favorable either. At best it would be a 17-hour flight, and I could carry only 20 hours of fuel, so I had to wait for the best possible wind conditions. It was two days before things looked right. In this time I managed to get exactly two hours in the sun on Waikiki beach and had time to shop for two new dresses. Then it was back to the Apache and into the air again on May 10.

A short time out of Honolulu I found that my right engine was overheating again, and I turned back for an overnight engine inspection and magneto retuning. The next day I took off shortly after noon and, flying at 11,000 feet, all went relatively smoothly until I had passed the point of no return. The landing gear was still acting up, but by now I was so accustomed to fixing that problem that it was becoming routine.

Shortly after passing the point of no return I began to notice a slight rise in fuel consumption in my right engine. I cut back a little on the mixture to conserve fuel and continued this way for several hours. Ahead of me, when I was about 14 hours out of Honolulu, the blackness of the night was broken in the east by a bright, thin line on the horizon—a wonderful sight that made me forget my fatigue. It was the dawn over mainland, U.S.A., and I knew that the sun had already lighted up Oakland. In a few minutes I was in bright sunshine. I tuned in my radio to San Francisco and heard people congratulating me on my approach to home. I guess that's when I first felt I was going to make it.

But the right engine had other ideas. Just as I had calculated that I had only an hour to go, I noticed an ominous sign on my control panel. The engine, which had by now exhausted its fuel supply from the right-wing tank and was now drawing fuel from the left side of the plane, was starting to overheat seriously. I knew I would have to shut it down and limp home on half power.

Under the circumstances, I felt obliged to do something that I had never done before in 11 years of flying—I asked San Francisco for an escort to the coast. They promised help, but meantime, flying on only one engine, I had to consider the possibility of ditching in the Pacific less than an hour from home.

A few minutes later my ailing plane was intercepted by a Coast Guard Search and Rescue aircraft, and some of the pain of uncertainty began to leave me. At least there were other friends in the sky now to escort me home.

An hour after the escort picked me up, I had Oakland airport in sight, and I switched on the sick right engine once more for maximum power during landing. Slowly I settled down for what seemed like a surprisingly good landing, considering my fatigue and tension at that moment, and I was home again after 56½ days! I had covered 27,750 miles to complete the longest single solo flight around the world ever made. As I taxied from the runway to the terminal area, I just kept telling myself, "I've done it. I've done it!" But I could hardly grasp the overwhelming fact that my dream had come true at last. It was only when I was receiving the cheers, the bouquets of roses, the telegram from my husband, the welcome-home speeches and the wired congratulations of President Johnson that my accomplishment began to seem real.

And then I thought of Amelia, and the flowers I was holding suddenly seemed a sort of tribute, not just to me but to her too. A telegram was handed to me which said, "In Amelia's name I thank you for your generous gesture in dedicating your flight to her. May this be the first of many triumphs in the air." It was signed Muriel Earhart Morrissey, Amelia's sister.

Now my dream was ended in joy.

THE END

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After nearly two months of lonely flying, Joan was almost overwhelmed by the noisy crush of welcomers when she returned to Long Beach, Calif.

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EDITORIAL

LET'S OPEN THE DOOR TO CHINA

"Long before the young men in this audience are old," Clare Boothe Luce recently told the graduates of St. John's University in Jamaica, N.Y., "China will account for half the population of the whole world. We must soon find ways of living at peace with half the human race, or your generation will know nothing but endless war in the Orient." Coming from such a well-known champion of Nationalist China, these views startled many people. So did Clare Luce's accompanying question: "What argument can be made for our present policy of trading with the Russians or selling them wheat that cannot also be made for trading with Red China, and feeding her far more desperate people?"

The answer to her question is that no good argument can be made for it. Her remarks shed a welcome light on the whole curious question of American policy toward Communist China. From week to week this policy has seen President Lyndon Johnson and Secretary of State Dean Rusk playing a strange off-again-on-again game, one week threatening virtual war with China itself, another week talking of bombing North Vietnam, another week denying any intention of doing any of these things. Presumably this is intended to confuse the Chinese. It has certainly confused Americans. If this is a game of bluff we are playing, it is as dangerous as it is immature.

Our whole policy toward China has the mark of immaturity and amateurishness about it—and has had for years. Nothing would please the rulers of the Kremlin more than to see America's military might bogged down in the vast expanses of China. Nothing would do more to release the menacing pressure which Russia itself is feeling from a Mao Tse-tung determined to displace Khrushchev as the ruler of world Communism—and laying angry claim to thousands of square miles of territory which Czarist imperialists took from China. Our leaders talk of taking on China at a time when both China and Russia are heavily reinforcing their opposing troops around Sinkiang, the focus of these clashing rivalries. A mature and professional diplomacy would be seeking to turn this rivalry to our own advantage.

The game of *realpolitik* has three cardinal rules:

- Always keep the initiative.
- Always exploit the inevitable.
- Always stay in with the outs.

The great schism that has shattered the monolith of world Communism into two warring blocs provides America the opportunity to seize the initiative.

It is inevitable that trade with China must come, since a nation of 700 million people will not remain cut off from the world, as both America and Russia are trying to keep her. "She is isolated," said Mrs. Luce, "militarily and economically by both U.S.S.R. and U.S.A. policy. The alternatives facing the Chinese people today are death by mass starvation, or an internal revolution against Mao, or wars led by Mao for more raw materials and living room. If death is to be the daily diet of a people, we must not be surprised if they choose to die fighting like men for the means of survival." Inevitably China will break out of this blockade. We should exploit this inevitability.

The Chinese are the "outs." Russia is trying to ostracize them everywhere. Common sense calls for us to keep in with the outs, by once more opening the door to China. It was Secretary of State John Hay who opened it in 1899—with Russia's reluctant and grudging assent—by getting all the powers to respect China's control of its own customs ("The Chinese ambassador [Mr. Wu] talked and talked until Mr. Hay was woozy," said the Secretary, "and the Secretary of State talked and talked until Mr. Wu was hazy"). The time has come to reopen the door of trade. China, seeking to industrialize itself, has vast needs—for food, for transportation, for the great dams and hydroelectric plants which General Electric, Ford and others helped Soviet Russia build in the 1930's. With millions of Chinese still facing near-starvation, America's food surpluses can and should be employed to save lives as Herbert Hoover saved them in Russia in the 1920's. Mrs. Luce's husband, as the editor-in-chief of *Life*, made an eloquent case for both such projects nearly a decade ago. "If we did go in to build their dams," said *Life* in August, 1954, "the mere sight of friendly, gregarious, free-spending American workers would be far more infectious and revolutionary than all the tons of 'germ warfare' rubbish the Communists have dumped out against us. . . . We should send food to the Chinese because it would be a Christian act in the oldest and best sense—that of obeying the Golden Rule." This still makes sense. A great nation caught up in the frenzy and excitement of building does not wish to tear it down in senseless war. Moreover, the whole history of industrialized nations argues that industrialization will curb the population explosion, which is the chief cause of China's efforts to seize the great "rice bowl" of Southeast Asia.

We are committed to denying Laos and South Vietnam to the Communist guerrillas who keep those unhappy lands in endless civil war. That commitment may have to be strengthened, but it cannot be carried to the point some Republican congressmen are demanding—of taking active command of the Vietnamese troops—without, as ex-Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge points out, restoring the appearance of colonialism. Related demands—such as sending South Vietnamese guerrillas to invade North Vietnam—are unrealistic for the simple reason that such efforts have failed, and they have failed for lack of support by the people. The great strength of the Viet Cong in South Vietnam is that the people do hide and feed them. "The former (people) may be likened to water," Mao Tse-tung wrote in his famed treatise on guerrilla warfare, "and the latter (guerrillas) to the fish who inhabit it." The war in South Vietnam will never be won until the peasants themselves are confident enough of victory to turn against the Viet Cong. As Lodge says, this is as much a psychological and political job as a military one.

If there is to be peace in Vietnam, we must also "find ways of living at peace with half the human race," the Chinese. No one knows, of course, whether the belligerent Chinese will go through the door of friendship and trade if we seek to open it. But no one will ever know—as former Ambassador George Kennan once said about the Russians—until we quit pushing them against a closed one. In any case, we should stop the loose and dangerous threats of war with China until we have explored all reasonable avenues of peace. Both parties would do well to declare a moratorium on all such cheap posturings and threats. War is too serious a business to be made an election-year beanbag.

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